THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIV

JULY—DECEMBER, 1911

WILLIAM ABBATT
410 EAST 32D STREET, NEW YORK
1911

INDEX TO VOLUME XIV

JULY—DECEMBER, 1911

Abbott, Mrs. Clara C., Practical Work of the D. A. R. in New Hampshire 177
André (Major) and Voss, the Poet.... 251
André, Parting (Poem) 251
Arnold, James N., Extracts from the Providence *Gazette* ..July, 1, 55, 109, 163

Batcheller, O. A., Story (The) of Mobile Bay 217
Beginnings of Slavery in Georgia (M. A. Candler) ..... July

Book Reviews:
Recollections of Lincoln ..... July
American Prisoners of War 216
Bourbon County, Ga. 100, 145
Boys of '61, The (Selden Connor) ... 73

Candler, Mark A., Beginnings of Slavery in Georgia ..... July
Bourbon County 100, 145
Quakers of Wrightsboro 17
Cannon, Le Grand B., Recollections of the Rebellion 150, 196

Early Rhode Island Libraries (Rev. Daniel Goodwin) 182

Farragut, Admiral .....220, *et seq.*

Goodwin, Rev. Daniel, Early Rhode Island Libraries 182
Greyslaer .....July, 46, 103, 157, 206, 263
Guyer, C. N., Mission of the Patriotic Societies, The 239

Haynes, George H., Charles Sumner 24, 93, 137
Hoffman, Charles Fenno, Greyslaer ..... July, 46, 103, 157, 206, 263

Illustration:
Portrait of Martin Koszta ...*Frontispiece*
Ingraham, Duncan N. .....233, *et seq.*

Koszta, Martin .....231, *et seq.*

Langdon, William R., A Naval Incident in the Mediterranean 231

Letters:
Colonel Francis Barber 202
Samuel Chase 202
Mrs. F. Dandridge 203
Gen. Greene 204
James Madison 44
Charles Sumner 203
Washington 260
Lincoln, Some Impressions of, in 1856 (W. J. Seaver) 242

McPike, E. F., Romance of Genealogy ..... July, 11, 61, 114, 248
Mission (The) of the Patriotic Societies (C. N. Guyer) 239
Mobile Bay, The Battle of (O. A. Batcheller) 217

Naval Incident in the Mediterranean, A (W. R. Langdon) 231

Original Documents 44, 202, 204, 260

Personal Reminiscences of the Rebellion (Le Grand B. Cannon) 150, 196

Poems:
Parting 251
The Myrtle & Steel 215
Voss to André 253
Practical Work of the D A. R.—VII—In New Hampshire (Mrs. C. C. Abbott) 177
Providence *Gazette,* Extracts from the ..... July, 1, 55, 109, 163

Romance of Genealogy, The (E. F. McPike) .....July, 11, 61, 114, 248
Ruggles, W. B., Story of a Regiment 31, 66, 122, 172

St. Louis, U. S. S. 233
Seaver, William J., Some Impressions of Abraham Lincoln in 1856 242
"Shawmut," The Washington Pedigree 254
Story of a Regiment, The (W. B. Ruggles) 31, 66, 122, 172
Sumner, Charles (George H. Haynes) 24, 93, 137

Tecumseh, Monitor .....225, *et seq.*

Voss, Johan Heinrich, *Poem* 251, 253

Washington Pedigree, A New *(Shawmut)* 254
Wool, General John E. 196

NOTES BY THE WAY:
A Real Daughter ..... July
Catharine de Medici's Secret 43
Century of Cotton Work, A ..... July
First Woman Employed by the Interior Dept. ..... July
Flag Day in Massachusetts ..... July
General Knox Tablet 43
Indians Who Will Not Vote ..... July
Julia Ward Howe's Portrait 44
Kensington Rune Stone, The ..... July
Lexington Historical Society ..... July
Looking for an Anthem 205
Munroe Tavern, The ..... July
New Bust of Jefferson ..... July
New England Antiquities 45
Putnam, Rufus 45
Remember the *Maine* ..... July
Two John Browns ..... July
Webster's Fishing Rod ..... July

MINOR TOPICS:
Accessions to the N. Y. State Library ..... July
Anne Hutchinson Memorial ..... July
Church's Jubilee, A ..... July
Fifty Years Ago ..... July
Sentiment Still Lives ..... July
Trails of the Pathfinders ..... July

NOTES AND QUERIES:
Abbot, Midshipman Joel ..... July
Boston Tea-Party ..... July
Anne Hutchinson 54
Counties Named for Women ..... July
Doddridge's Notes on Pennsylvania.. 54
Half Horse, Half Alligator ..... July
Harper, Robert Goodloe 54
"Salt-Boiler" ..... July
Scott, Jonathan and Hannah ..... July
Soldier Whom Lincoln Spared, A .. 54

VOL. XIII No. 7

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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NOTES AND QUERIES

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JULY, 1911

WILLIAM ABBATT
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CONTENTS

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE* (1778-1780) (*Second Paper*) JAMES N. ARNOLD 325

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY . . . . . (Chapter III) EUGENE F. MCPIKE 336

THE BEGINNINGS OF SLAVERY IN GEORGIA . . . . . MARK ALLEN CANDLER 342

MINOR TOPICS:

- Fifty Years Ago 352
- A Memorial to Anne Hutchinson 355
- Accessions to the New York State Library 355
- A Church's Jubilee 357
- Sentiment Still Lives—A Triumph over Municipal Materialism . . 359

NOTES BY THE WAY:

- Two John Browns 363
- A "Real Daughter"—1811-1911 363
- New Bust of Jefferson 364
- The Kensington Rune Stone 364
- The First Woman Employed by the Department of the Interior . . 364
- Lexington Historical Society Accepts Munroe Tavern 365
- Indians who will not Vote 365
- Remember the *Maine* 366
- Flag Day in Massachusetts 367
- Daniel Webster's Fishing Rod 367
- A Century of Cotton Work 367

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK . . . . (Chapter XXVIII) CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 369

NOTES AND QUERIES 376

BOOK REVIEWS 378

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MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
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VOL. XIII JULY, 1911 No. 7

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE*

1778—1780

(*Second Paper*)

September 5, 1778.

LONDON, APRIL 23.

THE following Admirals have their flags now flying at Spithead, viz:

Name	Guns	Ship
Admiral Keppel	90	*Prince George*
Admiral Harland	94	*Queen*
Admiral Palliser	90	*Ocean*
Admiral Pye	80	*Princess Amelia*
Admiral Barrington	74	*Prince of Wales*
Admiral Parker	74	*Royal Oak*
Admiral Montagu	64	*Europe*

On Thursday (April 16) Admiral Keppel went to Spithead to take upon him the Command of the Fleet, and was saluted at the platform with 15 Guns. The same day all the small vessels, transports and merchant ships that lay at Spithead were ordered to remove to Stokes Bay, to make room for the Men of War to form themselves into a Line of Battle.

September 12, 1778.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22.

It is said that a number of British Ships of War are on Shore upon Long Island; among which is the *Eagle* of 64 Guns on board which Lord Howe hoisted his Flag when he came out as one of the Commissioners with the pretended offers of Peace; and likewise that several have been seen going into New York very much shattered, having jury masts and other marks of distress.

September 12, 1778.

Last Saturday noon (Sept. 5) about 40 sail of British Men of War and Transports appeared off (New) Bedford at six o'clock; they landed about 4,000 British Troops, Tories, etc., under the Command of General Gray (Grey). They burnt the Rope Walks and 12 Dwelling Houses in the lower street, all the store houses, and the principal part of the shipping in that harbor; also all the dwelling houses and shipping at McPherson's Wharf and the principal part of the houses at the head of the River, the mills and two or three houses on the road on the east side towards Fairhaven, three store-houses and a number of Shipping there. The Enemy embarked on Sunday (Sept. 6) and on Monday night (Sept. 7) relanded a party to burn some vessels and stores at Fairhaven, but were prevented. They killed Abraham Russell and a boy, wounded one Cooke and Lieut. Mitchell mortally.

September 12, 1778.

HEADQUARTERS, PROVIDENCE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1778.

An Extract from General Orders of this day:

His Excellency, General Washington by a Letter of the 5th Instant, congratulates this Army upon their safe retreat from Rhode Island and upon the success of the American Arms in the action of the 29th of last month and directs the Commander of this Department to present His Thanks to the Officers of all Ranks and to the Troops, for their Gallant Behavior on that Day. Published by Order of Major General Sullivan.

WILLIAM PECK.
Adj.-Gen. State of Rhode Island.

By an Officer who arrived on Wednesday (Sept. 9) in a Flag of Truce from Newport, we learn that the Enemy acknowledge they lost 1,023 men killed, wounded and taken on Rhode Island. Several Officers were buried the night after the action, their rank not known.

Wednesday last (Sept. 9) 7 Deserters and 4 Prisoners arrived here from (New) Bedford. They belonged to the Troops that were landed there from the British Fleet on Saturday Last.

We learn that Part of Admiral Byron's Fleet, after having been separated from the other Ships and suffering much in several Gales of

Wind, are arrived at New York. Two of them it is said have got into Halifax dismasted.

September 19, 1778.

We hear that the *Vigilant,* mounting 24 Twenty-five pounders, belonging to the Enemy, is a missing vessel and supposed to have foundered at sea in the late storm.

It is asserted that on Monday Sen' night (Sept. 7) the British Fleet from New York fell down just without the Hook. Next day Seven topsail vessels which came in from the northward, supposed to be part of Admiral Byron's Squadron, were seen to join them and in the Evening the whole hoisted sail and stood to the Eastward bound it is apprehended, to Rhode Island.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1778.

Some particulars of the British and French Fleets:

On Tuesday the 11th (Aug.) inst. a most violent tempest arose, which continuing until Friday following dispersed both the Fleets. On Sunday (Aug. 16th) the French Rear Admiral, supposed to be Mons. Bosse of the *Le Zéle* (the *Zealous*) a Ship of 74 Guns and rated to have 900 men, bore down on His Majesty's Ship *Isis* Commanded by John Raynor, Esq., of 50 Guns, who permitted not a Gun to be fired until his Enemy approached very near the *Isis,* when a fierce engagement ensued and continued it is said about an hour and a half. The Rear Admiral's fire being very much directed against the *Isis's* rigging rendered her utterly incapable of pursuing the *Zéle,* who were sound, and being one of the best sailing Ships of the Count De Estaing's Squadron, escaped from capture merely by flight. During the action a quantity of papers were observed to be thrown out of the cabin windows of the *Zéle.*

On Saturday afternoon (Aug. 15) His Majesty's Ship *Renown* of 50 Guns, Commanded by Capt. George Dawson, fell in with the *Languedoc* of 90 Guns and rated to have 1,100 men, about 30 leagues South East of Sandy Hook. This Capital Ship had been dismasted in the storm of the 11th instant. The *Renown* attacked her on the quarter and kept up a steady fire against her from 4 o'clock till dark, intending

to renew the engagement in the morning, but the French Admiral availing himself of the darkness of the night brought his Ship to an anchor, by which means the *Renown* became separated three or four miles from him. At daybreak Count De Estaing was attended with several other Ships of his own Squadron which occasioned the 50 Gun Ship to bear away, and he thereby escaped from a superiority to himself invincible.

His Majesty's Ship *Preston* Commanded by Commodore Hotham of 50 Guns and rated for 355 men, fell in with the *Le Fonant* of 84 Guns and rated for 1,100 men, said to be Commanded by Mons. Bougainville, a gentleman who in the Last War had the Honor of serving his Sovereign in Canada and is allowed to be an Officer of distinguished abilities. This Ship lost her bowsprit and foremast on the 11th instant. The *Preston* raked her fore and aft a considerable time, and would certainly have made a prize of her but for the intervention of several other Ships of the Toulon Fleet, which occasioned the *Preston* to leave her to their protection.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 14.

We learn from Cape Cod that as the British Fleet were passing the Capes on Monday Sen'night (Sept. 7) a 64 Gun Ship ran aground, where she lay till Tuesday afternoon when she was relieved by two Ships from the Fleet. After taking out her guns, throwing over a great quantity of pig-iron, etc. Two of the anchors weighing 5,800 pounds each have since been landed on the Long Wharf. They are marked "St. Albans."

Friday Last (Sept. 11) arrived safe in Port a Prize Brig laden with provision and salt taken by the *Minerva*. She was bound from the Strait of Belle Isle for some Port in Great Britain.

Also the same day returned into Port the Sloop *Providence*, Commanded by Captain Rathbun. On the 7th ult. Captain Rathbun fell in with about 30 Sail of Transports, all of force, with Scotch Troops on board, One of which he engaged for some time, having about 200 soldiers on board but quitted her. 'Tis said they are arrived at Halifax.

By Express yesterday we learn that Lord Howe's Mon-Cursers are plundering all along the Sound, and that last week they took four vessels out of Holmes Hole and destroyed one other September 17. By the latest advices it seems, the British Fleet and Army are preparing to move to the Northward, with a view to destroy the French Fleet and repossess themselves of Boston. Count De Estaing we understand is prepared for them, as he has thrown up such works on the Islands at the entrance of the Harbor as to render it impossible for the whole Navy of England to enter; and we hear a number of Brigades are detached from the Grand Army and upon their march for these ports, and every precaution has been taken for our defence by land.

PROVIDENCE, SEPTEMBER 19.

A Fleet of 50 Sail, 30 of which appeared to be Ships, were observed steering up the Western Sound on Wednesday last (Sept. 16). This is supposed to be the Fleet that lately visited (New) Bedford and Martha's Vineyard, from the latter of which places they took a large number of Sheep, and Cattle.

A letter from a Gentleman in Philadelphia mentions that a person was arrived there from New York who reported that three of Admiral Byron's Fleet had foundered at Sea in a violent storm.

Capt. Hopkins in the *Warren* Frigate has taken two Prizes, one of them a Schooner from Jamaica bound to Halifax; the other a Brig bound to New York. The Schooner is arrived at an Eastern Port.

CAMP TIVERTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1778.

Brigade Orders:

Whereas a considerable part of the clothing furnished by the State of Rhode Island for their State Troops and that hath been delivered them is now scattered at a considerable distance from this camp, some in this and some in the neighboring States, and was either sent away by the soldiers themselves or carried away by their friends—

The Season of the year is now advanced which renders it absolutely necessary that the soldiers have their clothing in camp, and as the Service will by no means admit at this time of their absence to col-

lect it, the General therefore desires that all persons having any such clothing in their possession would immediately send the same to this Camp or to John Reynolds, Esq., Deputy Clothier General at Providence, who is desired to take charge of it until a proper Officer shall be sent from this place to receive the same. The General flatters himself that his request will be cheerfully complied with, especially by those who were so kind as to come to Camp and carry off the Clothing and not put him to the trouble of sending for it; which if they should, perhaps (it) will not be executed in a manner the most agreeable to them.

By General Cornell's Order.

John Hundy, Major of Brigade.

September 26, 1778.

Extract of a letter from His Excellency General Washington to the Honorable Major General Sullivan dated West Point, Sept. 19.

"We have pretty authentic accounts of Lord Howe's return with his Squadron to New York, and a large Fleet of Transports came through the Sound the 16th instant, which is supposed to be General Grey's."

Admiral Byron in a Ship of 90 Guns arrived at Newport from England on Thursday Sen'night (Sept. 17), in company with another Ship of 74 Guns.

The *Gazette* of Sept. 26, 1778, speaks of the British Frigate *Minerva,* a 32 Gun Ship pierced for 36, being captured by the French Frigate *Le Concord* off Monte Christo* after an engagement of about 2 hours. The *Minerva* had 20 men killed and considerable many wounded.

The following is an extract of a letter from a British Corporal at Newport to his Friend a Corporal now Prisoner here, from which a tolerable judgment may be formed of the Enemy's loss in the action of the 29th ult:

"The Troops Stationed with me at Two Field Pieces suffered

* Hayti.

very much. Rawlings, Roberts, Brown and Dawson killed, Lieut. Pemble lost an arm and William Hudson a leg. Corporals Thieff and Davis, Bombardiers Wright and Ponsonby wounded, and many more of our people besides additional gunners."

The Privateer Sloop *General Stark,* Capt. Benjamin Pierce, of this State is arrived from a cruise. Besides the Prize Brig formerly mentioned to have arrived at Boston he has taken and sent into Newbury a Ship from Halifax, bound to Jamaica, laden with Fish, Spars, etc.

October 3, 1778.

On Monday last (Sept. 28) General Glover's Brigade and Col. Jackson's Detachments were reviewed near the Town, and made an excellent appearance; after which they marched in with four Field Pieces and performed the street firings with great military order and precision.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman on Rhode Island to his Friend in this Town:

"Our People gave them Bunker Hill Play on the Island, for by the best accounts they lost One Thousand Men in killed and wounded."

Thursday Evening (Oct. 1) a Flag of Truce arrived from Newport and brought 12 Prisoners. By them we learn that Lord Howe and General Pigot have sailed for England, and that a number of American Seamen who were lately confined at Newport have been compelled to enter on board the Enemy's Ships.* The Command at Rhode Island has devolved on General Prescott.

HEADQUARTERS, PROVIDENCE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1778.

General Orders:

Some Surgeons from the General Hospital being under the necessity of quitting this Department, the Commander in Chief takes this opportunity to return his most sincere and cordial Thanks to Doctor

* An early instance of the British practice which caused so much resentment on the part of Americans just before the War of 1812. John Card, an American, was among the killed on the *Macedonian,* in 1812.—(ED.)

Tillotson, Surgeon General, Doctors Hutchinson, Hogan, Jackson, Sweet, Wilson, and Parsons, and to Doctor Arnold, Director-General of the Hospital, for the unwearied care and attention which they have paid to the wounded of the Army.

Had not the General's own observations furnished him with the most striping evidence, the thankful acknowledgements of the wounded Officers and Soldiers with the grateful voice of an approving Army must have convinced him how much America stands indebted to their skill, humanity and unwearied application, which under Divine Providence has saved to this Army so many brave Officers and Soldiers whose dangerous wounds, but for their unparalleled exertions, must have proved fatal.

The General assures those Gentlemen that to whatever Department they may be called a grateful remembrance of their services must rest in the minds of the Officers and Soldiers which compose this Army; and that he, as Commander of it, will ever take pleasure in acknowledging the obligations due to their merit.

October 10, 1778.

Saturday night last (Oct. 3) Two Boats from Rhode Island, having on board Eleven Tories of Wightman's motley Regiment, landed at Seaconnet, where they robbed a house and took three of the inhabitants Prisoners; but finding it inconvenient to carry off more than two the third was left on the beach and ordered to remain there a limited time while the boats rowed off, in one of which a person stood with a gun presented at him. As soon as they had got beyond musket shot the gentlemen ran to some houses about three miles distant and gave the alarm, when ten Volunteers instantly went on board a small boat and pursued the infamous plunderers. About dawn of day they came up with them, when both boats surrendered without making any opposition. A Tory Captain, an inhabitant of Newport well known in this State, by the name of Will Crossing, Commanded the Party. He formerly attended the Enemy as a Pilot in the Excursions to the Main, and it is said fired several houses at Bristol and Warren with his own hand, where he was likewise very active in robbing defenceless women of their Necklaces and

Rings. A Lieutenant of a like detestable character was of the party, also a person who served General Grey as a Pilot in the late burning expedition to (New) Bedford. The Prisoners were conducted here on Monday evening (Oct. 5) under a strong guard, and committed to close keeping. Some of them have confessed that their errand to the Main was for Intelligence.

October 17, 1778.

The *Warren* Frigate, Captain Hopkins, arrived at Boston on Wednesday last (Oct. 14) from a cruize.

Saturday last about 30 Sail of Shipping arrived at Newport, Said to be Wood Vessels.

By a Flag arrived this week from Newport, we find that the British Commissioners have published another Proclamation renewing their Offers of Pardon on Submission. A Correspondent observes that as they are about to quit the Continent and return to Europe, this last base attempt to divide the people may be considered as their *last speech.*

October 24, 1778.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman on Rhode Island, dated October 11, 1778:

"We were extremely anxious during the incessant fire of Small Arms and Cannon. Many were carried in carts and carriages wounded to Town, and the roads and fields were strewed with dead carcasses which lay unburied the next day. Towards noon the next day, a British Officer of the Light Infantry told us the action was very warm; that many were killed and wounded on both sides. That the Provincials had made a stand at Butt's Hill and seemed determined to entrench and fortify. Shocking was the scene the next day after your Troops quitted the Island, and the day of the battle the Ansputch* Troops robbed every house on their way, and plundered families of beds and every rag of clothing. The British Soldiers invested the whole Island, plundering and murdering every creature they came across.

* The Hessian regiment of Auspach.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Rings. A Lieutenant of a [illegible] character was [illegible]
a person who served General [illegible] Plot in the [illegible]
tion to (New) Bedford. The Prisoners were conduct[illegible] *Weasel,* of Warren in
evening (Oct. 5) under a strong guard, and commit[illegible] Brig of 140 Tons with
Some of them have [illegible] their errand [illegible] to Newport, and carried
intelligence.

October 17, 1778. *78.*

The *Warren* Frigate, Captain Hopkins [illegible] War came into Newport Har-
Wednesday last (Oct. 14) from a cruise. [illegible] at Sunset at the East End of
Saturday last about 30 Sail of Shi[illegible] [illegible]f War. They were standing in
to be Wood Vessels. [illegible]orning some firing was heard, sup-
[illegible] Batteries. This Fleet is doubtless
By a Flag arrived this week [illegible] [illegible]aped the storm.
Britain Commissioners have publi[illegible] *[illegible]ber 28, 1778.*
their Offers of Pardon on Sub[illegible]
that as they are about to quit the [illegible]ment of the present troubles with Great
have been attempt to divide the [illegible]ate of Rhode Island was a large, populous
[illegible] [illegible]an 10,000 inhabitants Being subsisted al-
[illegible] The people were mostly merchants, shop
[illegible] of various sorts, many of whom were in affluent
Extract of a letter [illegible] [illegible]st of the others were possessed of such a com-
ber 22, 1778:- [illegible]ustry enabled them to live creditably and comfort-

"We were [illegible]
Arms and Cannon. [illegible]
to Town, and the [illegible]
which lay unbe[illegible]
Officer of the [illegible]
many were [illegible]
had made a [illegible]
fortify. [illegible]
the Island [illegible]
every [illegible]

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

(To be Continued)

November 7, 1778.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 2.

We have good information that on the morning the Count De Estaing repassed the British Batteries on Rhode Island to meet Lord Howe; the latter was holding a Council of War and upon being told that the French Fleet were coming to Sail he immediately gave orders to his Ships to cut or slip their cables and stand out to Sea. This account came from one who was then a Prisoner on board one of the British Ships, and who was an eye witness of the surprize and confusion in which they fled.

Capt. Donnison in the Privateer *Hero* of this Port arrived from a cruise on Thursday last, (Nov. 5) during which he retook a new Sloop of 80 Tons laden with Tobacco, Bread and Flour, and ordered her for Philadelphia, where she is doubtless safe arrived, as he conveyed her within the Capes.* The Sloop was from Baltimore bound to the West Indies, and had been taken five days before Capt. Donnison fell in with her by Stanton Hazard in a Piratical Brig belonging to our worthy friends the Tories at Newport.

Capt. Ham, in a Sloop from this Port bound to Philadelphia, about two weeks since off Cape Henlopen fell in with a Fleet of 15 Sail from Cork bound to New York, and was taken by Captain McCausland in a Ship called the *Jane* of 16 Guns; who after detaining Capt. Ham 48 hours and treating him and his crew with great humanity, gave him the Sloop, fitted him with stores and permitted him to proceed on his voyage. He afterwards arrived safe at Philadelphia.

This we mention is a rare instance of generosity in our enemies. Captain McCausland we are informed is a native of Ireland.

November 14, 1778.

By a Newport Paper of the 5th Instant it appears that 4th, 5th, 15th, 27th, 28th, 35th, 40th, 46th, 49th, 55th and 71st British Regiments, with a number of foreign and 6 or 7 Battalions of Provincial Troops, left New York in the Second Division of the Fleet. Their destination is unknown.

* The Capes of the Delaware.

November 14, 1778.

Capt. Munson, in the Private Schooner *Weasel,* of Warren in this State, took on Tuesday last (Nov. 1st) a Brig of 140 Tons with wood and provisions, bound from New York to Newport, and carried her into a safe Port.

November 14, 1778.

Thursday afternoon a large Ship of War came into Newport Harbor. Ten large Ships were discovered at Sunset at the East End of Block Island, supposed to be Ships of War. They were standing in for Newport Harbor. Yesterday morning some firing was heard, supposed to be the Ships saluting the Batteries. This Fleet is doubtless that Part of Byron's Fleet that escaped the storm.

November 28, 1778.

Before the Commencement of the present troubles with Great Britain, Newport in the State of Rhode Island was a large, populous town containing more than 10,000 inhabitants Being subsisted altogether by commerce. The people were mostly merchants, shop keepers and tradesmen of various sorts, many of whom were in affluent circumstances and most of the others were possessed of such a competency as with industry enabled them to live creditably and comfortably.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

(To be Continued)

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY

CHAPTER III

PIKE OR PYKE FAMILIES IN GREAT BRITAIN

WE shall not strive to find the oldest instance of the name Pyke in the British records, but will rest content with a few early entries:—

It is said that Robert, the brother of Henry Pike, was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield in 1127, and that Richard Pike was consecrated Bishop of Coventry, in 1162. We have not verified these two statements.

August 13, 1324. Richard Pyke was of the Knights Companions of the Bath (K. C. B.).

November 25, 1329. Alexander Pyke, of London, made his will, in which he bequeathed " to Avice his wife his capital tenement in the parish of St. Dunston [East], London, for life; remainder to Nicholas and John, his sons."

March 3rd, 1340. Will of Richard de Gaunt, which mentions Nicholas Pyk, and Johanna, his daughter.

August 10, 1361. Johanna Pyk, relict of Nicholas; mentions "S. Dunstan towards the tower."

1350, Henry Pike, Sub-Dean of Exeter Cathedral.

Sir Richard Pyke, living eighth year reign of Richard II. (*circa* 1385) was granted a coat of arms; had issue and numerous descendants in Somersetshire. Perhaps from this stock was descended one Phillip Pyke, of Banwell, County Somerset, whose younger son, Edward Pyke, a dyer of London, married Anne Jones, a widow whose maiden name was Evans. He was living in 1634, at the visitation of London in that year, and had issue: Michael, Jeremiah, Nathaniel and Ann. The oldest son, Michael, may or may not have been identical with the Michael Pyke, of Cranley, Surrey, clerk, whose will (dated 20 Feb. 1681) gives

five pounds to the poor of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. The testator's daughter, Mary Pike, of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, married in 1676, Edward Trotman, of Hackney, Middlesex, gent. There is record of the will of another Michael Pyke, *alias* Pike, of Surrey, a century later (1780) but this document has not been examined.

The foregoing references to the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, are especially noteworthy, for in that same parish, in 1656, was born Dr. Edmond Halley, the famous second Astronomer Royal of England. We shall later present some documentary evidence to show the relationship existing between the Halley and Pyke families of London and Greenwich, *circa* 1696-1718. At this point, therefore, we must give a few entries relating, in part, to the Pykes who were connected with Halleys.

" Richard Pyke, Senior, of all Hallowes Staynings, London, poulterer, widower, about 67, and Judith Harvey, of the Armitage Bridge, London, widow, about 62, were licensed Dec. 19, 1674, to marry at St. Olave's, Hart Street, London." This Judith Harvey, widow, may perhaps have been identical with Judith, wife of one Edmond Harvey of London, who flourished in 1661, according to a sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Richard Pyke, senior, poulterer, may have been the father of his namesake, also a poulterer, in the same parish of All Hallowes Staynings, who is a party to an indenture, dated 21 April, 1694, between Francis Halley of London, Gent.; (son and heir of William Halley, late of Peterborough, in the County of Northampton, Gent.), Edmund Halley of London, Gent. [the astronomer] and Richard Pyke, citizen and poulterer, of London, Gent. . . . " The astronomer Halley was a first cousin of this Francis Halley, senior, who married August 17, 1696, Elliner Pike, " Boath of Allhalows Staeing," according to the printed register of the parish of St. Christopher le Stocks. The bride, Elliner Pike, was a daughter of the aforesaid Richard Pyke, junior, poulterer. Some relationship between the Halley and Pyke families before 1696 would seem to be implied by the indenture dated April 21, 1694, but this is mere conjecture. We come now to the will of the younger Richard Pyke, father-in-law of Francis Halley, senior.

" Richard Pyke, late citizen and poulterer of London, now of

Chelmsford, Essex; to daughter Jane, wife of Edward Day; to son William Pyke; to granddaughters Mary Bland and Jane Day; grandson Richard Jones. Residue to son William Pyke. Dated Nov. 18, 1726; proved Dec. 2, 1726."

From many other Pyke wills we select the following as being most relevant:

"William Pyke of Greenwich, poulterer; sister Jane Day; brother-in-law Edward Day; nephew Edward Day, silver tankard with my coat of arms engraved on it, to be delivered to him after the decease of my wife Elizabeth Pyke; loving niece Mary Reeve, late Mary Bland, fully provided for by my late dear father, Richard Pyke; uncle John Pyke; cousin Edward Pyke; cousin Archibald Bruce and his wife; dated Sept. 11, 1727; proved Oct. 10, 1727. (P. C. C., reg. Farrant, fo. 240)."

"John Pyke, citizen and tallow chandler, of London; to dear and loving wife Ann Pyke messuage in Crutched Friars, in the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street; late uncle Thornbury; daughter Prudence Edmonds; son Edward Pyke; daughters Eleanor Thorpe and Ann Trew and each of their children. Dated July 8, 1729; proved Oct. 16, 1730."

"Edward Pyke, of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey; to..... in trust for Thomas Blagrave, son of Thomas Blagrave, deceased; Mary Price, daughter of Mr. Price, of the Poultry, surgeon's instrument maker; lands in Wilmington and Sutton, at Lowe, Kent; two freehold messuages in Crutched Friars. Dated Feb. 21, 1766; proved July 20, 1767. (P. C. C., reg. Legard, fo. 278.)"

"Isaac Pyke, of Greenwich, Esquire, late Governor of Saint Helena; some friends to support the pall....be chosen, most out of club ....and myself belonged to, and I think....Mr. Halley....make up the most part;....to Dr. Halley, the Professor....; sister Mary Bradford and Anna her daughter; niece Buffar; nephew John Buffar. Dated Jan. 5, 1730; proved April 10, 1739. (P. C. C., reg. Henchman, fo. 87.)"

At an earlier date, there is a record of the will of Isaac Pyke's mother:—

"Ann Pyke, Aug. 10, 1710; now lieth dangerous ill; my son Isaac Pyke now gone to the East Indies. Administration granted July 7, 1726, to Isaac Pyke, armiger, on account of his near relationship to Anna Pyke, lately of Greenwich."

"Thomas Pyke, of St. John's, Wapping, Middlesex; to be buried in family vault in St. Georges-in-the-East. Freehold estate at Daddington, North Hants. Freehold estate in Gravel Lane to wife Ann Pike for life, then to niece Ann Freeman and her heirs. Silver plate to wife, except one silver tankard with my arms on....to sister Sarah Freeman, widow. Dated June 18, 1774; witnesses Henry Crane, William Bowing, Samuel Ravencroft, 64, Crutched Friars. Proved Nov. 26, 1774. (P. C. C.)"

Here we must retrace our steps a little, in order to record the will of

"James Pyke, of Upper Moorfield, in the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, silk dyer; sister Mary Cooper, wife of William Cooper of Newgate Street, weaver, sole executrix and residuary legatee; sister Elizabeth Norton wife of Thomas Norton of Refford, Northants, husbandman; nephew Thomas one of sons of late brother William Pyke; nephews and nieces James P., John P., Elizabeth P., and Mary Watson wife of....Watson, baker; other children of W. P.; *nephew William P. (son of brother William) and Sarah his wife.* Witnesses: John Parry; Thos. Upton. Dated July 18, 1750. Proved June 21, 1751. (P. C. C., reg. Busby, fo. 186.)"

The words in italics, "nephew William Pyke (son of brother William) and Sarah his wife," relate, no doubt, to the same couple as mentioned in the following marriage license from the Vicar General's Office, London:—

"28th February, 1746.

William Pyke of the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch in the county of Middlesex, aged twenty-five years, and a Bachelor, and Sarah Day, of the same parish, widow. To marry in the parish church of Saint Bennet, near Paul's Wharfe, London."

It seems quite possible that this Mrs. Sarah Day, widow, may have borne the maiden surname Freeman, and that she may have been a

daughter of Mrs. Sybilla Freeman, who, as a widow, aged 40, married secondly, in 1738, Edmond Halley, junior, a Surgeon in the Royal Navy, the only maturing son of the astronomer Halley. Surgeon Halley had at least one step-daughter Mary Freeman, who in 1744 married John Parry, perhaps identical with the John Parry who witnessed will of James Pyke in 1750. These facts with others will be discussed further in subsequent chapters, relating to the families of Halley and Freeman. There is a will of one Sarah Pyke, of Essex, in October, 1752 (P. C. C., reg. Bettesworth, folio 258), which has not been examined.

We would like to discover that William Pyke and Sarah, his wife, (married 1746) had a son James (born *circa* 1750-51) and a daughter Mary who married (*circa* 1770) "a M'Donald of Ireland." There is, indeed, a record of the baptism, December 15, 1771, of one James, (born Dec. 5), son of James and Mary Macdonald, in the printed register of St. Peter, Paul's Wharf, London, but this may be only a coincidence.

In passing, however, we should mention another marriage license (perhaps irrelevant) in the Vicar-General's Office:

" 27th August, 1755.

John Pyke of the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, London, a widower, and Isabella Price, of the parish of St. Olave, Southwark, in the County of Surrey, a spinster, of the age of twenty-six years. To marry in the parish church of Saint Olave, Southwark."

The astronomer Halley's younger surviving daughter, Mrs. Catherine Price, died in 1765, having made her will in 1764 without mentioning any children. She was presumably childless.

As we have already mentioned a connection between the Pike and Harvey families, (*circa* 1674), we will append the will of

" Rebeccah Harvey, of Colledge Hill, London, widow; all to my sister Sarah, wife of Andrew Patten, of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, London.....and to my cousin Elizabeth Pyke, daughter of my said sister Sarah. Sarah Patten, executrix. Witnesses: Sarah Bristow, Thos.

Langford, clerk to Mr. Skelton. Dated 25 Aug. 1731; proved 30 Aug. 1731, by executor. (P. C. C., reg. Isham, fo. 210.)"

An investigator has asserted that the families of Harvey and Freeman were related.

NOTES

A Descriptive Catalogue of Ancient Deeds in the Public Record Office, London (1900, *etc.*)

Calendar of Inquisitions Post Mortem and other analogous documents preserved in the Public Record Office, London (1909, *etc.*).

Notes and Queries (London), 10th Series, Vol. viii., pages 44-45 (1907); *et passim*, 1903-1911: *see indexes*.

"Extracts from British Archives" (three series), MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, New York, 1905-1911).

"Visitations of Somersetshire" (Weaver), page 64.

Nearly all these notes on the families of Halley and Pyke were supplied by R. J. Beevor, Esq., M. A., of St. Albans, England. Valuable assistance has also been given by Lt.-Col. G. S. Parry, of London, and others, to all whom grateful thanks are extended by the author.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

1 PARK ROW,
CHICAGO.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BEGINNINGS OF SLAVERY IN GEORGIA

THE institution of slavery is so closely connected with the history and civilization of Georgia that a true record of its origin and growth in the State should be made, the writer giving due heed to that noble admonition of Cicero that "the true historian should neither dare to say anything that is false, nor fear to say anything that is true, or give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection." Invoking this high standard, be it said that the statements which follow, the laws herein referred to and the facts and figures set down are matters of history, accurately verified by the provincial, colonial and revolutionary records of Georgia and the slave laws enacted by her various legislatures to January 1, 1808.

It is declared in the colonial charter of Georgia, June 9, 1732, "that all and every the persons which shall happen to be born within the said province, and every of their children and posterity, shall have and enjoy all liberties, franchises and immunities of free denizens and natural born subjects, within any of our dominions, to all intents and purposes, as if abiding and born within this our kingdom, Great Britain, or any other dominion." No doubt this part of the royal charter was dictated by humane motives; but its economic application was sometimes hazy, in the light of what follows.

The numerous indented white servants brought over from England by the first colonists were really used by their masters as so many slaves. There was no social equality between them and the families of their masters. The authority of the master, owing to colonial crudities and utter lack of restraint afforded by widely scattered settlements, extended even to the infliction of corporal punishments, which were sometimes excessive. Some masters, as we shall see, sold the labor of their servants to obtain ready money, with which money rum was bought and bets made on horse races. Prostitution and concubinage of maid servants became so open and shameless that Whitefield felt impelled to denounce this lewd practice from his Savannah pulpit.

The act for maintaining peace with the Indians, January 9, 1734, provided that "any person employing any negro *or other slave* in the

Indian country" was subject to a fine of fifteen pounds. From the foregoing it would appear that the indented white servant was to be legally regarded in the light of the Latin *servus*, a slave. The act of April 3, 1735, prohibited the importing, bringing, selling, bartering or using any black or negro within the province of Georgia after June 24, 1735, under penalty of fifty pounds; and any black or negro found within the province after the limiting date was to be seized, sold and exported "for the good of the colony"; and any fugitive black from Carolina was to be restored to the owner, if claimed in three months, upon payment of costs and making satisfaction for any damages incurred.

All indented white male servants brought over to Georgia from England were selected by their masters for their ability to work and bear arms. Each white man was considered both a soldier and a farmer, and was furnished by the Trustees with suitable arms, tools and land. Tenure of land in Georgia was, at first, confined to male heirs; each grant considered a military fief, the landholder to appear in arms and take the field when required for the public defence. The tenure was later extended so as to include female heirs; and, still later, in fee simple but limited to two thousand acres. The Trustees appear to have had a decided hobby for the cultivation of silk and the vine, two products of no value to the subsistence of the colony and solely of use to the English aristocracy. Many of the colonists, especially some of those at Savannah, were shamefully lazy, knew nothing of agriculture, and the same sloth that had landed them in London debtors' prisons made them a burden to the Trustees. Land grants to white servants who had served out their time of indenture were for fifty acres, at an annual rental of ten shillings; two shillings to go to the Crown and eight shillings to the Trustees for the benefit of the colony. Just across the Savannah River, in South Carolina, land was one shilling an acre and the annual rental was only four shillings for each one hundred acres.

The first clamor for negro slaves was raised principally by some people in the town of Savannah. Those Savannah clamorers were soon joined by others from the surrounding district, taking their indented white servants from labor on the farms and hiring them out in the town for immediate profit, on which the masters lived in an idle and

riotous manner. A spirit of idleness took possession of the people of Savannah; social drinking clubs were formed and horse races kept up to amuse the people and divert them from their farm work and help along the agitation for black slave labor. A doctor and a rumseller were the real leaders in the African slave movement, almost all the people of Savannah being then indebted to either one or the other, and perhaps both, for physic and rum. They urged on the agitation for free land tenure and the use of black slaves, hoping to possess the best portion of the farm lands. Many of the people of the Savannah territory, by idleness and by the power others had over them as creditors, and by entertaining hopes that if they acted in concert the Trustees must grant them the use of negro slave labor or see the colony perish, were inveigled into signing a long petition to the Trustees, asking for free land tenure and the introduction of black slave labor. From the record, it appears that prior petitions to the same effect had been ignored by the Trustees. They had refused to sanction the use of negro labor in the colony on the grounds that unskilled black labor would be of no use in the production of silk and wine; further, that the twenty pounds paid for a black slave would pay the passage of a white settler to Georgia and support the white until he was self-sustaining; also, that if they had to support both master and slave for a year, the double burden would cripple their ability to supply homes for needy whites, which was their sole object in founding the colony; and finally, that the savage blacks would prove a menace to the peace of the colony, especially since Spain was in possession of Saint Augustine and had proclaimed freedom and free land for all fugitive blacks who a support; but their entreaties fell on deaf ears. Some of the people about Savannah to cultivate the land on which they were to depend for a support; but their entreaties fell on deaf ears. Some of he people were indolent; some had come over from Carolina for a temporary maintenance from the public stores; both were a burden. Finally, the Trustees refused to issue supplies to them and this drove from the colony many of the idlers and loiterers.

There were many evasions and even open defiance of the prohibitory slave law in Georgia; and by 1748 the demand for black slave labor had grown so insistent that those who had formerly opposed it had virtually abandoned their position. Some settlers, principally

from South Carolina, smuggled large numbers of slaves into Georgia and sought grants for land adapted to rice culture, claiming their black *slaves* to be *servants*, but the land grants were refused them. Some of these smuggled slaves were seized by the colonial officers; but as the magistrates were in favor of the introduction of black labor, their legal decisions were a series of procrastinations and postponements. Hon. James Habersham, President of the Colonial Council, wrote the Trustees that the colony would not prosper without black slave labor and advised a change of policy. Thomas Stephens, son of the royal governor, who had been sent to England to secure a repeal of the prohibitory slave law, suggested to certain members of the British parliament an investigation into the causes of the poor progress made by the colony of Georgia. The Trustees retaliated by revoking all grants of land made to him. Numerous petitions from the Savannah group of landholders declared that their indented white servants were unable to endure the malarial fevers of the swamp lands, and were so shamefully lazy that their employers had abandoned all hope of gain. It is worthy of note here that latter day medical science attributes these conditions to the hookworm—certainly a generous view of it.

The clamor for black slave labor was not unanimous in Georgia. The Scotch settlers at New Inverness (now Darien) and the German Lutherans at Ebenezer (now in Effingham County) not only refused to sign the Savannah petition but sent counter petitions to the Trustees and emphatically protested against the introduction of black slavery. The gist of the Scotch petition was: First, the nearness of Saint Augustine, where the Spaniards had proclaimed freedom for all blacks who should flee from their masters, making it more laborious to guard slaves than was their daily labor. Second, that a white man employed by the year was of more service than a negro. Third, that going into debt for buying slaves, in case of their dying or running away, would inevitably ruin the master, who would become a greater slave to the slave-seller than the blacks so bought would be to him. Fourth, it would compel the Scotch at Inverness to keep as large a guard as if expecting a daily invasion, rendering them miserable by having a Spanish enemy without and a more dangerous black enemy within their settlement. Fifth, it was a shock to human nature to learn that any race of mankind and their posterity should be sentenced to perpetual

slavery, and that black slaves would some day prove a scourge for their sins in keeping them there at Inverness. The German petition states that it is signed by every person at Ebenezer, all of whom are pleased with the climate and the condition of the country. They further state that they have produced enough rice, corn, peas, potatoes, pumpkins and cabbage for their own use, after selling many bushels and feeding a great quantity to hogs and cattle. "We humbly beseech the honorable Trustees not to allow it that any negro might be brought to our place or in our neighborhood, knowing by experience that houses and gardens will always be robbed by them and white people in danger of life because of them, besides other great inconveniences. Likewise, we humbly beseech not to allow to any person the liberty of buying up lands at our place, lest it be that by bad and turbulent neighbors our congregation be spoilt and poor harmless people troubled and opprest."

After fifteen years of continual agitation, the Trustees rather grudgingly requested the Governor to find out upon what terms the people of Georgia desired black slaves. Accordingly, an act was passed by the colonial council permitting the use of black slaves after January 1, 1750, on the lands of the owner of the slaves, in the proportion of four black males to one white man-servant; such servant to be between sixteen and sixty-five years of age and capable of bearing arms. One female black to each four black males was allowed, the female to be sent once each year to Savannah and taught to reel silk from cocoons. All births, deaths and importations of blacks were to be registered in an office provided for that purpose. Each planter was required to plant mulberry trees at the rate of one hundred trees to each one hundred acres. A penalty of ten pounds was to be paid by each master who required his slaves to work on Sunday; and a penalty of five pounds if his slaves did not attend religious services at least once on that day. This act was approved by the Trustees and the Crown and became the law of the colony.

In 1752, twenty years after it had been granted to them, the Trustees surrendered their charter to the Crown and Georgia became a royal province. The Crown appointed a Governor (John Reynolds) and a legislature was established. At this time the vestiges of agriculture were hardly visible in the native wilderness, and in England all commerical intercourse with Georgia was neglected. There were

hardly fifteen hundred people in the colony. With the coming of Governor Reynolds and the introduction of black slavery, a most welcome change was made in the tenure of land—it was held in fee simple. The military tenure and the enforced production of silk and wine had been the cause of great dissatisfaction. When the Georgians saw their Carolina neighbors growing rich, with unhampered commerce and broad fields of rice and indigo cultivated by black labor, their discontent had been great. However, Governor Reynolds was harsh in his treatment of the people and was recalled. Henry Ellis was made Governor and, profiting by the mistakes of Reynolds, the colony prospered. A brief review of the subject shows that in 1750 the population of Georgia was 1,500 whites and the exports were less than 10,000 pounds. In 1760 there were 6,100 whites and 3,600 blacks and exports had increased to 27,000 pounds. In 1766 there were 10,000 whites and 8,000 blacks and exports amounted to 121,000 pounds. The price of produce at Savannah rose as the quantity increased and South Carolina planters found there a convenient and profitable market.

Governor Ellis having asked for a recall on account of bad health, in October, 1760, James Wright came over as Governor. He had been reared in South Carolina and knew local conditions. He owned many slaves, soon discovered the value of the river and swamp lands and in a few years became wealthy. Many poor whites of South Carolina, regarded by rich neighbors as socially inferior, sold out their holdings there and removed to Georgia. Many other families came in, from Virginia and North Carolina, and brought with them large numbers of slaves. In 1767 there were 8,000 slaves in Georgia and of these 954 were owned by the Governor and members of his council. Sea Island cotton was beginning to be raised; and finding its production with slave labor very profitable, the number of blacks rapidly increased. Eight years later, July 6, 1775, the Provincial Congress of Georgia resolved that they would neither import or purchase any slave from Africa or elsewhere. This resolution was inspired by the suggestion made by British officers to arm the slaves of the Southern colonies to reduce their masters to obedience to the Crown. This resolution was, also, probably the greatest test that could have been applied of the province.

as to Georgia's firmness to the Continental Association, as the slave population could easily have subdued the widely scattered plantations of the province.

During the Revolution, it appears that Georgia suffered much from the presence of the black slave within her borders. Just before the siege of Savannah, a large body of slaves were worked night and day renewing and rebuilding the fortifications there. This work was done under the direction of an expert military engineer, Major Moncrief, and proved so impregnable that it withstood the combined assaults of the allied forces of America and France, aided by thirty-five French war vessels. French (640) and American (469) killed and wounded soldiers lined the redoubts and the trenches, while the British loss was scarce a hundred. This battle was second only to Bunker Hill in importance and slave labor lost it to the Americans. After the siege of Savannah was raised, the people in and around Savannah were subjected to most insolent treatment at the hands of negroes. Three hundred slaves had been furnished British arms during the siege, and a corps of fugitive slaves, thoroughly drilled by British officers, plundred and murdered the white people on both sides of the Savannah River. They constructed a sort of breastwork and defied the Americans to take them but their flimsy shelter was taken by Georgians, many of them killed and wounded, their houses were burned and their crops destroyed. Just prior to the evacuation of Savannah by the British, July 21, 1782, provision was made by the General Assembly of Georgia for the purchase of all slaves owned by Tories. This measure was deemed important to the agricultural interests of Georgia, as the slaves were to be re-sold and their labor retained for the development of the lands. However, when the British withdrew from Savannah they carried with them five thousand slaves, three-fourths of all in Georgia and many of them stolen from their republican masters. At the siege of Augusta, Fort Cornwallis was garrisoned by four hundred British and Tories and two hundred black slaves, the latter impressed and forced to work on the defenses about the fort.

Prior to the Revolution, there was considerable legislation concerning slavery in Georgia. An act, November 18, 1765, established and regulated patrols, slaves and free persons of color. This act divided each militia district of the State into patrol divisions, not to exceed

twelve miles in extent, and subjected every white male, from sixteen to sixty-five years, to patrol duty in each division. The object of this law was to prevent slaves bearing arms or meeting in large numbers. An act for ordering and governing slaves within the province, and for establishing a jurisdiction for the trial of offenses committed by slaves, and to prevent the inveigling or carrying away slaves from their masters was placed on the statute books in 1770. This act declared all negroes, Indians, mulattoes or mestizoes who were or thereafter should be in the province (free Indians in amity with the government and free persons of color excepted) and all their issue or offspring absolute slaves, to be deemed in law chattels personal in the hands of their owners or assigns. No master was to allow his slave to go out of town or off his plantation without a ticket of leave; and any slave found without a ticket of leave was to be apprehended by the patrol and moderately corrected. All meetings of slaves, under pretense of feasting, were to be immediately dispersed; and any slave taken at such meeting was to be corrected without trial and receive on the bare back not more than twenty-five stripes. A reward of twenty shillings yearly, paid by the provincial treasurer, was to be given any slave who gave information of any design of others to poison any person, the offender to suffer death as a felon. Any slave striking a white person was to receive such punishment as the justice should think fit, not extending to life or limb; and for a second offense, suffer death. Male slaves exceeding seven in number were not to travel the highway, unless in company with a white person. Any person teaching any slave to read or write or to read writing or to use any slave as a scribe was to be fined twenty pounds sterling. Any slave known to know how to write or read writing was to suffer the loss of the index finger. This last was *lex non scripta.*

An act was passed December 19, 1793, prohibiting the importation of negroes. This act was made a part of the State Constitution of 1798, the section being written by Peter J. Carnes, an eminent lawyer. Importation of slaves was finally forbidden by the Constitution of the United States after January 1, 1808. Section 9; Paragraph 43.

There were two distinct classes of white people in Georgia at this time—the slave-owning aristocrats and the common people, these latter

termed by slaves "poor white trash." The true working people of Georgia, the yeomanry, never desired slaves at all. They realized that the presence of the black was degrading to their own labor. The so-called one-horse farmer never married into the family of the slave-owning aristocrat. The line of social demarcation was very distinct and slavery kept it very bright. The aristocrat kept his name in the grand jury box but scorned to serve on a petit jury. The aristocrats held all the State and county offices and were the majors and colonels in the State militia. The aristocrats were about one-seventh of the population of Georgia, but possessed at least seventy per cent. of the total wealth. They lived in Middle Georgia or on the sea-coast and larger rivers, where their slaves could grow cotton and rice. The common people numbered six-sevenths of the population, owned few or no slaves, and lived among the hills and mountains of North Georgia and the pine woods of South Georgia. The slave-holders owned the best of the land, lived in fine mansions, kept blooded live stock and always rode in fine carriages. On the other hand, the poor whites owned poor land, lived in rude houses, kept a few scrubby horses and cows and generally walked to church.

Eli Whitney, who was making his home at the plantation of General Nathanael Greene, near Savannah, invented the cotton gin, in 1791. A spirit of money getting soon possessed the slave-owning aristocrats. The cultivation of all kinds of cotton increased by leaps and bounds. Prior to this time, cotton enough to serve the wants of families, the seed picked from the lint by the fingers of black females; wool from the flock and some flax, were all manufactured into clothing and bedding at home. Grain enough was grown to serve the wants of the family for bread and to feed the livestock, especially cattle, they furnishing the meat, milk and butter. All live stock, except horses, found abundant support in unlimited range. All this was changed by the invention of the cotton gin. Gin houses were erected; first one in a county; then one in each neighborhood; and, finally, each plantation had its own gin-house.

Though the importation of slaves had been prohibited by the State Constitution after October 1, 1798, labor for cotton cultivation was now in great demand; and the march of the slave-dealer through the country districts of Georgia, with a string of Africans directly imported, was looked upon as no crime. As the slave trade was to cease in

all the States after January 1, 1808, Georgia was now flooded with slaves and slave-dealers; the latter hastening to acquire all they could before the time set for the traffic to cease. From house to house slaves were marched and offered for sale; but not at the humble homes of the poor whites in North Georgia hills and mountains, nor at the homes of the "Crackers" in the pine woods of South Georgia; but at the stately mansions of the aristocrats. The demand for Africans was greater than even the supply. One who saw these slave-dealers and their human merchandise says: "They were always young men and women or girls and boys and their clothing was of the simplest kind. That of the men and boys consisted of drawers, only reaching midway the thigh, from the waist. The upper portions of the person and the lower extremities were entirely nude. The females wore a chemise reaching a few inches below the knee, leaving bare the limbs. This was adopted for the purpose of exposing the person, as much as decency would permit, for examination; so as to enable the purchaser to determine their individual capacity for labor. This examination was close and universal, beginning with an inspection of the teeth, which in these young savages were always perfect, save in those where they had been filed to a point in front. This was not uncommon in the males. The examination was then extended to the limbs, and ultimately to the entire person. They were devoid of shame and yielded readily to this inspection without the slightest manifestation of offended modesty. At first, they were indifferent to cooked food and would chase and catch and eat the grasshoppers and lizards, with the avidity of wild turkeys, and seemed, as those fowls, to relish them as their natural food." Disgusting as these details seem now, they were then of daily occurrence.

By 1801 free persons of color, *i. e.* slaves set free by the hand of the master, had become so numerous as to menace the peace of Georgia. A law was accordingly enacted that year making it a penal offense to manumit any slave except by an application made to the State legislature for that purpose. The subsequent legislation and history of slavery in Georgia, from 1808 to the adoption of the Thirteenth amendment, are too well known to require mention here; but the foregoing is a brief and absolutely accurate account of slave history and slave legislation in Georgia.

MARK ALLEN CANDLER.

ATLANTA, Ga.

MINOR TOPICS

FIFTY YEARS AGO

On February 23, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States, surprised all Washington by alighting almost unattended from a train that reached the city at 8 A. M. There were present to meet him Senator Seward and Hon. Elihu B. Washburn of Illinois, both of whom were in the secret of his unexpected arrival. Lincoln, by coming into Washington like a common, every-day passenger in the night, disarranged the elaborate preparations its citizens had made to give him a great, formal reception. At first, Washington people were incredulous when informed that Lincoln had reached the capital. They had expected him by a train which was due in the afternoon, and they could not understand his departure from the programme. The country, too, when the word was flashed over the wires that Lincoln was in Washington, was disinclined to believe the report, but by the time darkness fell Washington and the whole United States had learned that his stealthy journey from Harrisburg had been dictated by compliance with the advice of some of his best friends. General Scott was convinced that Mr. Lincoln could not safely enter Baltimore as that city's guest and be present at the reception its Union inhabiants were making ready for him. It was said at the time that Seward shared Scott's view. Certainly at Harrisburg Lincoln was quietly put on board a special train at night, which was not in the regular station, but at a place designated by Colonel Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and transported to Philadelphia, where he was transferred to a regular night train for Washington. Colonel Scott was in the secret, so was S. M. Felton, a former Massachusetts man, then in charge of the old Philadelphia, Washington & Baltimore Railroad. An embargo was laid on all despatches over the telegraph except on railroad business. Those relating to Lincoln's journey were sent in cipher, and Colonel Scott was immensely relieved when on the morning of the 23d he received a few words, meaningless to the uninitiated, telling him that Lincoln had reached Washington in safety.

To the railroad men and to Scott and Seward there appeared

reason to apprehend two attempts on the life of Lincoln if he adhered to the original itinerary, which carried him from Harrisburg to Baltimore over the Northern Central Railroad, the customary route between the two cities. One rumor was that the train was to be derailed on a high embankment and precipitated into a river by tampering with the track. The other was that Lincoln was to be killed in Baltimore while being carried from one depot to the other, the connections not then being direct. At all events Lincoln's advisers overcame his reluctance to enter Washington secretly, almost surreptitiously, and Baltimore thugs had not the slightest suspicion that the unnoticed night express bore through their city that "Old Abe" whom they hated. Baltimore was very indignant when it heard of the suspicions directed against some of its secession sympathizers. It protested that the President-elect would have been treated with the utmost respect had he made the transit openly, but there were those who thought that Baltimore protested too much. That city had an ill name for the inability of its authorities to control its turbulent element. When the hour approached for the arrival of the train on which Lincoln had been expected the Baltimore station was packed with such a crowd, all shouting, some for "Old Abe," as they called him, and others hooting him, that the police had all they could do to prevent a riot. Mrs. Lincoln and her three sons were on this train, and it does not appear that they were disrespectfully treated. A passenger who bore some resemblance to Lincoln happening to leave the train was mistaken for him, and, chased by a crowd laboring under that misapprehension, was compelled to take refuge in the freight office to avoid being trampled on. Certainly the conditions in Baltimore that day were all favorable to any ruffian or ruffians carrying out a murderous purpose had Lincoln been present. The crowd that mobbed the train certainly did not know at the time that Lincoln had reached Washington four or five hours before, and it went home puzzled.

Lincoln on arriving at Washington lost no time in paying his respects to President Buchanan, who received him cordially and with a sense of intense relief, for now he saw the end of his troubled Administration at hand. He had but nine days more to serve, and his one hope, that he should go out of office before hostilities began, seemed sure of confirmation. General Scott was also glad to receive Lincoln, for he

felt that his presence would be a tower of strength. In anticipation of Lincoln's coming Scott had issued orders to General Harney, at St. Louis, to defend the post and arsenal there to the last. The details of Twiggs's treason in Texas were coming into Washington, and Scott saw that that faithless general had paralyzed the Union forces in the Southwest. Nearly twenty-five hundred regular troops had been rendered unavailable, and correspondingly Scott's task had been rendered the more difficult. St. Louis must not fall to the Secessionists, who were arming to seize the barracks and the arsenal. Some of the Army officers at St. Louis were suspected of being capable of imitating Twiggs on a small scale, but Harney was loyal. Harney was not destined, however, to save Missouri to the Union. That invaluable service was rendered months afterwards by Captain, afterwards General, Nathaniel Lyon, "greatly doing, greatly daring and greatly dying." Even when Scott gave orders to Harney, Captain Lyon was on duty at the arsenal and closely watching its commandant, who was of secession proclivities. Lyon knew what he should do if the commandant attempted to betray the garrison of the arsenal, or to turn it over to the Secessionists.

The news that the Palmetto flag had been hoisted in Nebraska on Fort Kearny about this time, gave the loyal North a shock by its suggestion of Secession sympathy in the West. The shock soon passed, for the announcement followed closely that it was over *old* Fort Kearny, the abandoned, not the newer Fort Kearny, the garrisoned, that the Palmetto ensign had floated. The Nebraskans were loyal and pulled down the flag almost as soon as they had discovered its presence. People hereabouts seem to have been more tolerant, or at least tamer, for the *Transcript* of February 23, 1861, reported that the steamer *South Carolina* then about to sail from Boston to Charleston, with an immense freight, while floating the Stars and Stripes at the main, displayed the Palmetto ensign at the fore, as indicating the port of her destination. The Charleston embargo on Northern trade had been raised temporarily, and the steamer was filled up with the things that South Carolina did not make. There were hundreds of cases of shoes in the cargo, and that Charleston people felt confident of a peaceable adjustment of all differences between the sections was indicated by the number of pianos which were on board, consigned to South Carolina purchasers.

There was a rude awakening coming, and one wonders if the shippers of this cargo were ever paid in full.

Washington's birthday was observed in Boston as an occasion for reaffirming devotion to the Union. Those who wanted diversion from the trying thoughts of the hour had it in watching "Mr. E. P. Weston of Portland, Me.," start on a walk from Boston to Washington, to cover the distance by March 4, in payment of a wager he had lost that Breckinridge would be elected President of the United States.

E. W. H.

Transcript, BOSTON.

A MEMORIAL TO ANNE HUTCHINSON

In the MAGAZINE for July, 1909, we printed a letter from Mr. J. Edward Weld, regarding Anne Hutchinson. We are greatly pleased to now learn from Mr. Weld that the Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York has now undertaken the work.

The memorial is to consist of a bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, to be affixed to Split Rock, the great natural landmark close by the site where stood her dwelling. It is expected that the dedication will take place next June. A more extended notice will be given in a future issue.

(We may be pardoned for here stating that the first mention of the Rock and her house was made by the Editor in his "Battle of Pell's Point," 1901, and the note was then made that "the Colonial Dames have been solicited to erect a suitable memorial on the spot.)

ACCESSIONS TO THE NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY

Rensselaerswyck Manuscripts

The papers of the manor Rensselaerswyck and of the Van Rensselaer family have been transferred by the family to the New York State Library, under an agreement that provides for making this material available for the purposes of historical research.

At a conservative estimate the collection contains 200 volumes of accounts (one-half of them in Dutch and prior to 1700) and 25,000

papers, embracing family letters and military commissions to members of the Van Rensselaer family, land patents, leases, contracts, deeds, maps, surveys, poll lists, tax lists and other papers of a public or semi-public nature for the district covered by the manor. With few exceptions the papers relate to the administration of the manor for 200 years; they show the process of settlement, the erection of buildings and bridges, the laying out of the roads, and also throw light on such economic questions as methods of farming, average yield and value of farm products, cost of labor, facts which it would be difficult to find in any public records. Moreover, since no extensive collection of records of any other manor in the State is known to be extant, they form a most important source for the study of the manorial system, telling much of the land tenure, the relations between landlord and tenant, the social condition of the tenants and related topics. In matters touching the daily life and occupation of the people, the papers are fullest for the Dutch period, since in addition to a consecutive series of accounts we have a court record and a valuable collection of letters to and from the colony.

Among individual items of special interest may be mentioned a memorandum book of Anthony de Hooges; the proceedings of the court of the colony; the resolutions of the commissioners of the colony; letters of Arent van Curler, Pieter Stuyvesant, the first four English governors, Oloff Stevensz van Cortlandt and Stephenus van Cortlandt; a series of civil and military commissions issued by different English governors; the Dongan charter of the manor, 1685; the Bleecker map of the manor, 1767; and the map of the colony, 1632, reproduced in the *Van Rensselaer Bowier Manuscripts.*

The State Library has also secured a collection of papers of Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, which includes some seven hundred to eight hundred letters from J. G. Shea, G. H. Moore, J. R. Bartlett, H. C. Murphy, J. H. Trumbull, James Lenox and others; a manuscript translation of van der Donck's *Remonstrance;* a manuscript copy of a very rare Dutch pamphlet, *Kort Verhael van Nieuw Nederlant;* O'Callaghan's own papers dealing with Indian names, Jesuit relations, etc. The Library of Congress in 1905 reported the acquisition of twelve

volumes of letters and papers of Dr. O'Callaghan containing ome two thousand letters and covering the period 1830-60. The letters of the State Library collection are nearly all of later date, covering the last ten years of his life at Albany, 1860-70, and the ten years spent in New York City till his death in 1880.

A CHURCH'S JUBILEE

February first the First Church in Cambridge, Mass. (Congregational) celebrated the 275th anniversary of the organization of the Church. The following statement, as it appears in the manual of the Church, is thus of special interest:

"An epitome of the history of this Church is found upon the tablet on the wall at the west end of the north aisle of the present meeting-house:

The Lord our God be with us as He was with our Fathers.

The Settlement of this Town was begun A.D. 1631.

The first Meeting-House was built A.D. 1632.

Rev. Thomas Hooker and Rev. Samuel Stone were ordained Ministers here Oct. 11, 1633.

They removed with their people to found Hartford, Conn., A.D. 1636.

This Church was formed February 1st. A.D. 1636.

The Cambridge Platform was adopted A.D. 1648.

The Church united with the Shepard Congregational Society A.D 1829.

This House was dedicated A.D. 1872.

Directly opposite is a tablet, equally significant:

To the Memory of the Ministers of this Church.

Thomas Shepard .....A.D. 1636-1649
Jonathan Mitchell .....A.D. 1650-1668

Urian Oakes	A.D.	1671-1681
Nathaniel Gookin	A.D.	1682-1692
William Brattle	A.D.	1696-1717
Nathaniel Appleton	A.D.	1717-1784
Timothy Hilliard	A.D.	1783-1790
*Abiel Holmes	A.D.	1792-1831
Nehemiah Adams	A.D.	1829-1834
John Adams Albro	A.D.	1835-1865
Alexander McKenzie	A.D.	1867-

We do well to remember that this church was founded during those memorable eleven years when England was without a Parliament. The dissolution of Parliament was in 1629. After eleven years come Cromwell, the Civil War, the execution of the king. If it was the England of Milton, of the English Bible, yet it was also the England of Laud and of his persecutions. A graphic picture of the times is given by Thomas Shepard:

"Dec. 16, 1630, I was inhibited from preaching in the Diocess of London by Dr. Laud, bishop of that Diocess. As soon as I came in the morning, about 8 of the clock, falling into a fit of rage, he asked me what degree I had taken in the university. I answered, I was masters of arts. He asked me of what College? I answered of Emanuel. He asked me how long I had lived in his Diocess. I answered 3 years and upwards. He asked who maintained me all this while, charging me to deal plainly with him, adding withal that he had been more cheated and equivocated with by some of my malignant faction than ever man was by Jesuit. At the speaking of which words he looked as though blood would have gushed out of his face, and did shake as if he had been haunted with an ague fit, to my apprehension, by reason of his extreme malice and secret venome. I desired him to excuse me. He fell then to threaten me and withal to bitter railing, calling me all to nought, saying: 'You prating coxcomb, do you think all the learning is in your brain?' He pronounced his sentence thus. 'I charge you that you neither preach, read, marry, bury, or exercise any ministerial functions in any part of my Diocess; for if you do, and

* The father of O. W. Holmes.

I hear of it, I'll be upon your back and follow you wherever you go, in any part of this kingdom and everlastingly disenable you.' I besought him not to deal so in behalf of a poore town—here he stopped me in what I was going to say, 'A poor town! You have made a company of seditious factions, bedlams. And what do you prate to me of a poor town?' I prayed him to suffer me to catechise on the Sabbath days in the afternoon. He replied, 'Spare your breath, I'll have no such fellows prate in my Diocess. Get you gone! And make your complaints to whom you will!' So away I went—and blessed be God that I may go to Him."

We are fortunate in having the autobiography of Thomas Shepard, one of the founders and the first minister of the original church of which the Shepard Congregational Society is a descendant and successor. The opening paragraph of this most interesting memoir tells us that its writer was born "in the year of Christ, 1605, upon the 5 day of November, called the Powder treason day," and at the very hour when the Parliament was to have been blown up. "The reasons," he tells us, "which swayed me to come to N. E. were many. 1. I saw no call to any other place in Old England, nor way of subsistence in peace and comfort to me and my family. 2. Diverse people in Old England of my dear friends desired me to go to N. E., there to live together, and some went before and wrote to me of providing a place for a company of us, one of which was John Bridge, and I saw diverse families of my Xtian friends, who were resolved thither to go with me. 3. I saw the Lord departed from England when Mr. Hookear and Mr. Cotton were gone, and I saw the hearts of most of the godly set and bent that way, and I did think I should feel many miseries if I stayed behind."

WILLIAM J. MANN.

SENTIMENT STILL LIVES—A TRIUMPH OVER MUNICIPAL MATERIALISM

Virginia romance and sentiment triumphed over municipal materialism in the House of Representatives, when that body by the overwhelming vote of 112 to 42 refused the District of Columbia permission to establish a reformatory upon Belvoir, an old historic Virginia

estate three and one-half miles from Mount Vernon. The House not only thus made unavailable a site for which the District already had paid $36,000, but it further protected the environment of the last resting place of George Washington by prohibiting the location of any penal institution, either in Virginia or in Maryland, within ten miles of Mount Vernon.

The District already has in operation a workhouse at Occoquan, farther down the river on the same side as Mount Vernon, and the commissioners would effect a double economy by establishing a reformatory also on the river bank and transporting prisoners and materials to and from these institutions by water. The proposed reformatory buildings would be invisible from Mount Vernon, as they would be set on the south slope of a heavily wooded hill, and even the Fine Arts Commission, which had been appealed to in the controversy over the reformatory proposition, was compelled to concede that there could be no objection to the proposed location "on æsthetic grounds." Notwithstanding the merit of all the material points involved, the House almost as one man extinguished the project, and unless the Senate is more devoid of sentiment, the District must hunt elsewhere for a site. The victory is an emphatic one and is significant as demonstrating a country-wide protest over any proposition that might seem even remotely to threaten the atmosphere about Washington's tomb.

The whole region round about, all in Fairfax County, is rich in the associations which Virginians most revere. Belvoir itself was the birthplace of Constance Cary, whom the literary world knows as Mrs. Burton Harrison, and, her son, Francis Burton Harrison of New York, is a member of Congress and voted against the proposed desecration of the family seat. The place has a history extending back to Colonial days.

Nearby and within as easy reach of Belvoir as Mount Vernon itself is Gunston Hall, one of the few Colonial dwellings still standing intact upon the banks of the Potomac. This was built by the famous George Mason about 1750, or the period of his marriage to the beautiful Anne Eilbeck of Charles County, Maryland, whom one tradition names as the "lowland beauty" of Washington's early romance. The

brick mansion, with cut stone quoins, gambrel roof and four great chimneys, represents no special type of architecture, but evidently was built by Colonel Mason to suit his own ideas of taste and convenience. Carved red and white columns connected by lattice-work uphold the pretty portico, and the main entrance leads up to a large porch, from which the wide hall, typical of the finest Southern mansions of the day, is entered. George Mason spent three years importing from England the woodwork that ornaments the interior, and some years ago a Northern architect offered $3000 for the wood finish of the drawing-room alone.

Jefferson's room is still pointed out in the old place. Lafayette stayed there, too; and when, at the beginning of the Revolution, Lord Dunmore's fleet came up the Potomac, but left Gunston Hall unravaged, Mason wrote George Washington a letter telling of the hesitancy of Mrs. Washington to retire a few miles back in the country during the period of alarm. "No, I will not desert my post," reports Mason of Mrs. Washington. She finally did ride away a few miles, but, "plucky little woman as she is, stayed away only one night." Mason died and was buried in the old graveyard in 1792. Virginia regarded him as one of her greatest statesmen and the teacher of Thomas Jefferson. In the Virginia State Library, protected with a glass case, is what is believed to be the only original draft of the Virginia Bill of Rights, which instrument placed Mason's name among those of the immortals of American history. Gunston Hall was despoiled during the Civil War, although both sides instinctively respected Mount Vernon.

Woodlawn, "the Nelly Custis place," is another of the rare Virginia homesteads but a few miles away to the west. The estate possesses almost the interest of Mount Vernon, for the 2000 acres which originally composed it was Washington's wedding gift from his Mount Vernon estate to his beautiful ward, Nelly Custis, the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, who celebrated Washington's birthday in 1799 by marrying Major Lawrence Lewis. The house is of the colonial type, without porches, as familiar in Massachusetts as in Virginia, and is now the property of a sister of St. George Tucker, Miss Elizabeth Sharp, whose home is in the North. The mansion commands a superb

view of the river, and the winding roadway by which it is reached is bordered with boxwood bushes a hundred years old. The manor house was not erected until 1805, Nelly Custis having lived at Mount Vernon; but after her occupancy it contained many of the treasures which the tourist now sees at the old home of Washington. Nearly $100,000 has been spent by the present owners in bringing back the old-time glories of the place.

Farther away from Belvoir, yet only a short distance, as they reckon distances in the country, is Ravensworth, formerly the old Fitzhugh place. This was inherited by General W. H. F. Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee. It is said that this place was originally established by an ancestor who, almost bankrupted by the limitless hospitality he was compelled to extend to all wayfarers in another part of Virginia, sought this then remote spot and settled, that he might have a chance to get on his feet. Pohick Church, of which George Washington was a vestryman, is another of the group of ancient buildings which make this region historic. The old edifice was despoiled by the soldiery during the Civil War, and Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, spent a small fortune in restoring it to its aspect as in Washington's time.

The owners of these properties have been as much alarmed over the prospect of having a reformatory for a neighbor as the guardians of Mount Vernon. Their influence has been exerted to good effect and will continue to be until the Senate disposes of the matter of location. The fight in the House was made by Representative Carlin of Virginia, whose amendment prescribing the ten-mile area was adopted as the immediate way out of the dilemma. It is not unlikely that the Senate will modify this amendment, as it is a rather clumsy, although effective, device for the protection of Mount Vernon, but may prevent the use of sites along the river having some of the advantages of Belvoir and to which there can be no objection. On the opposite side of the river desecration already has taken place, for the old "Marshall place," directly across from Mount Vernon, for years has been used as

Transcript, Boston.

NOTES BY THE WAY

TWO JOHN BROWNS!

At last I have had a long-standing mystery solved about John Brown. Some years ago I spent a fortnight on Fourth Lake, in the Fulton Chain in the Adirondack region of New York and in many casual ways heard references to local associations with John Brown, especially in the neighborhood of Old Forge. I took away the firm belief that Brown's Adirondack home was somewhere thereabouts, and that he was brought back there for burial. Newspaper accounts of ceremonies, later on, at North Elba, sounded strange, but did not shake my faith. But the other day here, within five miles of Lake Placid and nearly seventy-five from Old Forge, I stood beside the grave of the brave-hearted crusader, and stepped inside his own little room with its pitifully crude furnishings, in the old farmhouse now preserved through the efforts of Kate Field. But what about the John Brown of Old Forge? I began to suspect that the hero of Harper's Ferry has as many burial-places as Ramona has birthplaces in Southern California. A day or so ago, Mr. Melvill Dewey gave me the explanation, quite too simple for anybody to think of by himself. There was *two* John Browns. The Fulton Chain worthy had a large grant of land, including that district, and never stormed Harper's Ferry or anything else, so far as I know. He has been dead more than a hundred years, the martyr John more than fifty. Requiescat in pace!

Transcript, Boston.

A "REAL DAUGHTER"—1811-1911

Mrs. Susan S. Brigham, 397 Grove street, Worcester, Mass., was 100 years old on Feb. 3. She is a "Real Daughter of the American Revolution."

This venerable lady has seen almost all the material progress of the world. Slavery existed in the State of New York for many years after she was born. Railroads and canals were unknown telegraphs,

telephones, sewing machines, iron buildings, kerosene, gas, electricity, ocean cables, street cars, automobiles,—all the long list of modern inventions were yet to come. She has seen the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the various Indian wars, the Rebellion, the Spanish war—and she was fifty-eight years old when died the last of her father's Revolutionary comrades.

NEW BUST OF JEFFERSON

It was voted at the recent State conference of the Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution, to purchase a bust of Thomas Jefferson, with pedestal, at a cost of $650, and to place this in Memorial Continental Hall. It also was voted to complete as soon as possible the furnishing of the Virginia Room in this Hall. The room represents a Colonial Virginian dining-room. It will be finished in white, and will have mahogany furniture. The coat-of-arms of Washington, will form a part of the mural decoration.

THE KENSINGTON RUNE STONE

This archæological find—see MAGAZINE for Feb., 1911, page 67—has since been the subject of much scientific controversy. Professor Flour, of the University of Illinois has printed a pamphlet against it, while the officers of the Minnesota Historical Society have just issued one in its favor—and it is now decided that the stone itself shall be sent to Norway to be examined by expert runologists, whose opinion will be conclusive.

It need hardly be said that if favorable, the Minnesota Historical Society will possess one of the most valuable of historical monuments—proving Scandinavian explorers to have visited the present state of Minnesota a hundred and thirty years before Columbus sailed.

THE FIRST WOMAN EMPLOYED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Miss Clara Barton, the famous philanthropist and administrator of the Red Cross, is declared to have been the first woman ever employed by the Department of the Interior. The question recently arose and a search of old records disclosed that in 1854 Miss Barton, on the

recommendation of a representative from Massachusetts, was appointed to a clerical position from "New England Village," Mass. The Department was established in 1849. In 1876 the question originally arose and the claim for the distinction then put forward by Miss Barton was declared to be sound. She now lives at Glen Echo, Md. About 1100 women are now employed by the Department.

Transcript, Boston.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY ACCEPTS MUNROE TAVERN

The Munroe Tavern bequeathed to the Lexington Historical Society by the will of the late James S. Munroe, is now the accepted property of that organization. A meeting was held lately, and favorable action taken by the members regarding this famous building in accordance with the terms of the will. A committee had been appointed to consider this bequest, which, in case this society declined the gift, was to be offered first to the town, and then to the State, "believing," so the document reads, "that those landmarks in our country's history which have become identified as monuments of great social and political events ought to be preserved to posterity not alone for their intrinsic interest, but more especially for their power in bringing to the minds and hearts of that posterity a realization of the courage, self-sacrifice and loyal devotion of our forefathers."

The devise was made upon the expressed condition that the society shall keep the premises in good repair and forever maintain the same in their present or original condition and open the house at suitable times for public inspection.

INDIANS WHO WILL NOT VOTE

The Hopi Indians, who number about two thousand souls, inhabit eight villages in the Painted Desert of Arizona. These villages are situated from eighty to one hundred miles from the nearest railroad point. All are located on the summits of mesas that rise precipitously to a height of one hundred feet or more above the plain.

Owing to their isolation and their distance from the beaten paths of travel, as well as to the conservative nature of the people, primitive

customs, ceremonies and ways of living survive to a greater extent in the Hopi towns than in any other Indian community of the West. The Hopis in fact constitute an anachronism, and for many other reasons than the unique position of the women whose domination over the men is peculiar, to say the least, may be regarded as among the most interesting and remarkable of American tribes.

It is a fact not generally known that the Hopi Indians, with all other Pueblo tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, are full-fledged citizens of the United States. The terms of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo that terminated the war with Mexico guaranteed full rights of citizenship to all inhabitants of the ceded territory who had been citizens of Mexico. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Pueblos were citizens of Mexico prior to the consummation of the treaty, and consequently they are now citizens of the United States.

With Arizona a State, therefore, the little Hopi men are entitled to vote for President, to run for Congress and to exercise full rights of suffrage. It is not at all likely that any such rights will be claimed or exercised for decades or centuries to come. The Hopis are as indifferent to American politics as they are to the events that transpire on another planet. If the Governor at Washington and the whole white population of America were wiped out of existence over night so important an event would hardly be noticed by these self-sufficing people.

San Antonio Light and Gazette.

REMEMBER THE "MAINE"

The final memorial services held over the wreck of the *Maine* were conducted by the Havana camp United Spanish War Veterans, on the thirteenth anniversary of the destruction of the battleship. The Havana Chapter, D. A. R., participated and a great concourse which thronged the decks of a score of steamers looked on. It was the first time that Cuba had shared officially in the anniversary ceremony. Vice-President Zayas made the principal address and representatives of the Cuban army and navy and of the various departments of the Government were present. At sunrise the Stars and Stripes were hoisted at half mast on the mainmast of the wreck and early in the day a vessel

carrying the veterans circled the *Maine* while wreaths were placed upon the wreck and flowers strewn on the waters about it.

FLAG DAY IN MASSACHUSETTS

The signing by Governor Foss of the act directing recognition of June 14 as "Flag Day," by proclamation, set the seal of approval upon the efforts of Walter Gilman Page and the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the Revolution, who have been especially interested in the passage of the bill. The society is already planning to celebrate the first "Flag Day," under the new act, by holding a meeting on that day.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FISHING-ROD

A fishing rod with an interesting history is on view in one of the windows of the Dame-Stoddard Company's store, at 374 Washington street. It was once the property of Daniel Webster, and frequently was the medium for landing such fish as the Mashpee River gave up when he used to beguile the finny tribe when in the company of the late Theodore D. Parker.

The rod is one of the old-fashioned kind with an ash butt and greenheart joints and tips, a type of rod that was much in use years ago. At present the rod is the property of D. B. Fearing of Newport, R. I. After being on exhibition for a few days it will find a permanent place in Mr. Fearing's library.

Transcript, Boston.

A CENTURY OF COTTON WORK

The one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the cotton industry in Fall River is an event worthy of celebration. Massachusetts leads the country in the number of spindles, the census report for 1910 showing 9,835,610, or 37 per cent, of the total number in the United States, and of these Fall River has more than three millions more than are credited to the entire State of Rhode Island, which was the first to spin cotton successfully by water-power. It was in 1811 that Colonel Joseph Durfee, a Revolutionary soldier, built a small mill in

the section of Fall River now known as Globe Village. "The oldest mill in Fall River" is still standing; its stone walls apparently are as substantial as when they first enclosed spinning machinery, and the city is fortunate in having the ancient Durfee mill to exhibit to visitors for the purpose of showing the remarkable advances made in construction during the past one hundred years.

The fact that Pawtucket was the place in which Samuel Slater built the first practical spinning machinery known in the United States need not interfere with plans for a creditable observance of the centenary of cotton manufacturing in Fall River. All enterprising cities are interested in obtaining the right kind of publicity; in some sections money is expended freely for advertising purposes. A century of cotton spinning in Fall River affords excellent opportunities for exploiting the resources and advantages of the greatest city of spindles on the American continent. Pawtucket obtained much valuable publicity in 1890 out of its cotton centennial, and the new generation that has grown up since then knows nothing of the event celebrated on the west bank of the Blackstone River, except from books and papers or conversations with participants. Suitable observance of the first century of its textile industry in Fall River, therefore, will appeal directly to thousands who have heard only vague references to the invaluable work of Samuel Slater at Pawtucket Falls, and also will interest all who are familiar with the exhibit of progress made twenty-one years ago by the enthusiastic people of Pawtucket. Although Rhode Island has the credit of starting the cotton industry, Fall River has the distinction of surpassing all other cities and towns in the number of spindles. This achievement is one that calls for an elaborate and dignified centennial programme which will appeal to the entire country and not to New England alone.

It is fitting that Fall River should honor the name of Durfee and at the same time give an ample demonstration of the supremacy of Massachusetts men and methods in the cotton manufacturing world.

Providence Journal.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVIII

ESTRANGEMENT

GLAD rumors of the success which had finally crowned the hunter Balt in his wild-wood quest preceded the arrival of the popular young Max among his old friends and neighbors. It were difficult to define the emotions of Alida when the news of his deliverance from captivity and death first reached her ears. For, though joy and delight for Greyslaer's escape first swallowed up all other feelings, yet painful reflections succeeded, and doubts and fears crept into her mind, to alloy this generous burst of heartfelt sensibility.

She felt, she owned to herself, that, despite the difference of years (and most slight was that disparity), she *could* have loved her youthful worshipper. But this thought had only been admitted into her heart when she believed the barrier of the grave was closed between them. How was it now with her when Greyslaer lived? lived, while a barrier more hideous even than that of the grave must keep them apart forever! But why dwell now upon her past relations with Greyslaer? Why imbitter her hours by musing upon their possible future position toward each other?

Long months had intervened since the passionate declaration of her almost boyish lover. There was time enough even for him to have forgotten his youthful fancy, or exchanged it for another, if some fair face had presented itself to him when away from her. Besides, had she not revealed that to him which must crush all hope upon the instant? Surely he could not have gone on feeding with vain dreams of what *might be* his misplaced and most unfortunate attachment—he had not consumed a captive's long and lonely hours in such fruitless and imbittered musings upon his baffled affections? His sorrows must have been those only of a young and ardent mind, that grieves to find itself cut off, in the season of its vigor, from the paths of ambition

which men so love to tread; his dreams, only those which will crowd into a mind fertile as his when planning his escape from present evil—a prisoner's dream of home and friends, of free will and unrestricted motion, and the bright world which, fresh as ever, was to be enjoyed again.

Alida hoped that it might be so; yet, she grew sad even in so hoping! A sensible and modest mind is not merely flattered, but substantially raised in its own estimation by the sincere and unaffected attachment of another as well constituted as itself, even when it cannot return the passion. And though it can hardly with precision, be said either to grieve or humble us when that regard passes away, yet there is something of sorrow, something of humiliation, when we become assured of its decay.

In the meantime the presumed heiress of the Hawksnest had not wanted for admirers, though the natural imperiousness of her disposition prepared a haughty rebuff for more than one who made haste to address the beautiful orphan, even in her first secluded months of mourning. The advances of some of these suitors were well known in the neighborhood, and their supposed rejection, when they successively withdrew from the field, became very naturally the talk of the country people, who, when Greyslaer's return from captivity was bruited abroad, unanimously agreed that Fate had intended that he should be the happy man. "Surely," they argued, "young Max would never take possession of the estate which Miss Alida had so long enjoyed as his nearest kinswoman, and the co-heir of Mad Derrick, without offering first to make her his wife? And where was the girl in the valley that would refuse *him?* Proud and uppish as she was, old De Roos, though a respectable man enough, and the old friend of Sir William, was no such great shakes, after all, that his daughter might turn up her nose upon the only son of Colonel Greyslaer that was."

As for Max himself, it was agreed, without any dissent that he would seek a wife forthwith. He was the last of his name; and, though sternly republican in his political principles, democracy entered not into his ideas of the social relations, and he was believed to inherit from his

stately old father sufficient pride of family not to wish the name of Greyslaer to expire with himself.

Max, in the meanwhile, wholly unconscious that he and his affairs were furnishing the only subject of gossip to the good wives of the neighborhood, now that the storm of war had rolled away from the valley for a season, and left leisure for such harmless themes, disappointed every one by the quietude of his proceedings. A lawyer from the county town calling upon Miss De Roos, informed her that Captain Greyslaer, being about to join his regiment, which belonged to a brigade of volunteers that had recently been draughted into the service of Congress, he had no idea of taking possession of the Hawksnest, and that Miss De Roos would add to the obligations which Captain Greyslaer already felt himself under to her late lamented father, if she would continue to preside over an establishment which must otherwise be broken up, and perhaps fall to ruins; for the aged housekeeper was now too infirm for the charge, and Captain Greyslaer was at a loss what disposition to make of his other servants in times so disturbed. "The captain," said the lawyer, looking round upon the ancient furniture, "seems to have his heart bent upon keeping these old sticks together, and there is no one but you, madam, to whom he can look, as one feeling the same sort of interest in the place as that which he cherishes."

The latter part of his agent's statement was enforced by a note from Greyslaer, containing an eloquent appeal to her on the score of their mutual childish associations, and the impracticability of his making any humane disposition of his black servants; for manumitting them—a resource which had suggested itself—would in the existing state of the country, be in fact, the cruellest thing he could do, there being now no employment for laborers of that class.

Alida, who had not been left unprovided for by her father, and was, therefore, not thus rendered dependent upon the bounty of a distant kinsman, who stood toward her in the delicate relation of a discarded lover, scarcely hesitated in her determination. She would remain beside the graves of her father and sister, and consider herself as mistress of the Hawksnest until Captain Greyslaer was prepared to enter

into his possessions; but it must be as a tenant, upon the same terms that her father had held the property.

A month or more had elapsed after the adjustment of this delicate matter, and Greyslaer, writing weekly to her from Albany and New York, whither his professional duty had led him, managed always in his letters to preserve a tone of easy friendliness, such as had prevailed between them in the younger days of their intercourse. This composure upon paper, however, vanished entirely when at last they met. The frank cordiality which Max assumed, was rather overdoing nature, as Alida thought when she observed his rapid utterance and restless motions; and Greyslaer was conscious that Alida trembled with agitation when he smilingly proffered the ordinary salute which fashion so inconsistently permitted among the polite, considering the otherwise ceremonious manners of that formal day. They each seemed laboring under a continual exertion to maintain the tone in which Max had so happily commenced their correspondence, and which had hitherto been successfully kept up between them. But the restraint which either felt at heart must soon have convinced them that they mutually stood in a false position toward each other.

A famous modern sayer of apothegms tells us that friendship may sometimes warm into love, but love can subside into friendship never; and an ancient one goes still farther, by making hatred the only change of which love is capable. As indifference will often supervene to the most violent passion, the creed of the latter is manifestly absurd; but there is something of truth in the proverb of the former; for though the sentiment of friendship, a feeling of the warmest and kindest regard, may indeed exist where love has once been, yet the calm relation of friends, with all its easy and pleasurable frankness of intercourse, can hardly grow up between two parties where love has once been the source of interest to either, and that love has been once avowed. There must be some lurking mortification, if not some secret trace of sorrow, on one side or the other; a jealousy of mutual respect, a quickness to take offence, and, above all, the mournful memory of former passages, endeared only in recollection, perhaps, by their being associated with the halcyon season of youth and hope, but still endeared to it; there must

be this memory to come over the spirit amid its gayest sallies, and make the society of the one who has elicited them, saddening, if not oppressive, to the mind for the moment.

What wonder, then, if Greyslaer's visits to the Hawksnest were gradually intermitted. A character so earnest as his cannot always find material for conversation amid themes of passing interest, while one that fills his whole soul is utterly forbidden; for conversation with her, moreover, whose presence unlocked the secret chambers of his mind, and peopled it with thoughts that might not walk abroad.

He had promised Alida never officiously to thrust himself farther into her confidence; and he remembered his promise, but the forced durance she had suffered at the hands of Bradshawe was known to him, and he burned to resolve his suspicions concerning that dark and desperate man. He had hoped, in his earlier visits, that their discourse might at some future time, lead to Alida's reposing that full confidence in him which he persuaded himself was due to the truthfulness and steadfastness of his attachment, under the changed form in which he was determined she should view it. But the moment did not come; and upon each succeeding visit Greyslaer seemed farther from the hope of such a revelation than ever. Alida, in fact, did not dream of making it.

Whether it was that she did not consider Greyslaer, her young friend the most proper party to interest himself about her affairs; whether she paled at the peril to which Greyslaer her lover would be exposed by the steps he might adopt upon receiving the disclosure; whether she shrunk, with true female delicacy, from the farther agitation of a subject so painful, or whether she had proudly determined to be herself the arbiter of her own destiny, it is impossible to say. But while there are some circumstances which diminish the force of the last supposition—such as the present banishment of Bradshawe from this region, and the change which seemed to have come over the character of Alida after she came to realize the full extent of her family bereavements—it is probable that all these considerations swayed her by turns, and suggested the reserve of conduct which was the result.

And now Captain Greyslaer has become noted alike among his

equals in rank and his superior officers for his rigid and exclusive attention to his military duties. He seldom goes beyond the limits of the post where he is stationed. His visits to the Hawksnest, which is only a few miles off, seem gradually to have ceased altogether; and a book or newspaper from New York, with some pencilled remarks upon the news it contains from the seat of war, is, when transmitted through his orderly, the only intercourse he holds with its inmates.

Alida—though other officers of the garrison sought by assiduous attention to supply the place of Max—Alida, it must be confessed, began soon to miss his accustomed visits. The superior mental accomplishments of Greyslaer the student, would with her have given him but slight advantage over his military comrades; but the character of Greyslaer the soldier, of Greyslaer the young partisan, whose wild adventures and perilous escapes among the Indians was the theme of every tongue, appealed more forcibly to the romantic admiration of Alida; and apart from all tender associations of the past, regarding him only in the light of an acquaintance of the day, she would have felt an interest in the society of Max that no other of his sex whom she had hitherto known could inspire.

There might possibly, too, be something in the altered aspect of Greyslaer which more or less affected the light in which a woman's eye would regard him, now that his cheek had lost its freshness from hardship and exposure; and that almost boyish air which characterized his appearance even in early manhood, had been changed by more recent habits of action, of command, and of self-reliance.

The mother who, welcoming her long-absent son, sighs as she looks vainly in his features for those gentler traits which graced the handsome stripling with whom she parted, smiles the next moment with inward pride at the sentiment of newly-awakened respect with which she is mysteriously inspired toward her own offspring: she startles at the altered modulations of his voice as heard at a distance: she wonders at the changed cadence of his footfalls, as his approaching step, which was ever music to her ear, grows nearer: she marks his graver and more even mien: she gazes upon the brow where manhood has already

stamped its lordly impress; yet, even while leaning for counsel upon him who so lately looked to her for care, can scarcely realize the swift and silent change that is now so fully wrought.

So had it been with Alida. Greyslaer was to her as a boy no more; and if her own feelings had not taught her thus, the conviction must have been forced upon her by the light in which, as she saw, he was regarded by those far older than herself. His opinions upon all subjects seemed to be quoted by those who were his immediate associates, and she heard continually of grave cases in which Greyslaer's judgment was appealed to by members of the Committee of Safety, and others charged with the various clashing powers of the provisionary government of the period. The friendship of such a man she felt was to be valued, and she even acknowledged to herself that, had not circumstances placed an insurmountable barrier between them, Greyslaer—judging him only by the character he had formed for himself in the world—Max Greyslaer was the man of all others to whom her proud and aspiring heart would have been rendered up.

But, alas! what booted such knowledge now? Of what avail was it that reason reluctantly at last sanctioned the preference which a secret tenderness suggested, when reason was wholly at war with the indulgence of these partial feelings. Reason, though she sustained with the one hand the judgment which guided that partiality, pointed sternly with the other to an abyss of hopelessness. Alida might love Greyslaer, but she never could be his.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued)

NOTES AND QUERIES

Is there any authentic list of the members of the "Boston Tea Party"?

I had supposed that the list given in Lassing's *Field-Book* was correct; but a Boston correspondent, who ought to know, says: "The original party was very few in number, but since that day the descendants of the crowd that *looked* on have claimed that their ancestors were of the number. Those who were disguised were not many."

KNICKERBOCKER

Who invented the phrase describing Westerners of the early nineteenth century as "half-horse and half-alligator"?

C. B.

MEMPHIS.

In Dr. R. M. Bird's novel "*Nick of the Woods*" (1837) is the supposed original of the character, *Roaring Ralph Stackpole*, who says: "I'm a ring-tailed roarer from Salt River." The earliest use of the phrase in literature, to our knowledge, occurs in Griswold's reference to this book, in his *Prose Writers of America* (1846). But that the phrase is older yet is apparent from the song *The Hunters of Kentucky* (written by Samuel Woodworth, author of *The Old Oaken Bucket*) celebrating the battle of New Orleans, in which are the lines

"We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are alligators—horses."

It was a favorite during Jackson's presidential campaign and in Heustis' narrative of his captivity in Van Dieman's Land (1840) for his share in the Canadian revolution of 1837, he speaks of singing it there, as a prisoner. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish more information.

What privateer captured the British transport *Oxford* (or *Orford*) in 177- with part of the 42d ("Blackwatch") regiment on board?

(This was not the capture of part of the 71st Highlanders; that occurred in June, 1775, outside Boston harbor.)

INQUIRER

In the present Watertown are two Waterbury graves that should be suitably inscribed and kept in perpetual remembrance, because of the sufferings endured by their tenants at the hands of Indians, and also because they were the first permanent residents of Wooster-Westbury-Watertown.

The graves are those of Jonathan and Hannah Hawks Scott. He was a survivor of Indian torture, and she was probably the most afflicted woman in all New England; for in 1704 her mother and her brother, with his wife and three children, were slain at Deerfield, while her only sister was made a captive and perished on the way to Canada. In 1707 or '08, within a few miles of her home in Waterbury, her husband's brother was tortured to death. In 1710 her husband was seized on the Waterbury meadows, his right thumb cut off, and thus mutilated he was taken on the long and weary march to Canada, being bound at night by poles laid across his body, on the ends of which his savage captors slept. He was sub-

jected to all the pains and penalties of two full years of captivity before his wife saw him again. Her son John, a lad of eleven, was taken from her sight forever, it is said, on the same day by the same cruel foe; and if the tradition be true, her eldest son, Jonathan, then thirteen, was taken also, leaving Mrs. Scott with Martha, nine; Gershom, seven; Eleazer, five, and Daniel, three, to brave life in Waterbury in 1710. Poor Hannah Scott! Her sorrows should keep her in remembrance."
—*Pritchard's History of Waterbury, Conn.*

Can you give a list—more or less full—of counties bearing women's names in our States?

INQUIRER

BUFFALO. N. Y.

There are quite a number of such, but we cannot guarantee that the following list contains all of them:

Amelia, Va. Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George III.
Anne Arundel, Md. The wife of Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore.
Barton County, Kansas. For Miss Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society.
Bremer, Iowa. Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish author.
Caroline, Md. Caroline Calvert, daughter of Charles, 5th Lord Baltimore.
Dare, Va. Virginia Dare, the first white child born in the New World (1587).
Elizabeth City, Va. Queen Elizabeth.
Hart County, Ga. Nancy Hart, the Revolutionary heroine.
Isabella, Mich. Isabella Harot, the first white child born in its limits.
Jessamine, Ky. Jessamine Douglas, the daughter of an early settler.
Louisa, Va. Princess Louisa, daughter of George II.
Pocahontas, Iowa, and West Va. The Indian heroine.
Queen Anne, Md. Queen Anne of England.

There are many women who ought to be thus remembered—Sacajawea, the Indian guide of Lewis and Clark; Emma Willard and Mary Lyon, the pioneers of female education, among them—not to mention Mary and Martha Washington.

"SALT-BOILER."

To what statesman was the nickname of "Salt-Boiler" applied?

BOSTON.

Thomas Ewing of Ohio (1789-1871)—Secretary of the Treasury and of the Interior—from his early employment in the Kanawha salt-works.

MIDSHIPMAN ABBOT

I have read somewhere that one of our Navy officers, who was asked to undertake a hazardous enterprise, but warned that it might cost him his life, replied: "That is what I entered the service for." Can you name him?

ALBANY, N. Y.

This was Commander Joel Abbot (1793-1855). The incident occurred in the war of 1812, when he was a midshipman.

BOOK REVIEWS

RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1847-1865. By Ward Hill Lamon. Edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard. Illust. 12mo. XXXVI+337 pp. Published by the Editor, 1416 Belmont Street, Washington, D. C. 1911. Price $1.50.

This is a second and enlarged edition of the volume published by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago in 1895. The author of these "Recollections" was Mr. Lincoln's law partner and intimate friend from 1847, went with him to Washington in 1861 and served as Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia during Mr. Lincoln's administration. He was one of the closest friends of the great emancipator and prepared one of the authoritative biographies of Lincoln published in 1872.

This volume takes the reader into a different atmosphere from that of artificial biography. It furnishes glimpses of the personality of a great man — a great character in our national life.

It has been stated by men who were eminent that "Ward H. Lamon, for the four years of Lincoln's administration, stood closer to him and knew better his interior life than any other man."

In 1885 the Hon. J. P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior during the war, urged Mr. Lamon "to commit to writing your recollections of him [Lincoln], his sayings and doings which were not necessarily committed to writing and made public."

Two years after Mr. Lamon's death the first edition of 292 pages was published. In this second memorial edition the editor has given a memoir of the author of 19 pages and added notes and appendix of 56 pages. These pages contain unpublished letters relating to Mr. Lincoln and his administration. They are sidelights to the personality of a great American.

The volume is by no means least among the important contributions to Lincoln literature.

TRAILS OF THE PATHFINDERS. By George Bird Grinnell. Illust. 12mo. X+460 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911. Price $1.50 net.

The chapters of this volume appeared first as part of a series of articles under the same title in *The Forest and Stream* several years ago. They are a reproduction of history and adventure based upon such works as Parkman's *The California and Oregon Trail* and Irving's *Tour on the Prairies* and *Astoria.*

Here the reader will find stirring chapters relating to Alexander Henry, Jonathan Carver, Alexander Mackenzie, Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, Zebulon M. Pike, Alexander Henry, the younger, Ross Cox, Samuel Parker, Thomas J. Farnham and John C. Fremont.

The chief value of the volume lies in the fact that it places before the general reader information which has been for some time out of print and difficult to find in small public libraries. It places within the means of the average reader a kind of literature which is fascinating and worthy of reading and of rereading for its effect on one's mental habits and appreciation of what is worth while to attempt to read.

A map, illustrations and an index add to the value of the volume.

VOL. XIV No. 2

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

AUGUST, 1911

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CONTENTS

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE* (1778-1780) (*Third Paper*), JAMES N. ARNOLD 1

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY . . . . . (Chapter IV) EUGENE F. MCPIKE 11

THE QUAKERS OF WRIGHTSBOROUGH, GEORGIA . . . . MARK ALLEN CANDLER 17

CHARLES SUMNER, GEORGE H. HAYNES 24

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS W. B. RUGGLES 31

NOTES BY THE WAY:

- Tablet to General Knox 43
- Catherine de Medici's Secret 43
- Julia Ward Howe Portrait 44
- Letter of James Madison to Rev. A. Bigelow 44
- The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities . . 45
- In Memory of Rufus Putnam 45

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK . . . . . (Chapter XXVIII) CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 46

NOTES AND QUERIES 54

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VOL. XIV AUGUST, 1911 No. 2

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE*

1778—1780

(*Third Paper*)

ON the 7th of December, 1776, the Enemy's Fleet and Army arrived at Newport, took possession of the town and the whole Island. The commerce of the merchant was at an end. His Ships rotted at the wharves. The shop keepers had no customers. The tradesmen no employment, and all the wheels of business were effectually stopped. Now become a garrison town, the inhabitants plentifully experienced all the hardships and insults that too commonly flow from such a fountain. Entirely cut off from all communication with their friends and with their country, they have remained in this sense of suffering and of bondage for almost two years. Their hardships have continually been increased from time to time, in order to force them to join the enemy. But every measure hitherto proving ineffectual, they have at length rendered it impossible for them to procure wood or other fuel unless they will take the oath to the British Government. The terrible alternative was now before them—either to leave all their wordly interest or turn their backs on their Country. The love of their Country hath prevailed. They have left all and come away, many of them with only the clothes on their backs. About Six Thousand have become Pilgrims on this occasion, most of whom are in a very destitute and distressed condition, and many more are soon expected. Almost all of them have hitherto found shelter and been provided for in this State.

The State of Rhode Island is very small, not containing quite 60,000 inhabitants, near a quarter of whom having been in the power of the Enemy are ruined so as to stand in need of relief, instead of paying in a quarter part of the State Taxes which they used to do. The Town

of Providence and the other Seaport Towns in the State by the Ports being blocked up, have entirely lost their trade, by which many of the tradesmen and other inhabitants are reduced to poverty and distress. So powerful a body of the Enemy have been stationed at Rhode Island that to prevent their committing depredations a great part of the Militia have been obliged to be kept on almost constant duty, and very often the whole hath been called out, by means of which the cultivation of the land hath been greatly impeded and the crops constantly falling short.

This being a true representation of the ruined inhabitants of Newport and of the much debilitated condition of the other parts of this State, it plainly appears that they first stand in need of much greater and more ample relief than it is in the power of the latter to afford. The General Assembly, in some measure to administer to their immediate necessities, have granted a considerable sum out of the public treasury and appointed a Committee to solicit and receive the charitable assistance of the humane for their further support. As it is in a glorious and common cause in which these unfortunate people have been deeply engaged, faithfully persevered and greatly suffered, although with reluctance yet without blushing we request the benevolent grants of the less suffering States and the charitable donations of those happy Gentlemen who have got something to give to those who are ready to perish.

In behalf of the Committee.

PELEG CLARKE.

Providence, November 27, 1778.

This part of Clarke's memorial was unfortunately omitted on the closing page of the article on this subject in our July number, as also the paragraph about the Anne Hutchinson monument, in the July number. It should have read that the tablet on Split Rock, in Pelham Bay Park, was unveiled May 3rd, by the Colonial Dames, with appropriate ceremonies.

November 28, 1778.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 3.

In Congress October 27, 1778.

A letter from the Marquis De La Fayette was read, containing an account of the brave conduct of Mons Fouzar, Captain in the Regiment of Artillery of La Fér(e), in taking possession of a piece of

Artillery from the Enemy, in which action he lost his right arm by the discharge of another piece of Artillery—whereupon.

Resolved: That the gallantry of Mons Fouzar in the late action on Rhode Island is deserving of the highest applause, and that Congress in consideration of his zeal and misfortune do promote the said Mons Fouzar to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Service of the United States by Brevet—and that he do receive a pension of thirty dollars per month out of the treasury of the United States of America during his life.

Extract from the Minutes.

CHARLES THOMSON, Sec'y.

On Wednesday last (Nov. 25) Two Ships of Byron's Fleet, viz: the *Renown,* Bowmaster, and the *Experiment,* Wallace, both of 50 Guns, arrived at Newport.

One Ship of the Line beside the *Somerset* is still missing.

The Enemy have now at Rhode Island 12 capital Ships and 2 Frigates.

The report that the Enemy had burnt their Barracks at the North End of Rhode Island, which has been current for some days past, appears to be without foundation.

Saturday last (Nov 21) the brave General Stark arrived here from the northward.

Monday night (Nov 23) 24 Prisoners, part of those lately taken in the *Pigot* Gallery, escaped from their Prison Ship in the River and 'tis supposed have got safely to Rhode Island.

December 5, 1778.

LONDON, AUGUST 6.

A vessel was dispatched express to Lord Howe on Sunday last (Aug. 2), supposed to contain orders relative to the removal of the army and what is to be their destination; it having been determined in Council so far back as the beginning of last month to *evacuate New*

York. All the world *except* England have now surely reasons to laugh at our "Mighty Boasters."

Rhode Island, it is said, we are still to attempt to keep and to make that and Halifax our places of de' Armies in America, with what success a short time will show.

Whilst everything around wears the most threatening aspect, and events the most cross and unfortunate are every day turning up, such as De Estaing's safe arrival and Byron's misfortune, etc., a correspondent says he cannot help recalling to his mind the memorable speech of Col. Barré wherein, after stating the probable events of the wicked and ruinous war waged against America he added: "These conclusions I have fairly and impartially drawn on a supposition that Heaven will stand *neuter.* But let the Lord in the Blue Ribbon, let the majority of this House mark the part that Heaven will take in this quarrel."

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26.

Last Monday (Nov. 30) morning a large fleet sailed from Sandy Hook for England, under convoy of the *Leviathan,* Captain Brown, in which went (as) passengers His Grace the Duke of Ancaster and General Sir Robert Pigot.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 3.

There have been saved from the wreck of the *Somerset,* British Man of War of 64 guns, which was lately cast away upon the Cape,* fifty-four guns of 24, 18, 12 and 9 pounders, with their carriages; 400 barrels of provisions, and 200 barrels of powder; all of which are merchantable. The remaining ten guns were thrown over before she went ashore.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 3.

Monday (Nov. 30) arrived the Privateer Sloop *Royal Lewis,* from Nantucket, where she was drove ashore in one of the late storms. She was bound to Newport, having with a brig which sailed from hence with the French Fleet been taken by a British Ship of War. The brig 'tis said has since arrived at that port.

* Cape Cod.

NEWPORT, NOVEMBER 19.

Last Friday (Nov. 13) arrived here His Majesty's ship *Cornwall* and the next morning arrived here Admiral Byron in the *Princess Royal* and ten other ships of the Squadron, having been obliged to leave Boston Bay in consequence of the late violent storms and gales of wind. The French fleet left Boston last Wednesday (Nov. 11) sen'night immediately after the storms, and by that means escaped the British fleet.

The Brig *Polly,* B. Swain, Master, which came out from Boston with Count De Estaing bound to Surinam parted in the night from the French Fleet, and next morning was taken by the *Diamond* Frigate, Capt. Fielding, which he burnt after taking the people out.

The *Diamond* has since been at New York, where we hear two or three ships which were with Admiral Byron in Boston Bay have got inconsiderably damaged in their rigging by the storms.

November 26. A great number of prisoners which have been taken by Admiral Byron's Fleet are landed here since our last and confined in the provost.

Since our last a number of persons which had been taken prisoners by the Rebels and confined on board the Rebel Guard Ship in Providence River, having made their escape arrived here in boats, being near forty-eight hours without any sustenance. They inform us that upwards of twenty other prisoners had escaped with them, taking different routes to elude the Rebels.

Wednesday afternoon (Nov. 25) arrived here the *Stanley* Brig, mounting 14 six pounders which was taken off Sandy Hook by the French Fleet and retaken by His Majesty's ship *Culloden,* Captain Balfour, off George's Banks from under the Convoy of Count De Estaing's Squadron with four other vessels which sailed from Boston with the fleet, who were in company with the *Culloden* on the 15th inst, and may with her be daily expected to arrive in this harbour.

The *Stanley,* when taken by the *Culloden,* had on board a Master and 70 French seamen, who informed that the *Languedoc* has lost since her arrival in America 300 men by sickness and casualties.

Extract from a letter from a gentleman in the State of New York dated Nov. 28.

"A Deserter who left New York on Wednesday sen'night (Nov. 11) informs that it was reported there that Count De Estaing had fallen in with the Transports which sailed last from that place, and had sunk three of them with the 46th British Regiment on board."

Tuesday night last (Nov. 24) a Row-Guard belonging to the *Renown* Man of War, lying near Newport, consisting of eight men, being weary of the British Service came off in the Ship's Yawl and arrived here next day. The boat is large and new, has two sails and a chest of fine Arms.

The same day the *Pigot* Galley of Eight Twelve pounders, lately captured by Col. Talbot in a small Sloop of Two Guns arrived here (Providence) from Connecticut being purchased for the Service of the United States.

December 12, 1778.

By accounts from Rhode Island (brought by Deserters) we learn that nine of Byron's Fleet are refitted and ready to sail for the West Indies, waiting only for the arrival of the *Culloden* of 74 Guns, which probably is the Ship lost on George's Banks as mentioned under the Boston Head.[1] The Fleet in General is very sickly, and 'tis said 90 invalids were landed from the Admiral's Ship on Monday last (Dec. 7). Fuel is very scarce on the Island and their fresh Provisions entirely exhausted.

Boston, December 10. Capt. Hallett in the *Tyrannicide*, arrived at Salem from a Cruise on Saturday last (Dec. 5) and informs us that on the 23d ult on his passage home on George's Banks in lat. 41° 4″ N in 18 fathoms water he discovered a mast about 10 or 12 feet out of water. On coming nearer to it he hove out his boat, went to it and found it to be a topmast of a large ship there sunk, which he took to be a British Man of War of 74 Guns as the topmast was about 22 inches diameter. He cut away part of a topsail yard about 76 feet square,[2] 17 inches in the slings, a clu(e) line block of 14 inches marked with the British Tyrant's broad arrow. The sail that was to the yard was made of King's Duck and had a blue thread in the middle. The rigging with a rogues (royal) yarn (*sic*). The block and rigging of the yard Capt. Hallett brought in with him, which may be seen on board the *Tyrannicide*.

A Sloop laden with flour was carried into Newport about ten days

[1] The Boston Head referred to reads as follows:—(J. N. A.)
[2] Evidently an error for "long."

since, supposed to be the Sloop *King Bird,* Capt. Ham, of this Port from Philadelphia.

Last week a small Schooner from Dartmouth bound to Connecticut, laden with West India Produce, was overset by a squall of wind off Block Island and sunk immediately. The hands got safe to Block Island in their boat.

December 19, 1778.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 17.

In the storm we had the week past The *Tyrannicide* Privateer and a Schooner were drove ashore near Lamb's Dam. The Continental Ship *Warren* and several other vessels received damage.

NEWPORT, DECEMBER 19.

Saturday last (Dec. 5) arrived His Majesty's Ship *Monmouth* in 36 hours from New York.

PROVIDENCE, DECEMBER 19.

Extract of a letter from an officer at Tiverton dated the 17th Instant:

"Lieut. Chapin of Col. Sherburne's Regiment, with six men in a whale-boat, has captured a Brig bound from Newport to New York with thirteen men on board and Guy Johnson's Lady, who was taken once before. The Brig had been from Newport several days, but by reason of contrary winds was obliged to put into Seaconnet Passage for a Harbor yesterday morning, (16th) where the Lieutenant boarded her after obliging the crew to go up the shrouds. She is loaded with hay and has two Puncheons of Rum on board. The Lieutenant after landing the Prisoners at Seaconnet carried his prize into a Safe Port."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in the Southern Part of this State dated December 14, 1778.

"Last night a large Transport was driven ashore at Westerly. Her cargo consists of 30 or 40 of the Enemy's Troops, Two Puncheons of Rum and some other articles."

Monday last (Dec. 14) Admiral Byron with 12 ships and a Brig sailed from Newport and southward.

The same day 70 prisoners, being part of the crew of the *Somerset* Man of War, arrived here from the Eastward and have been since sent in a Flag to Newport for Exchange.

Thursday (Dec. 17) Evening: A Flag arrived from Newport and brought about 40 of the inhabitants. A number more are shortly expected. The *Culloden* of 74 Guns was still missing when this Flag came away.

December 26, 1778.

The Privateer Ship *Marlborough* of this Port is arrived at Boston from a successful cruize, having taken three Prizes, one of which, a Brig laden with Beef and Butter, is also arrived at Boston; another was burnt at sea and the third is daily expected.

We hear that Captain Daniel Aborn, in a Sloop from this Port outward bound, was taken on Saturday morning last (Dec. 19) and carried into Newport.

January 9, 1779.

BOSTON, JANUARY 7, 1779.

On Friday the 25th ult., at 6 A. M. the wind to the westward, sailed from this port the Brig *General Arnold,* James Magee, Commander, and about meridian the wind chopped round to N. E. and looking likely for a gale, they thought best to put into Plymouth, and came to anchor in a place called the Cow Yard. On Saturday, the gale increasing, she started from her anchor and struck on the White Flatt. They then cut both cables and masts away, in hopes to drive over, but she immediately bilged, it being low water left her quarter deck dry, where all hands got for relief. A Schooner lying within hail heard their cries, but could not assist them. On Sunday the inhabitants were cutting ice most of the day before they got on board, when they saw 75 of the men had perished and 34 very much froze, which they got on shore, and on Monday they got on shore and buried the dead. Great part of her stores, etc., will be saved. Some evil-minded persons reported that she was plundered by the inhabitants which is entirely false as they behaved with the greatest humanity.

The following is a list of the persons taken off the wreck of the *General Arnold* that survived the shipwreck, viz:

The Captain, James Magee, John Steal, Jotham Houghton, George Pinsbury, Peter Moorefield, Robert Hinman, Dennis Flynn, Thomas Farmer, Benjamin Stevens, John Beebby, James Hutchinson, Andrew Kelly, Francis Fires, Daniel English, Robert Milson, James Kent, —— Robertson, and James Reighly of Boston; James Williams and David Williams of Chelsea; George Choakley of (New) Bedford; Eleazer Thayer and —— Potter of Providence; William Russell of the Vineyard, Abel Willis, Edward Burgess, Zethro Naughton, —— Coffin, —— Merchant, William Gardiner and —— Chapman of Marthas Vineyard; —— Dunham of Falmouth; Barnabas Lathrop, and Barnabas Downs of Barnstable.

NEWPORT, DECEMBER 24.

A number of invalids belonging to the Convention Troops have arrived here since our last.

Capt. Baxter Downes in the Sloop *Polly*, from Teneriffe, bound to Edenton, N. C., was taken on the 3d of December last by a Schooner from New York mounting 16 Guns, Commanded by Captain McCollonton. The Sloop was sent to Jamaica with all the crew except the Master, who lately arrived at Newport in a French Prize.

January 16, 1779.

The Continental Sloop *Providence*, Capt. Rathbun, is arrived at an eastern port from a successful cruize in which we hear she took five Prizes, one of them is said to be a Ship captured by the *Marlborough* and afterwards retaken by the Enemy. The others are two Jamaicans, a Victualler and a Brig with oats.

January 23, 1779.

BOSTON, JANUARY 21.

Lately arrived in a safe port the Continental Armed Sloop *Providence*, from a very successful cruize in which she captured the Schooner *Friendship* with 300 barrels of Flour, from Quebec bound to New York;

Brigantine *Chace* from Jamaica bound to Glasgow with 115 Hogsheads Rum and 180 Hogsheads Sugar, Brigantine *Belle* from Jamaica to Bristol, with 200 Hogsheads Rum, 90 Hogsheads Sugar, 10 Tons fustiek, 10 Tons Pimento, Ship *Nancy* from Glasgow for Jamaica, taken by the *Marlborough* off Barbadoes, and retaken by the *Experiment* and ordered to New York, retaken again by the Sloop *Providence* and ordered to New London. Her cargo Dry Goods and Provisions. Her invoice £30,000 Sterling. Brigantine *Providence Increase* from Cork bound to New York, Her cargo Oats.

One of the above Prizes with Sugar, etc., has arrived in a safe Port.

January 30, 1779.

BOSTON, JANUARY 28.

Lately arrived in a safe Port the Prize Ship *Nancy,* from Glasgow for Jamaica, richly laden to the amount of £30,000 Sterling first taken by the *Marlborough* Privateer, Retaken by the *Experiment* Man of War, and last by the *Providence.*

Saturday last (Jan. 23) a Prize Brig mentioned in our last to be taken by the *Providence* Privateer, laden with Black Oats bound from Quebec to New York, arrived safe in this harbor.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

(*To be Continued*)

NOTICE:—Owing to the Editor's illness and absence for two months, some errors crept into the Magazine, two of which are in the July issue—viz: on page 362 the article was cut off in the middle of the last sentence, and the heading on the first page and on cover should have been Vol. XIV, No. 1, instead of Vol. XIII, No. 7—as only six numbers go to each volume.

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY

CHAPTER IV

DR. EDMOND HALLEY (1656-1742) AND THE HALLEY FAMILY

THE return of Halley's comet, in 1910, has made the general reader more or less familiar with the remarkable career of that distinguished astronomer. His unique contribution to the science and history of cometic astronomy was only one of his many notable achievements. There are special reasons why we in America should be reminded of Halley, for in 1698 King William III. of England appointed him to the command of the *Paramount,* supposed to have been a British man-of-war, with orders to make observations for the purpose of discovering the rules governing the variations of the magnetic needle. His commission continues in these words: "to call at his Majesty's settlements in America, and make such further observations as are necessary for the better laying down the longitude and latitude of those places, and to attempt the discovery of what lands lie to the south of the western ocean." To this venerable philosopher, therefore, belongs the distinction of having been the first of England's scientific navigators. By a coincidence, at the moment when Halley's comet was within the range of earthly vision, an American investigator, Dr. L. A. Bauer, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, was plying the seas in a specially constructed vessel in pursuit of the mysteries of terrestrial magnetism which gave rise to Halley's two voyages between the years 1698 and 1700. Halley's *Journal* or log-book of those voyages was printed, from the original manuscript, by Sir Alexander Dalrymple, in a "Collection of Voyages in the South Atlantic," published at London, 1775. Copies of this rare work are in the Library of Congress, and the New York Public Library. There are also in existence, in the Public Record Office, London, the originals of about thirty-four letters written by Captain Halley (for so he was called then) addressed to the Secretary to the Admiralty.

Born in the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, now part of London, 8th November, 1656, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, Edmond

Halley survived one of the most eventful periods of English history. His career was so closely interwoven with that of Newton that the biographer of the latter could scarcely pen the first page of his narrative without at least an implied reference to the former. Their united labors constitute the keystone in the mathematical and astronomical history of the times in which they lived, and that which has been builded since rests upon the same impregnable arch.

Associate member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris (1729); Confrère of Hevelius at Dantzig, of Cassini at Paris, of Abbé Nazari at Rome, and of the other principal mathematicians of Europe, Halley, having much traveled, was essentially a cosmopolitan in the world of science. At home in London he was "a man about town," popular with his colleagues and respected by those to whom chance had assigned a higher rank. He was a Gentleman in the English acceptation, for his family bore coat armor; he was a gentleman in that broader sense, not less English than otherwise, which implies much of scholarship, generosity and *bonhomie*. His sprightliness and constant gaiety, sources in part of his popularity, contributed to his success, which however was won by the most arduous and protracted work. Space permits hardly a passing mention of any of his numerous discoveries and writings. The reader's curiosity in this respect will best be served by consulting the late Miss Agnes M. Clerke's admirable sketch of Halley in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The complete story of the comet which bears his name would fill a book, while an adequate account of his researches in terrestrial magnetism and his voyages connected with that investigation, would occupy an even larger and more ponderous tome. The opinion seems almost universally to be held that Halley's greatest service to posterity lies in his publication of Newton's *Principia*, which, indeed, but for him, as Dr. Glaisher has said, would never have existed, for he not only sought out its immortal author and persuaded him to announce openly his demonstration of the law of gravitation, but actually saw the work through the press and defrayed the expense from his own scanty resources. To the first edition of the *Principia*, Halley prefixed a set of beautiful verses, in Latin hexameter, of which we find this translation:

AN ELEGY ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON, TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. HALLEY

Behold the regions of the heav'ns survey'd
And this fair system in the balance weigh'd!
Behold the law, which (when in ruin hurl'd
God out of chaos call'd the beauteous world)
Th' Almighty fix'd, when all things good he saw!
Behold the chaste, inviolable law!
Before us [now] new scenes unfolded lie
And heav'n appears expanded to the eye:
Th'illumin'd mind now sees distinctly clear
What pow'r impels each planetary sphere.
Thron'd in the center glows the king of day,
And rules all nature with unbounded sway;
Thro' the vast void his subject planets run,
Whirl'd in their orbits by the regal sun.
What course the dire tremendous comets steer
We know, nor wonder at their prone career;
Why silver Phoebe, meek-ey'd queen of night,
Now slackens, now precipitates her flight;
Why, scan'd by no astronomers of yore,
She yielded not to calculation's pow'r;
Why the Node's motions retrograde we call,
And why the Apsides progressional.
Hence too we learn, with what proportion'd force
The moon impels, erroneous in her course,
The refluent main: as waves on waves succeed,
On the bleak beach they toss the sea-green weed,
Now bare the dangers of th'engulfing sand,
Now swelling high roll foaming on the strand.
What puzzling school-men sought so long in vain,
See cloud-dispelling Mathesis explain!
O highly blest, to whom kind fate has given
Minds to expatiate in the fields of heaven,
All doubts are clear'd, all errors done away,
And truth breaks on them in a blaze of day.
Awake, ye sons of men, arise! exclude
Far from your breasts all low solicitude;
Learn hence the mind's ætherial pow'rs to trace,
Exalted high above the brutal race.

Ev'n those fam'd chiefs who human life refin'd
By wholesome laws, the fathers of mankind;
Or they who first societies immur'd
In cities, and from violence secur'd;
They who with Ceres' gifts the nations blest,
Or from the grape delicious nectar prest;
They who first taught th'hieroglyphic stile
On smooth[1] papyrus, native plant of Nile,
(For literary elements renown'd)
And made the eye an arbiter of sound;
All these, tho' men of deathless fame, we find
Have less advanc'd the good of human-kind:
Their schemes were founded on a narrower plan,
Replete with few emoluments to man.
But now, admitted guests in heav'n, we rove
Free and familiar in the realms above;
The wonders hidden deep in earth below,
And nature's laws, before conceal'd, we know.
Lend
Lend me your aid, ye bright superior pow'rs,
That live embosom'd in Elysian bow'rs,
Lend your sweet voice to warble Newton's praise
Who searcht out truth thro' all her mystic maze,
Newton, by every fav'ring muse inspir'd,
With all Apollo's radiations fir'd;
Newton, that reach'd th'insuperable line,
The nice barrier 'twixt human and divine.

EUGENIO.

Halley lived to attain his eighty-fifth year and died at Greenwich, 25th January, 1742, leaving to his country and to the world at large a priceless legacy. No branch of human knowledge presents a grander vista or deals more closely with the powers of Omnipotence than the science of the stars. The searcher of the heavens, traversing the ethereal depths with no compass but analogy, has ofttimes a goal invisible. Fancy leads him, like Miller, to the center of that celestial galaxy of

[1] An Egyptian plant, growing in the marshy places near the banks of the Nile, on the leaves of which the antients used to write. (Original note.)

transcendent splendor whence the infinite eye beholds worlds upon worlds, universes of universes all circling in perfect harmony.

* * * * * * * * *

The coat armorial: "Sable, a fret and a canton argent," has been ascribed to both the Halley and Hawley families of Northamptonshire. Those two spellings appear to have been interchangeable, and in fact are found used indiscriminately sometimes in the same document. Perhaps therefore to the same family-stock from which the famous astronomer descended, may have belonged the Joseph Hawley, born 1609 at Parwich, Derbyshire, who settled at Stratford, Connecticut, in 1630, and died in 1690. We leave this point to some enterprising descendant of the latter to determine by future investigation.

The astronomer's paternal grandfather, Humphrey Halley, senior, vintner, married Katherine Mewce, at Barking, in Essex, 24 November 1617. The bride's brother, Francis Mewce, married 26 May, 1615, Elizabeth Washington, daughter of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, an ancestor of George Washington. The astronomer's father, Edmond Halley, senior, married, first, Ann...., by whom he had three or more children, of whom only one, the astronomer, survived. The latter's father died in April, 1684, two years after the marriage of his son, in 1682, to Miss Mary Tooke, daughter of Christopher Tooke, auditor of the Exchequer, and Margaret Tooke (born Kinder) his wife. The astronomer's will, dated 1736, proved 1741-2, mentions only three surviving children:—

Margaret Halley, spinster, the elder surviving daughter, who never married, died 13 October, 1743, in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and was buried at Lee, near Greenwich.

Mrs. Catherine Price, the younger daughter, was twice married. Her first husband was Richard Butler, of St. Martin's le-Grand, widower, to whom she was married at Lee, 2 October, 1721. She married secondly, Mr. Henry Price, whose will dated May 31, 1755, proved January 20, 1764, bequeaths all to his wife. Mrs. Catherine Price's will dated 1764, proved 1765, does not mention any children, so it is presumed that she left no issue of either marriage. Her eventual heir was

one Halley Benson Milliken who married Elizabeth Parry, daughter of Mrs. Susannah Parry, widow of Leytonstone, Essex (will dated 25 April, 1780; proved 13 November, 1784).

The astronomer's only maturing son, Edmond Halley, junior, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, married Mrs. Sybilla Freeman, widow. Both appear as "of Greenwich" in the "allegation," issued 4 May, 1738, recorded in the Diocesan Registry, Rochester. The marriage-ceremony, on the same date, was perfected in the chapel of Morden College, Blackheath, in Kent. Surgeon Halley died in 1740-41, having made a will giving all to his wife, Sybilla. He was presumably childless, according to other circumstantial but convincing evidence. His widow, in her will (1772) mentions two granddaughters, descendants of her previous marriage with a Freeman.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

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THE QUAKERS OF WRIGHTSBOROUGH, GEORGIA

THE influence exerted by the Society of Friends in the settlement of Georgia has never been sufficiently recognized. They appeared first in the colony some time during the year 1754, and settled on the wonderfully fertile lands of Little River, near the spot where Wrightsborough was afterwards located, now a part of the county of McDuffie. Their leader was one Edmond Gray, a man of remarkable ability, who was chosen the next year as a member of the Lower House of Assembly for the parish of Saint Paul. Early in January, 1755, Sir John Reynolds, the recently appointed Governor of the Province, proposed to recall all grants of land hitherto made and to issue new warrants, "obliging all grantees to clear and cultivate at the rate of five acres each year for every hundred acres contained in their grants, in failure of which such grants are to be void." These conditions were especially hard on the Quakers, who had no slaves. Gray and seven other members of the Assembly, incensed at the action of the Governor, issued a call for the people of the colony who valued their liberty to assemble as soon as possible at Savannah. A copy of this manifesto fell into the hands of Governor Reynolds, and he removed Gray and all the other signers of the call from membership in the Assembly. Whereupon Gray, on his return to the Quaker settlement, induced his few neighbors to quit the province of Georgia and form a new settlement in unclaimed territory, south of the river Altamaha, between the English and Spanish possessions. Some Quakers, however, crossed over the Savannah river to another Quaker settlement at New River (now Newberry), South Carolina. Though the Governor had soon withdrawn his odious proposal to re-grant the lands, these peaceful people were easily persuaded to change their habitation, as an invasion of the white settlements was then threatened by the Cherokee Indians. They left no trace of their short stay there, save a beautiful spring, still known as the Quaker Spring.

The next Quaker colony was more successful. On September 1, 1767, there was presented to the Governor and Council "a petition of sundry families, at present residents in Orange county, in the Province of North Carolina, but lately from Pennsylvania, setting forth that they

are desirous to remove into and become settlers in this Province, and praying that a reserve for that purpose may be made, for a certain time, from the Trading Path on Brier Creek (the Indian line) to the mouth of the Kiokee, from thence up the Savannah River to the mouth of Little River, and thence to continue along the Indian line to the place of beginning." This petition was presented in person by Joseph Stubbs, one of the petitioners, who explained the subject matter, and a reserve of twelve thousand acres, adjoining the Indian Line from Little River, was ordered. On February 18, 1768, a letter was received by Governor Wright, stating that ten families of Quakers from North Carolina had arrived in the Province to take up and settle part of the lands reserved for them on Little River. In December, 1768, came a petition from Joseph Maddock and Jonathan Sell, "two of the people called Quakers," setting forth that since there was a reserve of land for forty families of their people, already seventy families had come in and actually settled; also praying that a larger extent of land might be allowed, as they expected a considerable number of Friends might yet join them; also that their lands be laid out, grants passed and a road run. The names of these grantees are: Thomas Ansley, Henry Ashfield, George Beck, Richard Bird, John Carson, Cornelius Cochran, Stephen Day, Benjamin Dunn, William Elam, James Emitt, William Farmer, James Hart, Thomas Hart, Joseph Hollingsworth, John Hodgin, John Howard, John Hunter, Absalom Jackson, Benjamin Jackson, Isaac Jackson, Thomas Jackson, Walter Jackson, Francis Jones, John Jones, Richard Jones, Thomas Linn, Isaac Low, Daniel McCarty, Robert McLean, Joseph Maddock, William Miles, William Mitchell, Joseph Mooney, Richard Moore, George Morrow, James Morrow, Edward Murphey, John Murray, Alexander Oliver, James Oliver, John Oliver, Samuel Oliver, Peter Perkins, John Perry, Peter Phillips, Jonathan Sell, John Sidwell, John Slater, Ann Stubbs (widow), Deborah Stubbs, John Stubbs, Hugh Tanner, Laurence Thompson, Amos Vernon, Isaac Vernon, Thomas Watson, John Whitsit, John Whitsit, Jr., and Samuel Oliver. The total of these grants is more than fifteen thousand acres. It was further ordered that one thousand acres be surveyed and laid out for a township to be called Wrightsborough, in honor of the colonial Governor. Five hundred acres were also granted to Joseph Maddock

and Jonathan Sell, as Trustees, for a cow-pen. In July, 1769, one hundred acres were reserved for each unmarried man of the Wrightsborough colony: William Allison, Joel Cloud, Jacob Dennis, Robert Lockridge, William Linn, Holland Middleton, Jr., Robert Middleton, Samuel Samson, Henry Sell, Jonathan Sell, John Stewart, jr., and John Welch. Land was also granted on the same date to these heads of families: Richard Austin, Abraham Dennis, John Dennis, John Dover, Edward Echols, William Hickson, James Hill, John Hill, Ambrose Holliday, Thomas Matthews, Holland Middleton, John Moore, Mordecai Moore, Thomas Moore, James McFarland, Ephraim Owen, John Perkins, John Rogers, and Richard Smith. Having in mind the fate of the first Quaker colony, Governor Wright encouraged the Wrightsborough colony by exempting all town lots from quit rents for ten years. The colony prospered for the next four years and had outgrown its original limits. In July, 1773, petitions were received and granted by the Governor and Council for an addition to the town of Wrightsborough. Seventy-five thousand acres, adjoining the Wrightsborough colony, were reserved for Quaker settlers from South Carolina.

The Quaker records of the Wrightsborough colony, now at Guilford College, North Carolina, show that what is known to them as preparative (local) and monthly (district) meetings were organized, in 1773, by representatives from New Garden (now Greensboro), North Carolina. The membership was made up of emigrants from North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Burlington, in West New Jersey. The cause of their coming to Georgia is explained by their records. It appears that in 1762 a religious wrangle began in Orange County, North Carolina, concerning a Quakeress, Rachel Wright, who had committed some disorderly act. She apologized to the meeting and asked for a certificate of removal to South Carolina, which was granted. Some of the communion thought that her apology was not sufficiently sincere, and criticised the action of the meeting in granting the certificate to her. The malcontents, named as "Joseph Maddock, Jonathan Sell, Isaac Vernon and divers others," were expelled for their criticism. Though they were later restored to active membership, it is not probable that this trouble was ever fully healed; for Joseph Maddock and Jonathan Sell were the founders of the

Wrightsborough colony, a few years later, and a considerable number of their sympathizers came with them to Georgia.

The Creek Indian troubles of 1774 prevented further expansion of this rapidly growing Quaker colony. Forts were hastily constructed on the banks of the Savannah and Little Rivers, and in them were placed the women and children and articles of value. Those cultivating the fields were banded together for mutual protection. Many of the Quakers, discouraged by the frequent Indian incursions, loss of live stock, thefts and brutal murders, sought places of safety in the Carolinas and elsewhere. These Indian troubles were finally terminated by a treaty, signed in Savannah, by and between the Governor and Council and twenty-one of the head-men of the Upper and Lower Creeks. Confidence was restored, and those who had abandoned their partially improved homes returned with renewed hope of safety and success. The country, which eleven years before was an uninhabited wilderness, now contained more than two hundred and fifty Quaker families. There were three flourishing Quaker communities, at Wrightsborough, Williams' Creek and William Farmer's.

Samuel Fothergill was the first Quaker preacher to visit Georgia. Writing from Charleston, South Carolina, in 1755, he says: "I expect to be in Georgia, 150 miles south of this place, next week. . . . George Whitefield passed through this town a few days ago, to Georgia, having traveled very hard from Philadelphia, to get to his flock before we came amongst them." A Pennsylvania Quaker, who had settled at Wrightsborough, in 1777, wrote back to his home folks: "I dealt with a man for one hundred acres in the old purchase; fell to grubbing and clearing a piece of ground, and have ten acres now of likely growing corn. . . . I would be very desirous if brother Isaiah would send 10 or 12 lbs. of iron out by William Benson, for it is a very scarce article here and rates, I believe, at $2 the pound." A Quaker preacher records in his journal, 1791: "A large number of Methodists and Baptists attended meeting. Two women fell on their knees and trembled, and shook, and prayed and exhorted. I could scarcely account for such an extraordinary appearance." (Probably the influence of primitive Methodism.)

Though sympathizing with their neighbors, the Georgia Quakers, as a sect, were non-combatants in the war for American independence. Many of them disowned by the Society of Friends for taking part in the struggle for liberty, and the number of "War Quakers" was not inconsiderable. Though their tenets in opposition to rebellion against government and bearing arms were well understood when they settled in Georgia, their position seems to have met with scant respect. They complain, in 1775, that they have been misrepresented in their conduct in regard to the Revolution; and again, in 1780, they speak of being "opprest by the violent behaviour of the militia in these parts," and of being "illegally deprived of both liberty and property." They refused to comply with requisitions for war needs, and suffered from the impressments of the Americans and the thefts of the British and their Tory and Indian allies. The Georgia military law of 1792 provided that Quakers should be exempted from service on certificate from a Quaker meeting of their being *bona fide* Quakers, and paying an extra tax of twenty-five per cent. in addition to their general tax. Prior to this law they were under some disabilities. Muster fines and tithes were spasmodically collected. The Quaker version is as follows: "Friends are fined for not bearing arms, and that grand oppression of priests' wages; but the justices are moderate and truth gains ground."

The Georgia Quakers were zealous supporters of religious freedom and bore witness to their faith under both tithes and military fines. The Church of England was established in Georgia by the Trustees, in 1758, the colony was divided into parishes and some tithes were collected. In the matter of the oath the Georgia Quakers were somewhat fortunate, for under the royal charter they were allowed to simply affirm. A law was enacted, in 1756, allowing them to affirm "without placing the hand on the holy evangelists." They refused to take the oath of allegiance, and for this reason their leader, Joseph Maddock, refused his seat in the first colonial convention.

No study of Quakers would be complete without some reference to their social life. They were frequently warned against "superfluity of apparil," "wearing faulds in their coats," and "such vain and vicecious proceedings as frollicking, fiddling and danceing." The question of

marriage engaged much attention. They frequently disowned members for "outgoings in marriage," *i. e.* outside their own communion, and it was an offense to be married at home instead of in meeting. For marrying William Candler, afterward a Georgia colonel in the American army, who was not a Quaker, it is recorded that one Elizabeth Anthony, a Virginia Quakeress, was disowned and received only five pounds sterling by the last will of her wealthy father. Marriage by the publication of banns has always been allowed in Georgia, hence Quaker marriages were *quasi* legal. The Quaker form is as follows: The man and woman first declare their intention in open meeting. The women's meeting then appoints a committee to see if the woman is "clear" from "other marriage entanglements"; the men's meeting does the same; and when this is settled, the parties are "left to their liberty to take each other," which is done by calling on the congregation as witnesses: "Friends, you are my witnesses that, in the presence of you, I take this my Friend, Elizabeth Anthony, to be my wife, promising to be a loving and true husband to her and to live in the good order of truth, so long as it shall please the Lord that we live together or until death." A traveling Quaker preacher records these statements in his journal: "I went to Wrightsborough Fourth Day; next day at Williams' Creek, about ten miles distant, and came again to William Farmer's, in Columbia county. I believe the Lord hath a little remnant in these parts who testify against slavery and keep themselves clear." A statement attributed to Bishop Roberts, in 1825, is recorded, to the effect that the Methodists were considering the advisability of making a law requiring all their members to free their slaves. As early as 1786 a Quaker petition had been presented to the Georgia General Assembly "respecting some enlargements to the enslaved negroes." It had no effect, probably because the black slave population was greater than that of the free whites. Owning few or no slaves, the Quakers were of the lower and middle ranks of society and could not come into economic competition with slavery. They realized that their own frugality and their labor were degraded by the presence of the slave. They were contemptuously referred to as "poor white trash" by the aristocratic house servants of the more or less aristocratic landed gentry of that time.

Though the largest element of the most populous county in Georgia

until 1803, the Quaker protest against the baleful influences of slavery took the form of migration to the free Northwest, now the states of Ohio and Indiana. Most of them removed to Miami, Warren and Clinton counties, Ohio, as now known, and from there they spread all over the Middle West. A law was enacted in Georgia prohibiting the importation of slaves after January first, 1808. It came too late, for the Georgia Quakers had already departed for a new home, "beyond the western waters" (the Ohio River), where was no slavery. The General Assembly of Georgia, in 1799, incorporated a body of five trustees, authorized the Quakers to elect their successors, and authorized them to sell the lands they held in Georgia. A Quaker preacher, Zachariah Dicks, visited Wrightsborough in 1802. He advised the Friends there to remove themselves from the midst of slavery, and predicted an internecine war within the lives of children then living. This man Dicks was thought to have the gift of prophecy. The massacres of San Domingo were then fresh in the minds of the people. He told the Quakers of Wrightsborough that if they did not remove from Georgia their fate would be like that of the slaughtered islanders. This produced a sort of panic and removals to Ohio and Indiana commenced. Within a year not a Quaker was left in Georgia. Thus was forever lost to this, the youngest and the weakest of all the colonies of America, a people who for two generations had proven themselves to be the most peaceful, frugal and industrious of any within the borders of Georgia.

MARK ALLEN CANDLER.

ATLANTA, GA.

CHARLES SUMNER

ONE winter evening in Boston, eighty years ago, a great audience had assembled to listen to an address by Daniel Webster. It had been arranged that on that occasion he, as President of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, should present the prize which had been offered by the Society for the best essay by a minor upon "Commerce." Reading the winner's name, Webster requested him to come forward. A very tall and slender youth of twenty, with intelligent face and shock of curly brown hair stepped upon the platform. For the first time Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner stood face to face. America's most distinguished statesman cordially grasped the boy's hand, called him "my young friend," and added, with other kindly words, "The public holds a pledge of this young man." Who of those that witnessed that scene caught any foreglimpse of what the future had in store for those two men? Who could then imagine that Webster was here laying his hand upon his successor,—that twenty years later the great Whig party would be rent in twain, and that Webster's star would be declining in disappointment and gloom, while this stripling would be organizing the forces which were to usher in a new day?

"The public holds a pledge of this young man." But how should it be redeemed? That was the very question over which he was struggling, with keen self-analysis and searchings of heart. Charles Sumner was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, the oldest son in a family of nine children. His father, Charles Pinckney Sumner, was a man learned in the law, but lacking in the gifts which bring popularity; his practice yielded a scanty livelihood for his rapidly growing family, and the problem of the children's education was an anxious one. Charles was an eager reader of history, and it was in accordance with his own wish—a wish strangely in conflict with his later opinions and principles—that an effort was made to secure for him a cadetship in the U. S. Military Academy. What momentous differences for his own career and for the history of his country might have resulted, had the heart's desire of this eager boy then been granted, and the four most formative years of his youth been spent at West Point instead of at Harvard! But the cadet-

ship could not be obtained. At just this time, however, came his father's opportune appointment as Sheriff of Suffolk County. This position yielded an income which greatly relieved the family exchequer, and made possible the sending of the oldest son to Harvard College. Here he distinguished himself in literary studies, history and forensics. The year after his graduation he spent at home, holding himself to a severe regimen of studies, and grappling anxiously with the problem of the choice of a profession. It was during this year that that significant meeting with Webster took place. Not without grave doubts, his final decision was for the law. And forthwith there sprang up within him a devotee's enthusiasm for the studies of jurisprudence; for he found the ideal Jurist personified for him in Joseph Story, then at the head of the Harvard Law School, and a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Between him and his young law student there soon sprang up a far closer and more fruitful intimacy than is often found between father and son.

At the end of his course, he spent a month in Washington, where Judge Story's influence opened to him rare opportunities of acquaintance with the leading men in public life. But Washington offered little allurement to this able and ambitious youth, fresh from his law studies. The city itself disappointed him, in its shabby and disorderly development. Nor did his glimpses of Congress arouse his interest or kindle his patriotic pride. "Notwithstanding the attraction afforded by the Senate, and the newspaper fame which I see the politicians there acquire, I feel no envy therefor, and no disposition to enter the unweeded garden in which they are laboring, even if its gates were open to me; in plain language, I see no political condition that I should be willing to desire." This repugnance grew upon him, so that on the eve of leaving Washington he wrote: "I shall probably never come here again. I have little or no desire ever to come in any capacity. Nothing that I have seen of politics has made me look upon them with any feeling other than loathing. The more I see of them, the more I love law."

That autumn he was admitted to the bar, and presently formed a law partnership with George S. Hillard. Their office, at No. 4 Court Street became the rendezvous of some rare and most congenial spirits, drawn

together by their love for literature and art. Besides the two young lawyers, the others who shared this intimate fellowship were Felton and Longfellow, then professors at Harvard, and, at a later date, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe. But Sumner's law practice did not grow, and presently his eagerness for travel overcame him. Borrowing most of the money needed, he sailed for Europe; and nearly three years passed before his return. An absurdly improvident proceeding this seemed to most of his friends, for no one could suspect how invaluable, how indispensable this European experience was to prove as a training for the totally unsuspected career which lay before him. His purpose was serious: to a friend he wrote: "I shall aim to see *society* in all its forms which are accessible to me; to see men of all characters; to observe institutions and laws; to go circuits and attend terms of parliaments; and then come home and be happy." In France, in Germany, and in Italy he pursued the same course: he first devoted weeks of hard labor to making himself master of the country's language and literature. His acquisitive powers were enormous, and the result was that he secured a command of these languages unequalled by any other American then in public life. Besides, there was opened to him a new world of interest in music, in painting and in sculpture, which were always thereafter his solace and delight. Sumner was deeply read in history, and he found a pilgrim's delight in visiting the scenes of great historic events. He spent a year in England, where he found a warm welcome. To the leading jurists he was commended not more by Judge Story's introductions than by his own excellent work in the "American Jurist," but most of all by his broad knowledge of and enthusiasm for the law. He obtained a deeper insight into English legal practice and circuit life than any other foreigner who had ever visited England. With the leaders of both parties in Parliament he became intimate; men of letters urged their hospitalities upon him; among the men of highest distinction in England, there were few who did not welcome Sumner to their homes, —including the noblest countryseats in the kingdom. And these attentions and opportunities came to him not as the result of any pushing on his part, but, as a writer of the day said of him in the *Quarterly Review*, "by mere dint of courtesy, candor, and an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit and a cultivated mind." Until the days of James

Russell Lowell, certainly no other American formed so wide and distinguished a circle of friendships, many of which, in later years, were to prove a national asset of the utmost value.

And so the golden months passed, until he dared pile up debt no longer. The purposes of his going abroad had been abundantly accomplished: he had seen men of all characters, observed institutions and laws. "And then come home and be happy"—so his anticipation had run. But on the eve of his return to Boston, he wrote to his companion of fond Italian memories: "To me is unchanging drudgery, where there are no flowers to pluck by the wayside . . . but the great grindstone of the law. There must I work. Sisyphus 'rolled the rock reluctant up the hill,' and I am going home to do the same."

Back to Number 4 Court Street, and to the old friends! There was much choice companionship in that dingy office. William Wetmore Story, another brilliant young man who had not yet found himself, was a law student there, and discussion ranged wide in the fields of literature and art. But for the practice of his profession Sumner could arouse no enthusiasm. "I feel, while I am engaged upon these things, that, though I earn my daily bread, I lay up none of the bread of life. . . . The sigh will come for a canto of Dante, a rhapsody of Homer, a play of Schiller." Gradually, like his father before him, he renounced the expectation of success in the active practice of the law. A disappointment to himself and to his friends, he devoted himself to lecturing in the law school, and slaved at heart-breaking editorial tasks, upon law journals and reports. For politics he showed a deep-rooted repugnance. In these years the position of Reporter to the Supreme Court of the United States was the position which Sumner most coveted; its painstaking but serviceable drudgery seemed just suited to the cast of his mind. But the appointment went to another, and so one more door of opportunity was closed. Worn out by excessive toil at an impossible task, he fell ill, and for a time his life was despaired of. Upon his recovery, in deep despondency he declared that he could feel no gratitude that his disease was arrested. "Why was I spared? For me there is no future of usefulness and happiness."

And then came a day of revelation! Since the days of the Revolu-

tion, the City Government of Boston had made a public oration a feature of the Independence Day celebration. In 1845 the invitation to be the speaker of the day was extended to this scholarly but unsuccessful lawyer. On that July morning, sixty-five years ago, the old Tremont Temple presented a brilliant spectacle. From the platform, Sumner watched the assembling audience. Behind him rose the choir, made up of hundreds of Boston school children. Before him were large detachments of the State militia; the Navy Yard had sent its quota, and by special invitation of the City Government the occasion was graced by the officers of the U. S. ship of war, *Ohio,* then stationed in the harbor. In response to the Mayor's introduction, there stepped forward a tall, handsome man of thirty-five. The "gawky Sumner" of Latin School days had developed into a splendid presence. He stood six feet four inches in height, and his figure was already commanding. His well-cut face, surmounted by masses of curling hair, kindled with animation as he spoke. Always fond of rather distinctive dress, he stood forth to-day in blue dress-coat, with brass buttons, and waistcoat and trousers of white. His voice was of great power, and he used it with skill, emphasizing his points with gestures of his own. But all thought of the orator's appearance and manner soon gave way to tense absorption in his thought. For the expectant audience at once found that this was not the conventional Fourth of July oration, devoted to fulsome and oft-repeated eulogy of the heroes and exploits of the Revolution and to chauvinistic pyrotechnics as to the glories of America. After a brief introduction, the speaker announced the theme of his oration,—the inquiry "What, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition? what is truly national glory, national honor? what is the *true grandeur of nations?*" Tersely illustrating his subject by contrasts, he made timely reference to the pending Texas and Oregon issues, declaring "a war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly; with England it would be at least bold, but parricidal." And forthwith he laid down his main thesis: "In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable."

The place, the occasion, the audience—for one in every twenty in that throng was resplendent in military uniform—all combined to make the propounding of such a thesis sensational. Excitement grew tense.

Keen resentment was evident on the part of some of the City's military guests. But Sumner went straight on, piling up charge upon charge in his arraignment of war, and making an impassioned appeal for liberty and for peace.

By no means free from extravagance, nor faultless in taste, the address was, nevertheless, one of tremendous power. Within a few months millions of copies of it were spread broadcast in England and America; even to-day it cannot be read without a thrill, and many a passage points us on to heights which civilization has not yet attained. The venerable John Quincy Adams caught the significance of that hour. To Sumner he wrote: "Casting my eyes backward no farther than the 4th of July of last year, when you set all the vipers of Alecto a-hissing by proclaiming the Christian law of universal peace and love, and then casting them forward perhaps not much farther, but beyond my own allotted time, I see you have a mission to perform. I look from Pisgah to the Promised Land; you must enter upon it." Such was the consecrating laying on of hands, by a greater statesman than Webster. To Sumner, not less than to his friends, that Fourth of July brought a revelation. It proved the parting of the ways. Only a few months before, the shadows had gathered thick about him. He was lonely and ill; he felt that his life had been a dismal failure, and wished that Death's summons might have been for him, instead of for those who found life a blessing. But now, at last, he caught a glimpse of a goal. He found that the power of his thought, the force of his eloquence could sway thousands. The discovery quickened all the moral fervor within him. Aimlessness and depression were flung aside. He would press toward the mark.

The impress which this oration had made upon the public was soon shown by the importunate demand for the young orator's services at college commencements and upon the platform of the Lyceum, which was then bringing before the people men of the highest eminence in American thought and letters. Here Sumner took his place with Holmes and Emerson, with Choate and with Beecher. He had long been brooding over the problem of slavery. Inheriting from his father a Puritian's conscience and sense of moral accountability, together with

a most sweeping theory of race equality, slavery seemed to him an abomination, which could not be tolerated. In these years when the Mexican War was in prospect or in progress, Sumner's Lyceum lectures dealt largely with literary or historical topics; but, whatever his theme, a denunciation of war and of slavery became as inevitable a part of his lectures as was " Delenda est Carthago " from the lips of Cato. He drew great audiences, and held them spell-bound. He exercised an especial fascination upon young men, and thousands of the New England boys who first cast a ballot in '60 or shouldered a musket in '61 had found in Charles Sumner their chief inspirer in civic virtue and patriotism.

Into the then thoroughly uncongenial field of politics, Sumner was dragged almost by accident. The vote in favor of the Mexican War Bill by a Massachusetts Congressman—a personal friend of Sumner's and the flower of Boston's most high-born family—seemed to Sumner such an outrage that he denounced it in letters to the press with furious invective that bitterly incensed many of his former friends; but in the minds of the public it established him as a leader in the revolt against slavery's aggressions. But for Sumner there could be no compromise with what he believed to be wrong. Even slight deviations from the accepted opinion of Boston aristocrats had brought him cold looks; and now, when he openly denounced concessions to the slave interests, the edict went forth that he was beyond the pale of society. Few men could have felt this ostracism more keenly than did Sumner, but not a hair's breadth would he swerve in his course to regain social favor.

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(To be Continued)

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS

AT the close of the Revolution the Continental Army was disbanded, only eighty men being retained for guard duty at West Point and Pittsburg, although the number of guards was almost immediately increased by the act of Congress of 1784, providing for a regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Josiah Harmar; but until the difficulties with England which culminated in the war of 1812 made an army necessary, there never was more than enough of troops to make a modern brigade. After the war of 1812 the regular army was reduced to 12,383, fluctuating with the emergencies of Indian warfare, and for six years it had no commanding general.

The number of national organizations that have maintained from these early times a continual existence, even under a change of name, must therefore be limited.

There are military organizations that are hoary with age. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston dates from 1637 (chartered in 1638) and among its charter members were some from the Ancient Artillery Company of London, dating from 1537 and that, in turn, recruited from the members of the still more ancient guild or fraternity of St. George. There are four of the regiments of the English army that date from the Restoration, the eldest—the Coldstreams—organized by Monk in 1659, though the 1st Royal Scots, which was at once added, had previously served in France from the ninth century, recruited always from Scotland. It is therefore believed to be the oldest military organization in the world. But if, as has been stated with some authority, the eighty men retained as guard after the Revolution under Captain John Doughty, were merged into what was until lately known as Light Battery F, Fourth Regiment of U. S. Artillery, this battery would appear to be the oldest national military organization of the United States. Captain Charles King says it is the same organization that was commanded by Alexander Hamilton in 1776. The Sixth Infantry was made up in 1815, from a number of those regiments which engaged successfully with the British infantry at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane,—in the latter battle withstanding a superior force of British troops fresh

from the victorious fields of continental Europe; this is the same regiment that covered itself with glory at Santiago in the late Spanish war. It has consequently a history of nearly one hundred years. The original First Infantry was organized June 3rd, 1784; eight years later it was merged into the First Sub-legion, the whole army being known as the Legion of the United States. May 30, 1796, the name Legion was dropped and the First Sub-legion became again the First Infantry. After the war of 1812 (March 3, 1815), in the reduction, the First became part of the Third, and the old 2nd, 3rd, 7th and 44th, the new 1st. The 6th went into the 2nd, the 4th into the 5th, the 5th into the 8th, the 8th into the 7th, etc., etc.*

The mounted arm of the service has had a harder struggle to exist. The Dragoons of the Continental army under Count Pulaski rendered good service and "Light Horse Harry" with his troops was an inspiration to the cavalry men of Harry Lee's son eighty-five years later. But no provisions were made by the General government for mounted forces until March 5, 1792, when four companies of dragoons were included in the authorized 5414 troops; four years later these were reduced to two troops of light dragoons. In 1802 these were discontinued. In 1812, with the increase of the army two regiments of dragoons were allowed, but in the reduction following the war this arm of the service was again cut off. Nor does there seem to have been any distinct recognition of the merits of mounted forces until, in 1832, the Indian troubles in the northwest led to the use of one battalion of mounted rangers. These were merged in 1833 into the First Dragoons, and that regiment has since had a continual existence, though under the Act of August, 1861, its designation was changed to the First Cavalry.

May 23, 1836, an act was approved authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers and to raise an additional regiment of dragoons or mounted riflemen. That regiment has, through some vicis-

* The Engineer Corps was authorized by law March 16, 1802, but it was not attached to the army until July 13, 1866. The late Col. Wm. E. Merrill, Engr. Corps, U. S. A., is authority for the statement that an act of June, 1775, provided for the appointment of a chief and assistant engineer; these were disbanded with the other organizations of the army "and the corps was not revived until 1794, since which date its organization has frequently been changed but its service has been continuous."

situdes of war and politics, maintained a continual and honorable existence in the defense of its government and people against foreign and domestic foes, and it is its history to which this account is directed. Fortunately the war records are so complete and those relating to this regiment's early history so admirably selected by Captain (now General) Theophilus F. Rodenbough in his "Everglade to Cañon," written a generation ago, that the history of its exploits, trials and experiences is not difficult to trace.

First as to its legal or actual existence: It once had as close a call to annihilation at the hands of its own government as it could reasonably expect to experience and still live. In May 1842 the House of Representatives so amended the appropriation bill as to provide that no part of the appropriation should be applied, after the 30th of the following September to the payment of the Second Dragoons; but the Senate amended, again providing among other things, that "the second Regiment of Dragoons now in service shall be converted after the fourth day of March next into a regiment of riflemen." So for about a year, (March 1843 to March 1844) they were dismounted, though allowed finally to retain their organization and dress. The Commanding General protested, the Secretary of War remonstrated, and the legislatures of Louisiana and Missouri petitioned, with the result that after about a year they were restored to their own mounts again, and known as the Second Dragoons until August, 1861, when in the reclassification of the mounted forces the regiment became the Second Cavalry.

It is seldom that a regiment wins glory and commendation before it is fully organized, but singularly and auspiciously, this was the good fortune of the Second Dragoons; for although the regiment was, under Act of March '36, to be mainly recruited with new men, provision had been made that a detachment of dragoons in Florida, temporarily serving with the First Dragoons, should be Company D of the new regiment. By the fortune of war this particular detachment was in the engagement with the Seminole Indians near Micanopy, Florida, June 10, and an "order" was issued by the General, commending the gallantry and good conduct of the officers and men, which at this engagement, "where they met and defeated a very superior force of the enemy, merit

the thanks of the President." That was in June, and the detachment, now answering to its designation as Company D, only a little more than a month later (July 19, 1836) again shared in the engagement near Fort Defiance (Welika Pond) where Capt. Ashby with sixty-two men and two officers escorting a train was attacked by Seminole Indians, and where the Second made its first sacrifice upon the altar of war; Private Holmes of Company D was then the first to fall in the battles of the regiment.

The Second was therefore in the war before fairly organized, for it was not until December of that year that the recruited companies, E, F, G, and H, sailed from New York for Charleston, and when, a little later, joined by Company I the five proceeded to the mouth of the St. Johns river, and thence to share for five years, except when recruiting, in the campaigns of the swamps and everglades. The Colonel was David E. Twiggs, who had served as an officer of infantry of the war of 1812, and the Lieutenant Colonel William S. Harney, who had been in the Indian wars of the Northwest, in the Mounted Rifles. Both distinguished themselves later in Mexico and the West. Twiggs came from Jefferson Barracks, with Companies A, B, C, etc., which marched overland twelve hundred miles in fifty-five days,—the first of the many long marches the regiment was to make.

The first officer of the regiment to fall in battle was Lieutenant John W. S. McNeil, of Company F, a son of General John McNeil, who had distinguished himself at Chippewa, and poured out his blood at Lundy's Lane, and a grandson of Major Benjamin Pierce, who shortly before had been Governor of New Hampshire. Lieutenant McNeil's cousin, Franklin Pierce, was then in Congress, and all of these associations gave prominence to the loss of that brave young officer, who with Second Lieutenant Charles A. May of Company H, and their commands, on Sept. 7, 1837, attacked a Seminole village near Mosquito Inlet.

Though McNeil was killed, it was there that May began his dashing career—of which we shall hear more—capturing two Indian chiefs. The companies of both McNeil and May had been engaged six months before at Fort Mellon on Lake Monroe, but no one in the Second was

injured. Captain Lloyd J. Beall had been wounded at Borders of the Kenahapa, and Lieutenant Colonel Harney barely escaped from a treacherous attack (July 23, 1839) on the Caloosahatchee, where he was in a friendly way trying to establish a trading post, and where some of his men were caught and savagely killed.

Fighting Seminoles was as far from glorious, however, as combatting Sioux forty years later. Often it was entirely and continually uncomfortable and unhealthy, particularly on such raids as was once made (December, 1840) by a detachment of the regiment, which carried the war into the everglades near the southern point of Florida. So in spite of the recruiting voyages, when the Seminole war was over—and the Second was there to the last—they had lost in killed two officers and twenty men, but from disease five officers and one hundred and ninety-two privates and non-commissioned officers—a greater percentage than was lost by the combined forces, including the Second, in those awful days of July at Gettysburg a quarter of a century later.

But now, not because the Seminoles were all conquered, but for the reason that as President Tyler said, " the further pursuit of these miserable beings by a large military force seems to be as injudicious as unavailing," the Seminole campaign was brought to a peaceful close—and late in 1841 five companies were ordered to Fort Townsend, Ark., and Fort Jesup, La., and a year later the other five were sent to Baton Rouge, La.

The period of inaction which followed was doubtless well suited to prepare them for the campaign in Mexico. Probably even the brief experiences of the regiment as a dismounted organization led to a greater appreciation of their mounts when restored. Certainly that is the fact if Rodenbough's accounts of the exuberant joy with which the news of the re-mounting of the regiment was received in their camps, are to be taken as an indication of the love of a good cavalryman for a good horse.

The Second Dragoons did well in Florida. Their engagements and conduct in Mexico are still a cause of gratification to all of us. They had been in Florida until the last; they were in Mexico at the first, and

after following the many accounts of their share in this war, it is with hearty approval that one can read Rodenbough's encomium of his companions in arms: "No regiment took a more glorious or prominent part in the war with Mexico. It was their fortune—good or bad—to shed the first blood in that conflict; theirs to perform one of the most conspicuously gallant actions of the subsequent campaigns, and after two years of arduous and honorable warfare, in which the regimental standard had been borne into the heart of the enemy's country, it was the privilege of a troop of Second Dragoons to strike the last blow of the closing campaign in a successful encounter with double their number of the enemy's best horsemen."

July 25, 1845, seven troops left Louisiana to march through Texas to Corpus Christi, reaching that point late in August; there they were in camp until the following spring. In March they continued, under General Taylor, the progress towards Mexico, and on March 16th it was a detachment of the "Second" under Lieutenant Hill that, acting as advance guard, met the first small force of armed Mexicans, sent out to notify General Taylor not to advance any farther. Four days later at the Colorado River they met another like detachment, who threatened to fire, which innocent diversion does not appear to have stopped Taylor, though he was further notified by General Ampudia that the crossing would be looked upon as a declaration of war. Then Taylor was given a whole day to go back, which would seem to have been ample time if he had been anxious to avail himself of the privilege, but it is not reported that he did. On the contrary, after the waylaying and murder of Colonel Cross, the Deputy Q. M. General of the army, on the 10th, and the capture, upon the advance to Matamoras, of two of the dragoons and a bugler of the "Second," General Taylor sent out Companies C and F under Captains Thornton and Ker to reconnoitre. Thornton was ambushed by a largely superior force at La Rosia, and in the engagement Lieutenant George T. Mason of Company C was killed, the first officer to fall in an engagement of that war. He, like McNeil, the first to fall in Florida, was of military antecedents, though it was his uncle and not his father, as Rodenbough says, who at that time was Colonel of the First Dragoons. There were five generations

bearing the title of colonel behind him, the first of whom had been a colonel in the army of Charles II.

Then followed the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in both of which the "Second" was actively engaged, particularly so at Resaca de la Palma, for it was here that Captain Charles A. May, by General Taylor's direction, at a critical time, made his famous charge with eighty troopers (from Companies D and E) across difficult ground, upon a supported battery of eight pieces planted across a defile behind earthworks, over which only a part of the horses could be urged to go. May rode his own horse, big black Old Tom, over in the lead, silencing the guns and taking General La Vega prisoner.

For this May was made Brevet Major. He was fairly fond of that kind of thing, and a month or so before with these same troopers he had made a forced march of twenty-seven miles in four hours for the relief of forces at Point Isabel. It was he—then a second lieutenant—that was with McNeil at Mosquito Inlet nine years before, when McNeil's light went out, and the two Indian chiefs were captured; one of these, it is said, more by the help of Old Tom, May's horse, than anything else, for the horse had struck the Indian down with his forefeet as the savage was about to fire. So later, at Buena Vista he was fighting in very much the same way to check the advance of Santa Anna's 22,000 against Taylor's left flank, getting wounded and getting his promotion to Brevet Colonel, besides receiving the commendation of Taylor. In the battle of Palo Alto his squadron "suffered severely from the fire of artillery to which it was for some time exposed."

May was of the type of which Harney and Custer were such marked, attractive and inspiring examples—"with hair to his hip bone," a long beard, a dashing and skillful horseman, who, even when a stout colonel of two hundred and fifty pounds, indulged in such recreations as picket-jumping on horseback, or recovering handkerchiefs of fair visiting friends, done from the saddle after the manner of your picturesque Mexican vaquero.

In his charge at Resaca de la Palma, May had ten men to each gun of the enemy's battery, and he lost one killed for each gun, his Lieu-

tenant, Inge, being one. General Sir Evelyn Wood, in his *Achievements of Cavalry,* gives two cases as particularly typifying the charge of cavalry against battery, the greater that of Murat at Wachau in 1813, with 6,000 men against a battery of 26 guns; in that engagement Murat failed to hold the battery. The other instance was that of a light cavalry regiment attacking directly in front an intrenched battery of 16 guns guarding a defile, capturing it. Compared with these May was certainly at a great relative disadvantage in numbers.

In due course of the campaign Matamoras surrendered and Captain Ker raised the flag over the first fortified town taken; then for some weeks the "Second" with the other forces, recruited.

All this time Lieutenant Colonel Harney, who now succeeded Twiggs as colonel of the "Second," had been chafing at Camp Concepcion in Texas, doing some frontier guard work with two companies, A and I. It was galling to a soldier who had done dashing work in Florida and had already made one unauthorized raid into the territory of Mexico, long before Taylor. Perhaps that was one reason why he was held in restraint. But with the coming of General Scott as chief commander, Harney was released, and in September started for Chihuahua, though before he reached that point the plans of the campaign were so changed that May, who had had the lion's share with Taylor, was given a larger field of operations, his companies D and E going to support other regiments, and early in January Harney with Companies A, B, C, F, I, and K, joined Scott to assist in the movement towards Vera Cruz. That was a hopeful prospect for Harney, but all its attractions disappeared when Scott directed him to turn over the command of the seven troops he then had to his Major, Edwin V. Sumner—who had just been promoted to the "Second"—and to take command of the two companies in Taylor's forces.

Harney protested and asked for a reversal of the "painful order." This was unusual. General Scott ordered a letter concerning "the arrangements which cannot now be changed," etc.; thereupon Harney instead of throwing away his sword, and telling them all to go to —— as Montbrun once did under like circumstances, departed still further from the routine of army discipline and again wrote to General Scott's Adju-

tant, briefly reviewing the correspondence, the outcome of which "disappointed" him, and said: "If General Scott does not deem me capable of discharging my appropriate duties, he may arrest, but he shall not unresistingly degrade me;" and after further remarks added: "I have assumed the command of my regiment," and then in due form subscribed "I am, Sir, very respectfully your obedient servant."

This was decidedly a departure from routine, and Harney apparently was courting arrest, an experience he soon had, though the affair does not seem to have reached the acute stage of dungeon and chains, for the correspondence went to General Scott, to the Secretary of War, and finally to President Polk, who "without intending to approve the conduct of Colonel Harney, hoped the colonel had been restored to his appropriate command."

So Sumner took the "Rifles" and Harney kept the "Second," though he nearly lost so much of it as was with him in a storm on the Gulf of Mexico. He did lose one man and a large number of his horses on the way to Vera Cruz, but late in March the troops were before that city; they were in the fight at once, especially at the affair of Puente del Moreno, and upon the surrender of the city, troop A was the first to enter the walls. So now it was Harney with the "Second" who had the encomiums, for General Scott, "regretting he could not give the names of all those to whom thanks were due, mentioned the few who were isolated by rank or position as well as by noble service." Of this class he was "happy to name Colonel Harney of the regular cavalry," etc., etc. And this daring athletic giant who raced on foot as May did on horseback, and who had a reputation for such things, seems to have pleased his general. Then General Twiggs in his report "particularly noticed the conduct of Major Sumner," and the honors and amenities of war were somewhat fairly distributed and once more peace reigned in the regimental family,—if ever it had been seriously disturbed,—and presently Sumner goes back to the First Dragoons and the difficulty, which probably had its source in the old rivalry between Scott and Jackson (Jackson had secured Harney's appointment, originally) was over.

Cerro Gordo was the next field for hard fighting for the "Second," and there again General Scott "is pleased to say the highest praise is

due Harney," who now has nearly all the regiment with him; that from his general; and this from a soldier in his regiment about one of his charges: "As soon as we had taken our places and all lain down, Colonel Harney gave his orders thus: 'As soon as you hear the word "charge" rush right down the hill as fast as you can, and up the other. It is rather steep, but that's all the better for us. Yell like devils as soon as you reach the ravine, and then up the hill to their breastworks as soon as you can; and for God's sake don't fire unless you shoot a Mexican.'"

After Cerro Gordo there were scrimmages and then an advance as Scott moved his headquarters to Puebla, with Harney and troops A, K and C as escort. Evidently Scott does not fear to trust his own personal safety to the care of the six-foot-four colonel. Then more scrimmages, sharp ones, at La Hoya and El Pinal, and an advance again upon the City of Mexico, with Harney and his "Second" under command of Twiggs, in the lead. There was trouble at San Augustin, where Captain Seth Brett Thornton (with the blood of the old chief Powhatan in his veins) who had been in the regiment from its inauguration and was captured in its first Mexican engagement, was killed by the first shot from the enemy's battery. And at Churubusco the "Second" is in the hot of it—too much so at one time. Then more very warm work at El Molino del Rey, where Sumner has most of the "Second" again; and finally, Chapultepec itself, and at the end the entrance into the City of Mexico, General Scott escorted by Sumner and the Dragoons, with the band of the "Second" to play *Hail Columbia* in the Plaza, new laurels for the "Second" Dragoons along with others, and the war is over and the Lone Star firmly fixed in the national firmament.

But before it is over, and while Scott and Harney and Sumner have been doing all these glorious things with the "Second" and with other troops, the three troops with General Taylor though not since Monterey engaged in such historic battles as the other troops, were not altogether idle. They were making a creditable showing, as for instance when Lieutenant R. P. Campbell with twenty-two men was attacked near Agua Frio by Martinez, a guerrilla chief, and about one hundred and fifty of

his men in ambush, where Campbell and his men killed the chief and in the end drove the other bandits away, "disgusted" the record says—and no doubt it is a faithful narrative.

There were other things than guerrillas in ambush for the "Second," however. Just eight days before the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo gold was discovered in California, and in the widespread distribution of the troops throughout the frontier, the "Second" was scattered from Texas and Missouri to San Diego, California, all far enough west to be influenced by the excitement following that discovery. The gold fever finally accomplished what the swamp fever of Florida never did and the dreaded yellow fever in Cuba never began to do—threw the "Second" so nearly out of business through desertions of enlisted men that at one time (1854) all of the officers of four troops (Major Graham's squadron at San Diego) and the musicians were sent East on recruiting service.

But before this occurred, Captain Hardee (of the "Tactics") now the Lieutenant Colonel, had had two fights with the Comanche Indians (July and August, 1850), using a part of the regiment—and (in January and February, 1852) Lieutenant Alfred Pleasanton was in pursuit of the Apaches. Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke was after them again early in 1854, and pursued them into the fastnesses of the mountains on the headwaters of Aguas Calientes (New Mexico) with Kit Carson as a guide; the same Apaches with whom the "Second" was to have trouble thirty years and more later. Possibly Kit Carson, though highly commended by Cooke, would not have been so needed if Nathan Boone (a son of Daniel Boone), who succeeded Hardee as Lieutenant Colonel, had not resigned the year before; for Boone had inherited, by blood and training, the skill in wood-craft of his father, and it was said of him that he could, in timber or on prairie, go to any point in a straight line. Unlettered, personally upright—rigidly so—modest and simple, he knew many of the mountain paths claimed long after as discovered by others.

Until the opening of the Civil War the "Second" was engaged in these Indian campaigns, of which Sherman long afterwards said that they had been of even greater importance to the United States than those

of the War of the Rebellion. One of the notable combats was that of Lieutenant Colonel Cooke under Harney at Ash Hollow or Blue Water (Sept. 5th, 1855) with troops D, E, H and K, against Little Thunder and his Sioux warriors, in whose camp they found stolen mail, white scalps and the like, fully justifying the punishment they received from the troops, for which Colonel Harney commended Cooke, and Cooke "spoke in flattering manner" of Lieutenant Wright, and Lieutenant John Buford, who was following in the footsteps of his grandfather of the Virginia revolutionary army.

The next year Cooke made a forced march of ninety-eight miles from Lawrence, on a hot July day, in twenty-eight hours to Fort Riley, which was supposed to be threatened by the Cheyennes—a false alarm but a good march. In the years 1856-58, the authorities had a series of troubles with two classes of civilized whites who snapped their fingers at the government. Of these one was of those connected with the Kansas border affairs, and Cooke found, twenty years later, a gratification in his recollection of a trip he made to Lecompton, Kansas, to which an army of some thousands of armed settlers and their sympathizers was marching to destroy the capital. Although Cooke had somewhere behind him the distance, unseen troops of the "Second" with infantry and artillery, he rode forward alone to meet the "army," relying upon the authority of the general government that was behind the "Second." It was doubtless from this unseen but now recognized force, just then better represented by the one man clothed with full authority, that the insurrectionists turned back; for Harney had said to Governer Walker (who had stipulated when accepting the post of Governor, that Harney be sent there to command the troops) "Kansas had been the graveyard of every governor and general who had ever been sent there, and he didn't propose it should be his," and after the positive manner of his very partisan old patron, Andrew Jackson, he swore he should be used to serve no partisan end.

W. B. RUGGLES.

SEATTLE.

(To be Continued)

NOTES BY THE WAY

TABLET TO GENERAL KNOX

More than 150 members of the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the American Revolution attended the usual holiday gathering of the society, at Hotel Vendome Feb. 22, when addresses of historic value and patriotic interest were given, followed by a luncheon. Previous to this meeting, the members assembled at the Hotel Essex, opposite the South Station, where at ten in the morning a bronze tablet was unveiled and dedicated. It bears this inscription:

Near This Site Was the Birthplace of
HENRY KNOX
Volunteer at the Battle of Bunker Hill
Colonel of Artillery 1775
Brigadier General 1781
Commander-in-Chief of the Army 1783
Secretary of War 1785
He Brought Across the Country
on Sleds for Use at the
Siege of Boston, 1776, the
Artillery Captured at Ticonderoga
Placed by the Massachusetts Society
Sons of the American Revolution
1911

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS' SECRET

A librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the *Semaine Littéraire* tells its readers, recently came upon a document which enabled him to guess "le secret de Catherine de Medicis." This was nothing less than the conquest of the two Americas. The document in question is a map, dated 1584, in which both North and South America were marked out as being French colonies. This discovery put the finder on the way

to obtain some proofs of the project of this ambitious queen. She had named, it seems, two viceroys—Troile de Mergonez was to reconquer the north of the continent, and Admiral Strozzi was to take possession of Brazil, after having driven the Portuguese out of the Azores. The two viceroys actually sailed, furnished with secret and signed orders, but an unkind fate ordained that Troile should be shipwrecked and Strozzi defeated and killed in a battle off the Azores. The death of both the leaders brought the royal project to naught, and nothing would have been known of it but for the diligence and perspicuity of the learned librarian.

Dundee Advertiser.

JULIA WARD HOWE PORTRAIT

The memorial portrait of Julia Ward Howe, offered to the Bostonian Society by a committee of Boston citizens, has been accepted by the Society, and the portrait will be placed in the old State House.

It will be hung in the council chamber, but on just which wall has not yet been decided. The light appears to be equally good in one place as another, but the opinion of experts will be invited before a decision is made as to the exact position.

LETTER OF JAMES MADISON TO REV. A. BIGELOW

The body of this letter is in the hand of Dolly Madison.

Montpelier, April 2, 1836.

I am among those who are most anxious for the preservation of the Union of the States, and for the success of the constitutional experiment of which it is the basis. We owe it to ourselves and to the world, to watch, to cherish, and as far as possible to perfect a new modification of the powers of Government, which aims at a better security against external danger, and internal disorder.—A better provision for national strength and individual rights, than had been exemplified, under any previous form.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES

The fourth Bulletin of the Society has recently appeared, and shows the Society to be thoroughly progressive. Though but little more than a year old, it has just made its first purchase—of the Ilsley house in Newbury, Mass. This dates from 1670, and is in excellent condition, having been in the hands of the Ilsleys since 1797, and occupied as a dwelling ever since. The Society is to restore it as far as possible to its original style. Another ancient building of the seventeenth century in Salem, known as the "Old Bakery," has been saved from destruction through the efforts of one of the Society's officers. It was then bought by one of the members, and will be restored by the Society as soon as funds warrant. A third house, the Titcomb, in Newburyport, has also been saved through the Society's interesting the Nathaniel Tracy Chapter, D. R., which bought it and will use it as its own home.

It would be a great thing if each of the older States had such a society as this. Historical societies do not occupy the same field, (though they could if they would), and what has been done in Massachusetts ought to be capable of doing elsewhere.

IN MEMORY OF RUFUS PUTNAM

The Rufus Putnam Memorial Association at its recent meeting (Worcester, Mass.), adopted resolutions creating a committee of ten to formulate and carry out a plan to get what shall be known as the General Rufus Putnam Memorial Fund of $100,000.

The fund is to maintain the Putnam home in Rutland, support the departments of history and political science and the historical museum of Marietta College, and in any other way commemorate the pioneering enterprise which under the leadership of Gen. Putnam established the first settlement at Marietta, Ohio, and later founded a college on the historic ground. Dr. G. Stanley Hall presided at the meeting. Charles S. Dana made a commemorative address.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVIII Continued

WITH minds of a gentler mould, or even with one lofty as hers, if attempered by the sweet influences of Religion, a quiet and uncomplaining resignation would have been the alternative of one thus weighed down by the hand of fate. But Alida, though her fervid soul was in a high degree characterized by that sentiment of natural piety which, existing in almost every highly-gifted mind, is so often mistaken for the deeper and more permanent principle which alone deserves the name of true religion—Alida had never yet known that sober, and holy-conserving influence by whose aid alone, the preacher tells us, we may possess our minds in peace. She rebelled against the lot to which she seemed doomed as a disappointed, if not heart-broken woman. She would struggle against the blind pressure of circumstance, and war till the last with the fate which only served to exasperate while it overshadowed her spirit.

It is strange how, while most minds grow haughty, exacting, and imperious from success, misfortune, so far from bringing humility with it, produces precisely the same effect in others; they seem to harden in the struggle with sorrow, and grow insolent as they gain knowledge of their own powers of endurance.

" I'll go no more," said Greyslaer one evening, as throwing himself dejectedly into the saddle, he passed through the gate which opened upon the grounds of the Hawksnest, and turned his horse's head toward the garrison; " I'll go no more. Had her reception been merely cold and formal after the long interval I have ceased visiting her, I should not have complained of such notice of my neglect; for *she,* perhaps, never suspects the cause that keeps me away. But those two fingers so carelessly accorded to my grasp, with that light laugh as she turned round in speaking to that group of idlers, even in the moment that I was expressing my pleasure at seeing her—pshaw! there are no sympathies between that woman and myself; there never was, there never can be any "; and he struck the rowels into his horse almost fiercely, as, thus bitterly musing, one angry thought after another chased through his mind.

"And what if she be?" he exclaimed, reining up suddenly again to a slower pace. "What if she be wayward, fretful, and exacting to me alone of all other men? Forgetful of the devoted and all-absorbing love I have borne her; forgetful of the feelings which, save on that terrible night only, I have always kept trained in obedience to what I deemed her happiness. *She* never attempted to inspire this misplaced and mistaken interest; she never lured me on to the avowal; she never trifled with the emotions that prompted it. What right have I to arraign her conduct, to sit in judgment upon her manner toward me? Her character is the same that I have ever known it. Her manner toward *me?* Am I, then, such an egotist that that is to change my estimation of *her?* She does not love me, she cannot love me; and if she did, is there not this hideous bar between us? What care I, then, for this show of interest, when the reality can never be indulged? No! my part is taken—irretrievably taken, and I would not recall my choice. For me there is no fragment of happiness that I can save from the wreck of the past, but I will still drift with her wheresoever the sea of events may hurl us."

It is well for us that it is only in very early life that we are thus prodigal of our chances of happiness, and willing to concentrate them all upon a single issue. Alas! how soon do we learn, in maturer years, to shift our interest from scheme to scheme; to see wave after wave, upon which the bark of our hopes has been upborne, sink from beneath it, until the very one upon which it was about to float at last triumphantly, strands us upon the returnless shores of the grave!

But, though many a worldling has commenced his experience of life with views hardly less romantic than those of Max Greyslaer, *his* was not the mere wayward devotedness of youth to its first sorrow. The very constitution of his mind was of a loyal, venerating kind; (for, deeply imbued as he was, by the classic culture of his mind, with that ancient, intellectual spirit of republicanism which had at once determined his political position in the present civil struggle, Greyslaer, under another system of education, would probably have turned out almost a bigoted royalist;) and the sentiment which still attached him to Alida was nearly akin to that which, in another age and under other circum-

stances, would have inspired his self-devotion to some dethroned and expatriated prince, like him for whom one of his maternal ancestors had suffered upon the scaffold. Had he never declared his passion for Alida, he might have succeeded in crushing it; he would certainly have attempted to reason it away the moment that he discovered that he must love in vain; but, the avowal once made, he never dreamed of withdrawing the adhesion he had thus given in, much less of transferring his affections to another. He had made an error of choice; a most unhappy, a most cruel one; but still he would abide by that choice, whatever consequences might accrue. The part which Max Greyslaer had thus chosen would, in a rational point of view, become only an ill-regulated, almost, we might say, a half-besotted mind. Yet the weakness of choosing such a part is precisely that which has dwarfed the growth and distorted the otherwise noble proportions of minds naturally the most masculine and commanding.

But the feelings and reflections of Greyslaer, upon which we have dwelt, perhaps, somewhat too minutely, received a new direction at this moment, as he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs rapidly approaching in an opposite course to that which he was travelling. The speed of the coming horseman seemed to announce that he was either fleeing from pursuit, or riding upon some errand of the utmost urgency; and, ere Greyslaer could make out the figure of the strange rider amid the darkness, his conjectures as to his character were cut short by an occurrence which may best be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DISCOVERY

There was a blacksmith's shop at the forks of the road, a few yards in advance of the spot where Greyslaer, the moment he became aware of the stranger's approach, had reined up to challenge him in passing. For, in these times, when almost every passenger upon the highway was an object of scrutiny, a horseman who sojourned so hotly by night naturally awakened suspicion as to his character.

Max, remembering the neighborhood of the blacksmith's hovel,

thought for a moment that it might be only some farmer's boy, who, directing his way thither to have a horse-shoe replaced, was endeavoring by speed to diminish the lateness of the hour in which he must return homeward when his errand was finished. But the toils of the blacksmith seemed already ended for the day, as the sound of his anvil had ceased, and no light hovered around his shanty to tell that the bellows was busy within. The horseman, too, did not check his speed as he approached the smithy, but came thundering on as before, evidently about to pass it. As it chanced, however, the owner of the premises was still there at work around his smouldering fire; and in the very moment that the stranger passed the large unglazed window of the hovel, a sudden puff of his bellows sent the sparks up from the chimney of the forge, and threw a ruddy strip of light across the road. The horse of the stranger, startled at the sudden glare, shyed, and flung his rider upon the spot.

Greyslaer, who clearly beheld the adventure from where he stood, spurred forward, threw himself from the saddle, and assisted the blacksmith, who had rushed to his door, in raising the fallen man from the ground. The smith, who was none other than the doughty Wentz, mentioned in the earlier chapters of this work, uttered a significant cry of surprise the moment he beheld the features of the dismounted traveller; and Max, upon scrutinizing them more narrowly as they together dragged their helpless load to the light, was at no loss to recognize the savage apparition of the Haunted Rock in the bruised, bedraggled, and crestfallen being before him.

"You may look for the master where you find the man," said Hans, shaking his head wisely as he dipped a handful of dirty water from the trough in which he generally cooled his irons, and threw it in the face of the stunned and senseless man.

"His master?" interrogated Greyslaer, a dark chain of suspicious and vengeful thoughts forming in his mind with the rapidity of lightning.

"Well, his leader then—his employer, or whatever name you would give him who has always used this chap in his doings when he had

work on hand. He, I say, Wat Bradshawe, must be astir when Red Wolfert rides abroad after this fashion. It were a mercy, now, to the whole country, captain, to knock him in the head with this iron."

"What! murder a man that lies helpless before you?" Surely, Hans, your heart is not harder than the flinty road which has just spared the wretch's life. Lay those pistols out of his reach, however, and this knife, too; he must not handle it on reviving," said Max, as the weapons caught his eye while loosing Valtmeyer's girdle to enable him to breathe more freely.

"Thousand devils! where am I?" muttered the brigand, opening his eyes, and quickly closing them again, as if the glare from the forge offended his sight.

"In safe hands enough, Wolfert," answered the blacksmith, as Greyslaer silently motioned him to reply.

"Aha! whose voice is that?" cried the ruffian, rubbing his bloodshot eyes, but not yet raising his head, as he rolled them from side to side. "Hans Blacksmith, was it you that spoke, good Hans? Thousand devils! where's my mare?"

"Far enough by this time, I guess, from the round rate in which she scoured down the south fork. Are you hurt much?"

"Um—. Has Greyslaer, the rebel captain, passed along here yet to-night?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because we mustn't let him go by, that's all."

"*Wel* Why you're drunk, Wolfert. Do you think I will aid you in stopping passengers on the people's highway?"

Valtmeyer answered only by raising himself upon the bench whereon he had been laid; but he moved so stiffly and slowly that Greyslaer had time to withdraw a few steps within the deep shadows of the place.

"Drunk, you say, um—" and the desperado fumbled around his waist for the arms he generally wore there. "Dunder und blixen! who in the name of hell has removed my arms?"

"Your belt must have burst a buckle when you were thrown," replied Hans, calmly.

Valtmeyer fixed a penetrating gaze upon his countenance; but the immobility of the blacksmith's features taught him nothing. He raised himself to his feet with a slight groan, paused, and passed his hands down his sides, as if to feel whether or not his ribs were broken; and then, without saying a word, moved toward the single tallow candle which, stuck into a gourd, stood on the anvil near by.

"I can't spare my only candle; if it's your arms you want to look for," said Hans, stepping forward, "the night air will flare it all away. Nobody will touch your belt where it lies between now and to-morrow morning."

The outlaw, glowering upon him, muttered something inaudible in reply; and, without heeding the behest of Hans, seized upon the candle. The first movement he made in lifting it, threw the light full upon Greyslaer. Valtmeyer, in his surprise, let the gourd fall from his hands, and the taper it held, was instantly extinguished in the black dust beneath his feet. There was now barely light enough from the forge to distinguish the outlines of his person where he stood, and, by plunging instantly into the surrounding darkness, he might at once have escaped. But, uttering the cry of "Treachery" in the moment he let the candle fall, he snatched from the furnace a red-hot iron—a crowbar, as it seemed from its size—and, swinging it double-handed about his head, made for the door.

The entrance to the hovel lay in deep shadow, but his glowing weapon betrayed his position as he dashed from one side to the other to find the means of exit. Hans struck at him repeatedly with a cold iron which he had caught up at the first onset; but Valtmeyer, at one moment whirling his terrible truncheon like a flail about his ears, and launching it forward like a harpoon the next, only warded off the attack,

but at one of his thrusts fairly bore Hands to the ground; while the leathern apron of the blacksmith, shrivelling up at the contact, alone prevented the red-hot iron from passing through his body.

As Hans stumbled over a billet of wood in falling, Valtmeyer might yet have followed up his advantage; but Greyslaer, who, with drawn sword, had planted himself in the doorway to prevent his escape in the first instance, now rushed forward and dealt a blow which would have smitten any common man to the earth, and even the brawny Valtmeyer went down on one knee beneath it. A single thrust with the rapier's point would here have terminated his career; but Max, seeing him drop the crowbar, as if his right arm had been paralyzed from his shoulder, was thrown off his guard by Valtmeyer's apparently defenceless condition, and in another instant the active ruffian was beyond the reach of his sword.

There was a long, low, open window, such as are usual in a blacksmith's shanty, near where Valtmeyer fell, and the sill of which he had grasped with his left hand in falling. Through this he flung himself, unharmed by the pistol shot with which Greyslaer almost simultaneously accompanied his sudden movement.

Max leaped instantly after him in pursuit; but, as the fugitive became invisible in the surrounding darkness, he turned to secure his horse, of which the outlaw might otherwise make prize. Hans appeared the next moment with a light. They traced Valtmeyer by the blood from his sword-cut for a few yards only. The dust of the road was spotted with it, but the dew lay heavy upon the grass which bordered it, and there were thickets opposite, into which he must instantly have plunged, after crossing the highway.

Valtmeyer's belt for holding his arms, to which his bullet-pouch was still attached, was the first thing that caught Greyslaer's eye as he reentered the cabin. The weapons he handed over to Hans, who seemed better contented with the issue of the night's adventure as he scrutinized his share of the spoils with a workman-like eye. But the seams of the girdle enclosed matters far more interesting to Max than the ammunition with which the pouch was stored. There were letters from some

of the leading Tories in Albany, who, as is now well known, maintained throughout the war, a secret correspondence, which the sagacious Schuyler, in order to avail himself of the intelligence from Canada thus procured, wisely permitted to go forward so long as he could successfully counterplot with these subtle traitors. These papers, were, of course, to be forwarded at once to the Committee of Safety at Albany. But there were also letters relating to private matters which awakened a deeper personal interest in Greyslaer, and whose contents he did not feel called upon himself to communicate, save to the parties immediately interested. One of them was from the famous Joe Bettys to Bradshawe himself; and the heart of Greyslaer thrilled within him as he head the following passage:

"Wolfert will do all that is necessary among our friends in the Valley. The business on hand in this district will not allow us both to leave it. The best rallying-point is somewhere among the Scotch clearings north of the Mohawk. The Cave of Waneonda, you may depend upon it, will never do; and that for more reasons than one. Your revival of that c—d D. R. affair must have made it more or less notorious. How the devil did that wench slip through your fingers? Valtmeyer has explained the matter to me a dozen times, but I cannot understand it. Zounds! I would like to make an honest woman of that mettlesome huzzy myself. But your claim must ever prevent her becoming Mistress Joe Bettys. By-the-way, Wat, did she ever suspect who played the parson's part in the beginning of that wild business? The jade must some day know how much she is beholden to me; but the secret, I need hardly tell you, is safe until the endorsement of a genuine black-coat shall make all things secure. Had you been the man I took you for, the girl would have gone on her knees to ask it before you ever let her escape from Waneonda. But to return," &c.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued)

NOTES AND QUERIES

A SOLDIER WHOM LINCOLN SPARED

In January, 1864, Private Henry C. Fuller, Co. C, 118th N. Y., of the Army of the Potomac, was sentenced to be shot as a matter of military discipline.

Rowland C. Kellogg, Captain of Co. D of the same regiment (now county judge of Essex county, N. Y., in which the 118th was recruited) wrote to his father, the late Representative Orlando Kellogg, about the sentence. As soon as Mr. Kellogg received the letter he went to President Lincoln, late at night, and entered a plea for the condemned man's life, saying, "The boys of the 118th didn't go to war to be shot *that* way." Mr. Lincoln allowed it wouldn't do the poor fellow any good to shoot him, and the necessary orders were sent to the front, arriving just as Fuller was on his way to execution. As soon as Lincoln received word from the front he wrote on a card to Mr. Kellogg: "I have answer that the execution of Henry C. Fuller is suspended. A. Lincoln, Jan. 22, 1864." That card is before me as I write, having been preserved by the daughters of Mr. Kellogg.

Fuller still lives (1905) on the Ausable River at a point just below Keene Centre, N. Y.

GEO. L. BROWN.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.

ANNE HUTCHINSON

In a recent MAGAZINE you speak of Anne Hutchinson as dying within the present limits of New York City. Is this right? Appleton's Cyclo. of Am. Biography says she died at Stamford, Conn. NUTMEG.

HARTFORD.

[Notwithstanding any number of encyclopedias (which frequently copy, the one from the other,) we are right and "Appleton's" wrong.]

R. G. HARPER

I have always thought that it was Pinckney who said "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," but am told it was not he, but some one else. Can you tell?

A. J.

BOSTON.

[It was Robert Goodloe Harper, of South Carolina.]

DODDRIDGE'S NOTES

We are glad to announce that a new edition of Rev. Dr. Joseph Doddridge's valuable book "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from 1763 to 1783, etc., is to be issued. The first edition was issued in 1824, the second in 1876. Even the latter is very scarce. The new will have additional matter in the form of notes by James Simpson.

VOL. XIV No. 3

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

SEPTEMBER, 1911

WILLIAM ABBATT
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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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CONTENTS

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE* (1778-1780) (*Fourth Paper*), JAMES N. ARNOLD 55

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY . . . . . (Chapter V) EUGENE F. MCPIKE 61

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS (*Second Paper*), W. B. RUGGLES 66

THE BOYS OF '61, ... (The late) GEN. SELDEN CONNOR 73

CHARLES SUMNER, (*Second Paper*), PROF. GEORGE H. HAYNES 93

BOURBON COUNTY, GEORGIA . . . . . (*First Paper*), MARK ALLEN CANDLER 100

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK . . . . . (Chapter XXVII, *concluded*) CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 103

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIV SEPTEMBER, 1911 No. 3

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE*

1778—1780

(*Fourth Paper*)

January 23, 1779.

Capt. Charles Jenckes, in the armed Boat *Hornet* of this State, retook on Friday Sennight (Jan. 15) off Point Judith the Sloop *Molly's Adventure,* of about 40 Tons Burden, belonging to Philadelphia which had been captured by one of Goodrich's Privateers and ordered for Newport. The Prize is safe arrived at Warren. Her cargo consists of Rum, Sugar, Coffee, etc.

Five Sail of Vessels under Convoy of Two Frigates arrived at Newport on Thursday last (Jan. 21).

The following lines, written by as brave, humane and sensible an Officer as any in the English Army, The Same Gentleman who predicted the fate of the unfortunate General Burgoyne's Expedition and the result of violent impolitic and inflammatory proceedings:

"Attend, Britannia's sons, attend to Heaven's decree,
These Thirteen injured States shall independent be.
Like the famed Phenix from their ashes they shall rise,
And tyranny and tyrants equally despise.

"The kindred blood we've spilt, the many towns we have fired
At length is plainly at our guilty hands required.
Ten Thousand dire events the wrath of Heaven proclaim
If Britain perseveres we perish with her fame."

January 30, 1779.

NEWPORT, JANUARY 21.

This morning arrived here the *Thames* Frigate from New York, with a number of Victuallers under Convoy. By them we have a confirmation of the arrival of the Cork Fleet.

PROVIDENCE, JANUARY 30.

The Enemy since our last have stolen from a small Island in the Bay, a number of worn out horses belonging to the Continent.

We learn from Rhode Island that the Enemy are about to embark 1,000 of their Troops, their destination unknown.

February 6, 1779.

NEW LONDON, JANUARY 29.

Sixteen Sail of Empty Transports from Newport, supposed to be bound to New York, have lain at anchor for three days past, at the back of Fisher's Island under the Safe-Guard of an eight-gun Brig.

PROVIDENCE, FEBRUARY 6.

A number of vessels under Convoy of one or two Men of War sailed from Newport on Saturday Morning last (Jan. 30). They are supposed to be a Wood Fleet bound to Long Island or New York.

Early on Monday Morning (Feb. 1) last the Enemy from Rhode Island landed a Party of Men at Quidnerset in Narragansett, who carried off 19 Head of Cattle and 180 Sheep belonging chiefly to Mr. Matthew Manchester. The Cattle they killed on the Shore and floated to a Sloop they brought for the purpose. A Boat with 80 bushels of corn on board was also carried off. The Enemy are so cautious of occasioning an alarm that they did not disturb Mr. Manchester's family, nor was any alarm given till they had accomplished their business and were re-embarking.

February 20, 1779.

Last week a party of the Enemy, consisting of about 150, went

from Rhode Island in search of Plunder to the Eastward. Timely Intelligence having been received of it, a party of 50 men were detached and put on board a Privateer of 12 Guns Commanded by Capt. Dennis. The Enemy landed at Falmouth, near Martha's Vineyard, where they killed 17 Cattle; but the Militia assembled and beat them off without suffering them to take away any part of their booty. They then proceeded to the Elizabeth Islands, where they took two vessels laden with Flour and one with Tobacco. Capt. Dennis came up with and retook the vessels, and would have captured the whole of the party had not a Frigate come to their assistance.

Tuesday night (Feb. 16) one of the Enemy's Ships and several boats appeared off Warwick Neck, but a few shot being fired at them they thought proper to return down the Bay.

Since our last arrived here Mr. Cyprian Sterry of this place, who about 10 months since was taken in a Prize belonging to the Privateer Ship *Blaze Castle,* and carried to England, from whence he made his escape to France with a number of other American Prisoners. He informs of the following vessels being captured by the Enemy, viz.:

Schooner *Boston,* Captain Christopher Basset of Newbury.

Schooner *Success,* Captain Atwood, from Bourdeaux, taken by a Guernsey Privateer. Capt. Atwood had 11 men killed and wounded out of 16 before he struck.

Brig *Mercury,* Capt. Gercey, bound to Bilboa.

And—Capt. Kenney from Nantz, bound to Baltimore.

Capt. William Ham, late of the Sloop *Kingbird,* belonging to this port, arrived here Yesterday. He was taken in November last on his passage from Philadelphia (laden with Flour for the Continent) by the Privateer Sloop *Swift* of 10 guns, belonging to Jamaica. Captain Ham was put on board the Privateer and his Sloop ordered to New York. The Privateer was soon afterwards captured in the West Indies by the *Minerva,* late a British Frigate but now in the service of France, and carried to Hispaniola, from whence Capt. Ham got a passage to Newbury. The *Minerva* had taken another Prize, a Pri-

vateer of 24 Guns, and after firing a few shot the Privateer blew up and all on board perished.

Thursday night the noted Will Crossing and another infamous Tory, by the name of —— Caswell, escaped from the Main Guard in this Town, and 'tis supposed will attempt to get on Rhode Island. All Friends to their Country are requested to be vigilant in endeavoring to apprehend and secure the above mentioned dangerous persons.

February 27, 1779.

From the *London Gazette.*

WHITEHALL, SEPTEMBER 24, 1778.

Triplicate of a Letter from Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, to Lord George Germaine, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State: the Original and Duplicate of which have not been received:

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1778.

My Lord:

I have the honor to enclose to Your Lordship copies of two letters lately received from Major General Pigot, informing me of the Success of two Expeditions sent by him from Rhode Island, to which I beg leave to refer.

I have the Honor to be, etc.,

H. CLINTON.

Copy of a Letter from Major General Pigot to Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, dated Newport, May 27, 1778:

NEWPORT, MAY 27, 1778.

Sir:

In a former letter I had the honor to acquaint you with the arrival of General Sullivan at Providence, to take the Command of the Troops of this State. You was likewise informed that it was the prevailing opinion he was sent there on purpose to make an attack upon this Island whenever a convenient opportunity offered. Every day

since has afforded new and sufficient cause to confirm this suspicion, and having procured intelligence that a great number of large boats and a Galley were ashore on the west side of the River and below the Hictamuet Bridge, all under repair, with a number of cannon and stores, Commodore Griffith and myself were of opinion that no time should be lost to take advantage of this unguarded situation of the Rebels, having certain information that there was only a guard of 10 men upon the boats and not more than 250 men on the whole peninsula from Warren to Bristol Ferry, and that it was not possible any considerable force could be assembled and come to their assistance before the boats were destroyed, the whole business finished and the troops safely re-embarked.

Lieutenant Colonel Campbell of the 52d Regiment being ordered for this Command with Eight Battalion Companies of the 22d Regiment, the Flank Companies of the 54th Regiment, and Captain Noltenius's Company of Hessian Chasseurs, the whole making about 500 men marched the evening of the 24th inst. from Newport to Arnold's Point, where they embarked about 12 o'clock on board the flat bottomed boats under the direction of Capt. Clayton and Lieutenant Knowles of the Navy, and it is with pleasure I send you the following agreeable report of Col. Campbell's success and proceedings while on this Expedition. He has acquainted me that the boats proceeded up the harbor towards Warren River, His Majesty's Ship *Flora* then moving up above Papasquash Point to cover the operations of the Troops, and the other Ships changing their Station so as to give every assistance in their power. Soon after daybreak the Troops landed undiscovered a mile above Bristol and three miles below Warren, and Col. Campbell detached Capt. Seix of the 22d Regiment with 32 men to Papasquash Point to take and destroy the Rebel Battery of One Eighteen Pounder, which was easily effected and a Captain of Artillery and 7 Privates made Prisoners. The main body moved on to the Town of Warren and after taking the precaution of establishing posts to secure the passes, proceeded to Hictamuet River, where they found the boats without a guard or any one to molest them. They were immediately collected in several heaps and the whole set fire to, amounting to 125 boats, many of them 50 feet in length. A Galley of six

twelve pounders, two Sloops, one of them loaded with stores, with a quantity of materials for building and repairing were likewise burnt, as was a mill and a bridge across the river. The Guns of the Galley, together with the three Eighteen pounders mounted on traveling carriages, were spiked, the trunnions knocked off and the carriages burnt. This service being effectually performed, the Troops returned to Warren. The party of Chasseurs left there had destroyed a park of Artillery, consisting of Two Twenty-four Pounders, Two Eighteen Pounders and Two Nine Pounders mounted on traveling carriages with side boxes, ammunition and side arms complete, by spiking up the guns, burning the carriages, limbers, etc. In the town of Warren they discovered a house full of ammunition, combustibles and other warlike stores and some casks of rum, rice and sugar, which was blown up and the whole destroyed.

A new Privateer Sloop mounting Sixteen Guns, four pounders and fit for sea was burnt in Warren River. The Town House, Church and Several Houses were also burnt to the ground.

The object of this enterprize being thus far effected, the Troops returned by way of Bristol. On the march near Warren Two Field Pieces were spiked up and a Light Three Pounder abandoned by the Rebels was rendered useless by being spiked and the carriage broken to pieces. Two Three Pounders in a Redoubt on the road were destroyed in the same manner. In marching through the town of Bristol One Eighteen Pounder was spiked and a military store was blown up, and the Church and some houses burnt.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE.

(To be Continued)

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY

CHAPTER V

STUART, FREEMAN, DAY AND PARRY FAMILIES

THE mortal remains of Sibilla Stewart found their last resting place in Greyfriars Burying-ground, Edinburgh, Scotland, 14 August, 1698,—"East end kirk," according to the register of interments published by the Scottish Record Society, in 1902. What a field for the imagination! Were we writing a novel instead of merely recording a few facts, we might be tempted to picture Sibilla Stewart as belonging to a family which saw its brightest and yet some of its darkest days before the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Whether or not she married and left any descendants, collateral or direct, to mourn her decease, we are not informed; nor have we means of knowing whether or not she was in any way related to her namesake, Mrs. Sibella Stuart, of Dublin, whose "prerogative will," 1760, reads thus:—

"I, Sibella Stuart, widow of James Stuart, late of Lazer's Hill, Dublin, Gent., deceased, do make this my last will. Therefore, as to all such houses, goods and furniture left to me by my said husband, I bequeath the same to my friend, Mary McDaniel, of Dame St., Dublin, widow, and I appoint her to be executrix of this my will. Signed this 30th Aug., 1760. Sibella Stuart. Witnesses: Patt McKinery, James Neill. Proved 18 Sept., 1760."

To establish a connection, if any existed, between either of the above Sibillas and members of the Stuart or Stewart family residing in or near London, is no easy task. We shall have to rest content, for the present, with such working-material as may seem available, and that is scarcely worth recording until it begins to assume more definite form.

Certain traditions in the McPike family appear to justify the theory that Stuart or Stewart may have been the maiden surname of Mrs. Sybilla Freeman, of Greenwich, widow, who, aged 40 years, married Surgeon Halley, 4th May, 1738, as already mentioned in a previous chapter. By this new marriage there seems to have been no issue. Mrs. Sybilla Freeman by her previous marriage had, however, a daughter,

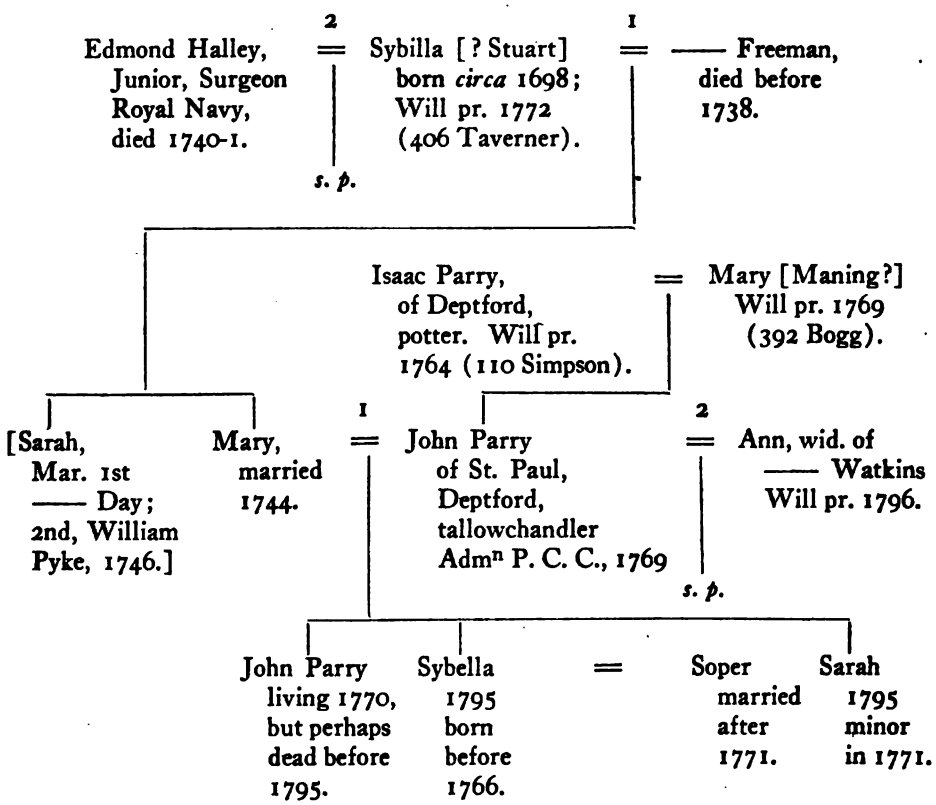
Mary Freeman, who, as "of Greenwich," married John Parry "of ye parish of St. Mildred, Breadstreet, London," July 31, 1744, in the chapel of Morden College, Blackheath, Kent. This Mrs. Mary Parry evidently died before 1766, for in the Diocesan Registry at Rochester is an allegation dated 30 August 1766 by John Parry of Greenwich, Gentleman, a widower, for a License of marriage in the parish church of Greenwich, with Ann Watkins, a widow, of Greenwich.

The latter, as Anne Parry, of Gang Lane, Greenwich, widow of John Parry, made her will, dated 25 Feb. 1795, proved 29 Dec. 1796 (P. C. C., reg. Harris, folio 631), in which are mentioned "Sybella Soper and Sarah Parry, children of my late husband, John Parry." Thus the identity is established, and we have also additional evidence in the will of:

"Sybilla Halley of the parish of East Greenwich, in the county of Kent, widow. To grand-daughter, Sybilla Parry, all wearing apparel. To good friend, Catherine Beaumont, wife of John Beaumont, of East Greenwich, lighterman, a ring. Remainder of estate, real and personal, equally to granddaughters, Sybilla Parry and Sarah Parry (Sarah Parry under age). Sybilla Parry and Catherine Beaumont, executrices. Dated May 1, 1771. Witnesses: Thomas Friend, John Woodham, William Munro. Proved Nov. 13, 1772, by Sybilla Parry, power being reserved to Catherine Beaumont. (P. C. C., reg. Taverner, folio 406.)"

The two children, Sybilla and Sarah Parry, were presumably residing with their maternal grandmother. The fact that the latter thought it necessary to provide only for them, does not at all preclude the possibility of other children or descendants. In addition to her daughter, Mary, who married John Parry in 1744, and died before 1766, it seems quite possible that Mrs. Sybilla Freeman had at least one other maturing child, a daughter (? Sarah) who may have been, quite probably was, identical with the Mrs. Sarah Day, of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, widow, who, in 1746, married William Pyke, bachelor, of that same parish, as we have shown in the chapter on the Pyke family. This William Pyke was, it will be remembered, a nephew of James Pyke, of Upper Moorfield, in the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, whose will, dated 1750, was witnessed by one John Parry. If the latter was identical with the

John Parry who married Mary Freeman, 1744, (as appears probable), he may have been a brother-in-law of Mrs. Sarah Pyke, formerly Day (?born Freeman) wife of William Pyke. This point will have to be determined by further investigation of official records,—perhaps the registers of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, where we may eventually find that William Pyke and Sarah, his wife, had at least two children, James, born *circa* 1750-51, and a daughter (? Mary) who married, *circa* 1770, a M'Donald, or Macdonald of Ireland, as already suggested in the chapter on the Pyke family. In the accompanying chart, illustrating this hypothesis, we have given to William and Sarah Pyke a place to which they are not yet fully entitled by documentary evidence:—



Among the wills, etc., preserved at Somerset House, London, is this memorandum dated Jan. 26, 1741:—

"'Stephen Freeman late of Morden College in the county of Kent, bachelor; sister Nutt, widow of Walter Nutt; Grace Nutt, junr.'" "Thomas Harrison and Bartholomew Nutt make oath June 23, 1746 that this memorandum is in handwriting of Stephen Freeman."

Before leaving the Parry family we must remark the curious coincidence of the names of Elizabeth Parry and Susannah Parry, her mother, the former having married Halley Benson Millikin, the eventual heir of Mrs. Catherine Price, younger surviving daughter of the famous astronomer, Dr. Edmond Halley. This point was presented in our chapter on the Halley family, but it is worthy of repetition here.

Mr. Parry Slaughter is mentioned in some proceedings: "Clater *versus* Young," 1694, in the Public Record Office, London, relating to the Halleys.

Some members of the Day family have already been mentioned in the will of William Pyke, of Greenwich, poulterer, dated 1727. Some of those Days are named again in the two Halley wills following:—

"Francis Halley, of London, gent. To sonne Francis Halley and his heirs forever all my two messuages or residences in Mincin Lane (and) in Fenchurch St., and in case my sonne die without issue, to my sister Mary Ward wife of John Ward, for life, then to Nicholas Wright of the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. £10 to sister Mary Ward. To my cousin Edmond Halley [astronomer] and Mary his wife and to their daughters, Margaret and Katherine; to my good friend David Grice and John Colson; to my father [-in-law] and mother [-in-law] Richard Pyke and Eleanor Pyke, to my brothers Thomas Pyke and William Pyke and Edward Day, and to my sisters Jane Day and Susan Pyke, each a guniea of gold to buy them rings. Cosen Edmond Halley and Richard Pyke, guardians of my said son Francis Halley until he shall attain the age of 21, and executors. Dated June 28, 1698. Witnesses: David Grice, Thomas Carr, Wm. Dean, Lau. Kerby, clerks to Mr. Carr. Proved by Edmond Halley and Richard Pyke, Sept. 8, 1702. (P. C. C., reg. Marlboro, fo. 126.)"

"Francis Halley, son of Francis Halley, late of London, gent., deceased. Cousin Mary Day £25 and a gold ring and £10 for mourning; cousin Jane Day £25 and a ring. Cousin Richard Day the same. Cousin Catherine Halley £50 and a ring. Cousin Edmond Halley [junior] silver watch to be put into his mother's hands and she to give it him when she thinks fitt. Cousin Richard Jones son of John Jones my scrutore (*escritoire*) and all my books. Grandfather Richard Pyke £10, and to my grandmother a ring, to her £10 for mourning. Uncle William Pyke £10 and a ring. Cousin Edmond Halley, sen'r £10 and a ring, his wife Mary £10. Residue to Uncle William Pyke. Grandfather Richard Pyke and uncle William Pyke, executors. Dated Oct. 22, 1717. Witnesses: Wm. Cooke, Sam. Hilman, John Hodgkins. Proved Aug. 5, 1718, by William Pyke, power reserved to Richard Pyke. (Commissary Court of London)."

Several interesting sketches of Days appear in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The present (1911) Registrar of the Diocesan Registry at Rochester, Kent, is Mr. Francis H. Day, who, by virtue of his office, is the custodian of certain records from which some of our data were procured. His family has resided in that vicinity at least since the end of the seventeenth century.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

Notes and Queries, London, 11th series. Vol. II., page 486 (Dec. 17. 1910).
The Genealogist. new series. Vol. XXV., London. July, 1908.

Lt.-Col. G. S. Parry, of London, kindly supplied the particulars of the will of Mrs. Anne Parry, formerly Watkins, proved 1796. The will of Mrs. Sibella Stuart, of Dublin (1760), was furnished by a searcher in Dublin. The other notes are due to the diligence of Mr. Beevor.

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS

(Second Paper)

HOWEVER Kansas may have served others, it was not Harney's graveyard, for before everything had been fully settled there, instructions were issued to the Colonel to take the "Second," among other troops, for the correction of certain evils in Utah, where the Mormons were reputed to have fallen into the unfortunate habit of expelling United States judges and governors. Possibly some of the servants of the general government sent there had not always served with the fear of the Lord before their eyes, but Colonel E. J. Steptoe had been there in the winter of 1854-5 and discussed matters mildly with the heads of the church, and probably thought he left them well-disposed. Yet the very Sabbath after the Colonel left, Brigham Young preached a sermon saying "I am and will be Governor . . . I do not know what I shall say next winter if such men make their appearance here as some last winter, but I know what I *think* I shall say: If they play the same game again, so help me God, we will slay them." This sounded very much as though the prophet of the faithful meant what he said, when they first reached Salt Lake, "Give us ten years of peace and we will ask no odds of the United States," and whether there was politics in the matter or not, this was an attitude that needed attention.

In September, 1857, Captain Van Vliet as another representative of the government, arrived in Salt Lake City, and found Brigham Young still defiant, for he said "Further than that, your army shall not enter this valley" and he kindly furnished the Captain with some such details of their tactics, as that the coming troops "will find Utah a desert," etc.

Van Vliet hurried back to the East, stopping to tell Harney what Young had threatened—and it led to a bit of very strong language on Harney's part, for he said "I am ordered there, and I'll winter in the valley or in hell!" That, at any rate, left no doubt as to what Harney intended to do, and forthwith he arranged his plans to permanently dispose of Brigham Young and the Twelve. But it was not Harney after all who led the "Second" and possibly we may in these later days

congratulate the country that a little less fiery campaign was made, for doubtless there had been much misrepresentation of the attitude of the general government, if not of the Mormons. So Harney was sent to Washington Territory to help settle the difficulty as to whether the island of San Juan was within the limits of the United States or of British America. It was finally determined to be a part of the United States, but before that conclusion was peacefully, if a little blusteringly, reached, Harney had been made Brigadier, and ceased to be a part of the Second Dragoons. Thereafter the only representative of the regiment in that international episode was Captain Alfred Pleasanton, who had won his first brevet in May's charge at Palo Alto, and who went to Oregon as Adjutant to Harney.

It was Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston who was finally put in charge of the Utah expedition, the "Second" making its winter march under Col. Cooke. The six troops of the "Second" (A, B, C, I, F, G—others came later) detached for this purpose, left Fort Leavenworth September 17th, but their winter quarters were not in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, nor the alternative site suggested by Harney. Through some misunderstanding (let us say), it was found that only 723 blankets had been shipped for something over 2,400 men and there were some other like disproportions of supplies. Moreover Lot Smith with about forty of the "Nauvoo legion"—so the Mormon army (of 2,700 by U. S. Senate documents—4,000 by Mormon accounts) newly organized and increased immediately after Captain Van Vliet's departure in September was called—destroyed on October 3, seventy-five of the supply wagons in charge of troops ahead of the "Second"—later they stole two large herds of oxen, over one thousand altogether. This was the limit of the direct damage they inflicted, but by the instruction of their "Lieutenant General" Daniel H. Wells, they created a condition of devastation that was distressing. When the proclamation declaring martial law to exist in Utah and forbidding the entrance of armed troops, was issued, Wells followed it with instructions to his subordinates: "On ascertaining the locality or route of troops, proceed at once to annoy them in every possible way. Use every exertion to stampede their animals and set fire to their trains. Burn the whole country before them and on their flanks; keep them from sleeping by night surprises." And more of

the same. Consequently, when they reached Fort Bridger, they found the post destroyed, and camped for the winter near by on Black Fork, one hundred and fifteen miles from Salt Lake City, giving the site the name of Camp Scott. Colonel Cooke's troops reached it last (Nov. 19th) having lost nearly half their horses and left a trail of dead and dying mules—mainly through starvation. Nevertheless there were of horses, mules and cattle of the whole army enough remaining to make a herd of more than 6,000, and to the troops of the "Second" fell the especially burdensome task of herding these animals in the remote valleys and of guarding them from attacks by the Mormon militia. As a consequence their camps were almost as uncomfortable and unsettled as on the march they had just made. Altogether the conditions at Camp Scott led the Saints to exult mightily. Lorenzo D. Young, for instance, preached a sermon (Dec. 1857) more forcible than elegant, in which he said: "If our enemies—(I do not mean the few out yonder—a swarm of long-billed mosquitoes could eat them up at a supper spell)—I mean the whole United States and the whole world—if they should come upon us they can (*sic*) not prevail." Verily the hearts of the elect waxed bold!

However, before there was any further advance of the force at Camp Scott or of the three thousand assembling at Fort Leavenworth, the peace negotiations reopened by Colonel Thos. L. Kane, a cousin of that Elisha Kent Kane who was once a lieutenant in the "Second," had so far progressed that President Buchanan issued (April 6,) a proclamation pardoning everybody for everything, for the militia of the Nauvoo legion would not acknowledge that they had shed any blood, though confessing the losses mentioned. Consequently, when in June (13th) the troops left Camp Scott, it was to march without let or hindrance to the forbidden city of Salt Lake, only however to find it deserted, for thirty thousand of the elect, taking everything movable with them, had fled to Provo, sixty miles south, leaving only enough men to burn the houses if in any way they should be occupied by the troops; and Colonel Cooke, under whom the Mormon battalion had faithfully served in the Mexican war ten years before, rode with bared head through the desolate streets of the deserted Zion; for the Utah war was over.

Presently the Prophet and his followers returned, but it was with others that the "Second" and the remaining troops had to deal. Brigham Young had within a day or so of the Mountain Meadow massacre threatened, as Superintendent of Indians, to Van Vliet to let the savages loose. There is little evidence that he did so, but from that dark day they were troublesome and the cavalry were busy escorting immigrants in Idaho, Utah and back to Kansas and Nebraska. Lieutenant Gay and Co. H had a fight with the Ute Indians, August 1859, and in 1860 the "Second" was after the Navajos in New Mexico and the Kiowas in Nebraska. In six months the regiment marched, in three or four detachments, 7,600 miles.

The Second Dragoons—still the Second Dragoons, though before many months to be (August 3, 1861) the Second Cavalry—was in the first regular battle of the Civil War—both East and West—and before these open fights, it was an honor claimed for the "Second" to furnish, at least indirectly, the first prisoner of war, as it had in the Mexican War, since Gen. Harney, to whom that distinction was given through his seizure at Harper's Ferry and brief detentions at Richmond, had not been long separated from the regiment with which for twenty-five years his services had been associated.

It was Troop K of the "Second" that as one of the seven cavalry troops in the Union forces at Bull Run, engaged in that affair, and though it did not save the day the troop is reported to have been so used as to make the retreat a little less of a rout, and General Porter in his reports especially mentioned the capture by Sergeant Sachs (K troop) of the Confederate General Geo. H. Steuart, who not long before had been a lieutenant in the "Second"; but we miss from the general orders following the battle General Scott's commendations which he usually issued after his Mexican successes.

At Wilson's Creek, in August, one troop (C) of the "Second" was engaged under Sigel, to suffer with his other forces, but although they retreated from the superior strength of the enemy the results—so said the orders—"gave their exploits the moral effect of victory." The fact is that the "Second" was now fighting, if not its own flesh and blood (for Col. Cooke's son John R. had resigned from the regular

army to enter the Confederate, and his daughter had married J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader of the Army of Virginia; and Ben Lloyd Beall had two sons in the Confederate service, as well as one in the Union) at all events was engaging men of the same race and training, and frequently their former companions in arms, as troop G found in February of the next year, when, acting as artillerists with McRae in General Canby's forces at Fort Craig, N. M., they were fighting Confederates under Henry H. Sibley, who, as a Captain in the "Second" had won a brevet as major at Medelin, Mexico, had long been in the "Second" and who in this particular fight had temporarily the best of it, for Canby had to retire within the fort, though those of the "Second" "bore themselves as men of courage throughout the day." Sibley was not the only general of the Confederate army who had received his training in the "Second" (though he was the only known representative of the regiment in the Egyptian army—he went there as a brigadier general in 1869). Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee, Major General Wm. Steele, General Richard H. Anderson, Lieutenant General Beverly H. Robertson, and Major General F. N. C. Armstrong had all been captains, and Brigadier George H. Steuart had been a second lieutenant. The "Second" furnished a colonel also in Captain R. P. Campbell, and possibly some other officers, as altogether twenty or more resigned at the opening of hostilities. As a compensation twenty-five of the officers of the "Second" were generals in the Union army before its close. The Southern military officers inclined to cavalry always, and when Jefferson Davis, who had been a cavalry officer, was Secretary of War, he favored this arm of the service. The fact that Robert E. Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, Kirby Smith and Albert S. Johnston had been officers in the Fifth Cavalry (once known as the 2nd Cavalry) would account for that regiment furnishing altogether twenty generals for the Confederacy, and for the comparatively greater strength of the cavalry arm of its forces.

The Union authorities were not without appreciation of the cavalry, and they found the old regiments immensely and especially useful in the early months of the war, as shown by the movement of troop C, which after Wilson's Creek left Springfield, Mo., in August and by the way of St. Louis proceeded to Paducah, Ky., where under Gen. Charles F.

Smith it was engaged in scouting and escort duties until February; was in skirmishes Feb. 10th and 11th, and at Fort Donelson shared with General Smith's and General McClernand's divisions in the congratulatory orders of General Grant. At the end of February the troop was at Nashville, Tenn., and early in March on the way to Pittsburg Landing; in that fight, April 6 and 7, under Smith; and under Wallace in the subsequent skirmishes and expeditions about that point. Early in June it was at Corinth, Miss.; late in September it engaged and dispersed Confederate cavalry at Pocahontas, Tenn., and early in November it left Corinth, returning by the way of Holly Springs to Memphis, where it was from the middle of January, 1863, for three months an escort to General Grant. Finally, in May it was sent to the regiment at Falmouth, Va., but fighting with the full regiment first at Aldie; for troop I (which Captain Sibley had the year before thrown over) had also, six months before, come to the other troops from Fort Garland, N. M. The greater part of the regiment had in the meantime been in the siege of Yorktown under Major Pleasanton and General Cooke. It had made the long raid with Stoneman to Richmond and had been in the skirmish at New Bridge, and later at Gaines' Mills, where the noncommissioned officers of troop F are honorably mentioned for specially good conduct and their old fellow soldier, Colonel R. P. Campbell, is killed on the Confederate side. Then South Mountain and Antietam; in the latter engagement under Captain Gordon as escort for Gen. McClellan. Escorting seemed in the first year of the war to be the especial duty of the old and tried cavalry. At Fredericksburg although the Union forces retired before those of Lee, it was Sergeant Martin Hagan of F troop who was left with seven troopers to "remain until relieved," and although engaged with a brigade of the Confederates who were entering the town, remained at his post until the bridges behind him had been removed, then like Horatius at the bridge "plunged headlong in the tide, under a shower of bullets, and swam across without the loss of a man, horse, or article of equipment." Even in the "brave days of old" they did no better.

There were 53 engagements and skirmishes in the Virginia campaigns, in which a greater or lesser number of troops of the "Second" participated; of these General Rodenbough has taken from the depart-

ment records data concerning thirty-nine. Before the next notable engagement of the "Second" it became a part of the cavalry division under Buford. General Rodenbough with just pride says:

"Its history shows that from the time of its organization until the end of the war it captured more men, horses, guns and munitions than would equip it thrice over. And yet, during this time it never suffered a surprise; never "lost a wheel"—captured by the enemy—and never met the enemy's cavalry but to defeat it."

By General Merritt's figures it was the battle of Beverly Ford (June 9, 1863) in which the "Second" lost most heavily. In that engagement he states that of fifteen officers of the regiment, eleven were wounded, including Captain Canfield killed; and of two hundred and twenty-five available men—all of the regiment's engaged—sixty-eight were killed or wounded. Twelve hours the "Second" was in the hottest of the fight, fourteen hours under fire; once in the midst of it Sergeant Major Delacour defended a wounded officer, killing a Confederate officer who had attacked his disabled chief.

In the entire month of June, 1863, preceding the battle of Gettysburg, Merritt's command marched and fought more or less every day, such engagements as Aldie, Middleborough, and Upperville.

It was in these movements preliminary to Gettysburg that the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, as long afterward pointed out by Captain Moses Harris (of the First Cavalry) as well as others, "for the first time in its history was given an opportunity to perform those duties of reconnoissance and observation which are such an essential and important feature of the cavalry arm,"—such duties as were made an especial feature of the cavalry service in the Franco-Prussian war and then considered as peculiar to the Prussian tactics. Previous to that time although McClellan before his tour of observation abroad had been a captain of cavalry, General Pleasanton (who while Brigadier of volunteers, still held his rank as a captain of the Second Cavalry) had had a much less available force of mounted troops than his rival, "Jeb" Stuart, on the Confederate side.

SEATTLE. W. B. RUGGLES.

(To be Continued)

THE BOYS OF 1861[1]

NOT very long ago I received a communication from an old soldier comrade who informed me that he had been appointed a committee of one by his post of the Grand Army to select an orator for Memorial Day. "I racked my brain," wrote he, "trying to think of somebody and finally I thought of you." As the result of a similar cerebral agitation I arrived at the theme of the simple and brief story I have to present to you this evening. It is the first paper our persistent and enegertic committee has succeeded in goading me to attempt and I therefore thought I would commence logically and as children, the best judges of stories, always require their entertainers to do, "at the very beginning." I have no apology to make for writing largely in the first person. Although my subject is a collective one I consider that I can best treat it by telling the story of that one of the boys of '61 I know best, believing it is typical of a large number of that of his comrades, and that the personal "saga," the plain narrative of individual experience, is of the greatest human interest and the best material for history.

I cast my first vote in September, 1860. Although it was the state election my vote virtually counted for Lincoln and Hamlin. Immediately after that election I was induced by two college friends in Woodstock, Vermont, one the teacher of the high school, and the other, a law student, to go to that beautiful village, known throughout the state as "Woodstock Green," and begin my law studies in the same office with my friend. Vermont duly rejoiced at the election of Lincoln, and then settled down to its usual quiet course. It is true that what with states seceding, senators and representatives withdrawing from Congress, the air filled with direful threats, prophecies of evil and all manner of "inductions dangerous," with much argument as to the "nature of the compact" and the true meaning of the constitution, and misty with innumerable propositions, devices and suggestions for averting the imminent calamity,—the political situation was interesting, not to say lively. Still it seemed to be only a sharp game of politics differing in degree

[1] Read before the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

and intensity, but not in kind, from the same old game that had been played so many years. In fact the game had been for some years of an exceedingly intense and sensational character, and had been accompanied with bloodshed on the prairies of Kansas and on the floor of the Senate. To the student of history it may seem strange that the people of the North did not foresee the catastrophe to which the long, bitter struggle was swiftly tending and make preparation to meet it. But that people were of various minds, and events were as yet but leading up to that near day and occasion that should weld them together as one man and inspire them with one purpose, one glorious enthusiasm, one invincible determination. As I recall those days it seems to me that there was no marked apprehension of an approaching catacylsm in the affairs of the country. To Republicans the culmination of the strenuous political conflict seemed to have been reached in the election of Lincoln and the triumph of their party; that the demonstrations of the beaten party were intended to intimidate the victors sufficiently to procure concessions from them; and that when the President should have been inaugurated all opposition would cease or matters would be accomodated somehow as they had been in the past.

At any rate the war cloud was not dark enough to cast any gloom on the cheerful pages of Blackstone, or to so darken the moon as to prevent sleighing, coasting, and skating with the Vermont girls when opportunity offered itself. Referring to "the records," however, it appears that I was not entirely oblivious of the ferment that was going on in the country, especially in the South. One evening in January when my roommates had left our quarters to quiet and to me, the unwonted solitude had the effect to set me to developing, so to speak, a few verses which I sent to *Vanity Fair*, the American *Punch* of that day, whose cartoons illustrating the political situation were very powerful and attracted much attention. I quote them here not to establish my fame as a poet, but to show the spirit of the time and the accuracy of my prophetic vision. They were written apropos of the secession of South Carolina and appeared in the issue of *Vanity Fair* for the first week of February, 1861. Having in mind the formula that introduces the moral of the fables in the Latin studies of my school-days, I styled my little fable

HÆC FABULA DOCET.

A slender vine on an old oak hung
  And clasped its scaly rind;
From trunk to top its pennons flung,
  And laughed to scorn the wind.

And men, who passed the way along,
  Admired, and oft would speak
Of the kindly law that gave the strong
  To aid and shield the weak.

Indeed it was as fair a sight
  As any in the land,
To see the puny parasite
  Upborne by tree so grand.

One day the vine in anger said,
  "My tendrils I'll untie,—
Alone, aloft I'll rear my head
  And leave the oak to die."

The winds were out, and strong they grew,
  And hurtled through the air;
They whistled and blew the old oak through
  And laid its branches bare.

The tempest ceased; its rage was o'er;
  Gaily the sun did shine;
The sturdy oak stood as before,—
  Low lay the lifeless vine.

The prophecy of my muse was based upon the contingency of persistence on the part of the vine rather than a belief that it had let go for good. The contingency became reality; the winds were out in great force; the Union stood the shock and South Carolina was laid low.

Even after the inauguration there could have been little expectation of serious trouble; any, at least, likely to affect me personally, because I was then making plans for the summer vacation. I proposed to an old college friend in Worcester that he join me in a trip to Moosehead Lake. He waited until the first call for troops and then answered my invitation by an invitation to me to join the Worcester company of militia in which he had enlisted. The firing on Sumter, April 12, and the President's call on the fifteenth, for seventy-five thousand troops, brought on a new order of things. It seemed as if the people had suddenly started up broad-awake from a deep slumber. Their thoroughly aroused indignation and patriotism could find no expression that seemed adequate. "The boys" found some vent for their feelings in perambulating the streets far into the snight, singing with more zeal than melody, "Dixie," "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and such snatches of the old patriotic songs as any of them could remember. In a letter to a member of my family, dated the sixteenth, I wrote, "It is dull music, this law business, in such stirring times as have fallen upon us. Woodstock, in common with the rest of the North is alive to the realities that now face us. The war news produced a real intoxication. The only question is, 'Are you going to the war?' The 'Woodstock Light Infantry,' Captain Washburn, the senior member of the firm in whose office I am reading, the oldest and best company in the state, are making preparations to respond to the requisition. We learn to-night that four regiments are ordered from Massachusetts. While I write, eight P. M., Captain Washburn and his lieutenants are in the back office holding a council. They have just received an order from Governor Fairbanks granting them a full supply of the new rifle-muskets. I try to read law, but I fear that I do not fully apprehend the text as I turn the leaves over, for visions of 'bristling bayonets' and 'ensanguined fields' often blur the print."

As soon as the call was made I was eager to enlist although none of my friends and associates in the town, with the exception of Captain Washburn, belonged to the "Light Infantry" or proposed to join it. I wrote home for permission and as soon as I received a God-speed signed by all my family, I enrolled myself in the company. I do not remember the exact date of my enlistment, but I find in a letter of mine

dated April 23, that reference is made to my having enlisted. The motive that impelled me to enlist was that common to the most of the soldiers of the Union Army, the desire to avenge the insult to the flag and to maintain the integrity of the Union. It was, no doubt, sensibly intensified by the less laudable, perhaps, but no less human eagerness to take advantage of the opportunity to vindicate the quality of Yankee manhood and courage against the aspersions that Southerners were accustomed to cast upon it, boastfully arrogating the equality in prowess of one son of chivalry to anywhere from three to ten of the "Northern scum," according to the enthusiasm of the occasion. Like most of my comrades I was not an Abolitionist, but a Lincoln Republican, opposed to the extension of slavery but not advocating a crusade against it. Not that I thought of slavery as other than a blot on our civilization and a hindrance to the progress of our country, an institution injurious alike to slave and master, but love for the Union made its welfare the first consideration, and for that sake I was willing to see slavery let alone in its ancient habitat to await the chances of the future.

The thirst for glory and the novelty of the soldier's life would not have been sufficient of themselves to induce me to enlist. As a boy I had read and reread with breathless interest Headley's glowing stories of *Washington and His Generals* and *Napoleon and His Marshals*, and I had the fondness common to most boys, for recitals of all sorts of adventures on land and sea. As a boy I had cheered for the victories of Winfield Scott and "Old Zach" in far-off Mexico, and had gazed in awe and admiration on the one bronzed veteran who visited my native town immediately after the war, as a hero who had no doubt often personally encountered Santa Anna in the red glare of battle. I had never, however, seen more of the pomp and circumstance of war than that attending the holiday parade of a single company of militia, and had never had a temptation or an opportunity to indulge in the delights of drill. The outdoor, gypsy life of the soldier had positive and strong attractions for me. I did not "go for a soldier" out of pure gaiety of heart, as the French say,—in a light and careless spirit,—but soberly and advisedly, as they are advised to do who contemplate entering the matrimonial arena. Impelled primarily by a sense of patriotic duty to enter the ranks, the secondary considerations were

such as to make the thought of becoming a soldier full of delightfully thrilling sensations and anticipations. I felt as if I were "lining up" with the men of '76 and the legions that so nobly illustrated American valor at Buena Vista and Palo Alto, and had pleasurable visions of dwelling in the "tented field," and of bivouacs,—how finely that word sounded once and what a chill it strikes to the marrow now,—in the forest, by noble rivers, or on lonely hillsides,—of lodging like Scott's soldier:

> "The heath this night shall be my bed,
> The bracken curtain to my head,
> My lullaby the warder's tread."

I had, too, some curiosity, if not an ardent longing, to ascertain experimentally the sensation of facing death in battle and, perhaps, in the background of my day-dreams there was the outline of a hope that some "glint of glory" might strike my helmet. The whole loyal people were in a state of highly wrought exaltation, and it is hardly conceivable that the boys who came to the front could have maintained an exceptionally philosophic frame of mind. The "Woodstock Light Infantry" was an old company of the militia, and naturally enough its personnel underwent a rapid change as soon as there appeared to be a prospect of active service. The infirm, those who had married a wife, all who had too much stomach for the march or too little for the fight, fell out promptly and their places were speedily filled by men from Woodstock and the surrounding towns. The company was soon filled to its maximum and numbered seventy-three enlisted men and three officers, as good men and true as ever shouldered a musket. The average age of the seventy-six was twenty-six years. Forty-one were twenty-four and under. The youngest was eighteen and the oldest man forty-three. No time was lost in preparing for service. Recruits were measured for their uniforms as fast as they came in, and were put to drill at once. Every day and all day we were exercised; in the street when the weather was fair, in the armory when it was rainy. We had a great variety of drill, set-up, school of the soldier and of the company, bayonet exercise, skirmish drill, goose step, common time and double-quick. We were drilled a part of the time in Scott's Tactics, which had

come down from the great Frederick and Napoleon. The Scott drill was very showy, especially the marching by the flank in two ranks with lock step, musket at the "carry," the butt resting in the left at the hip. We were drilled chiefly, however, in "Hardee," and we were well and thoroughly drilled. Our first sergeant, Sweet,[1] had been a long time in the company and was an enthusiastic soldier and a fine drill officer. He was a shoemaker and always kept his musket handy, so that when he became cramped at the bench, he might "limber up" by putting himself through the manual. At the close of our three months' service Sergeant Sweet was commissioned a captain in the regular army.

We had also a drill officer while at Woodstock, Cadet Eayre,[2] a Jersey boy, from the Vermont Military Academy at Norwich; as soldierly a young fellow as any West Pointer, and an accomplished drill officer. The next time I met him, after our parting at Woodstock, was when our brigade at Gettysburg, coming on to the field immediately upon our arrival after the long march of the Sixth Corps, formed in rear of the Third Corps. Eayre, who was then Adjutant-general of Burling's Brigade of the Third Corps, was swept back with a crowd of broken troops. I recognized him and asked him what was the matter. "All gone to h——, and the rebs are close at our heels," was the reply. But the Twelfth Corps, whom we had seen double-quicking as we came on the field, had arrived in time to give moral support, and the Third Corps held its ground. The last time I saw Eayre was on the Sunday before the army set out on the campaign of the Wilderness. I had been calling on my friend, Colonel West,[3] of the 17th Maine, and he rode home with me. On the way back we picked up Eayre, who came along with us. We were speculating on the chances of the campaign opening and Eayre said, "I don't care how soon it opens or what becomes of me. I have just been home on leave and things did not go right there." Before the next Sunday he fell, shot through the head, and Colonel West and I both were wounded.

In a home letter of that time I find that "The Company marched

[1] William Sweet, Captain 17th Infantry.
[2] Thomas W. Eayre, Captain and A. A. G. Vols. He was killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
[3] George W. West.

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had no blouse or undress coat and therefore had to drill
ull dress. The regiment was armed with new Springfield
or the "Maynard primer," which was never used so far as
We were regularly equipped with knapsacks, haversacks and

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busy with drills, reviews, parades and guard-mountings.
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try; it was thronged with visitors, men, women and children.
tentions gave the boys a little joke on me. One evening at
they heard one of the spectators say, "Do you mind that tall
on the right? He is an Irishman. His name is Connor. I
the name called plainly."

Thinking it a good thing to do in order to toughen ourselves for

to Dr. Clement's church (Orthodox) and were addressed in a real '76 patriotic sermon," and I add, "I saw a great many eyes glisten and some of the congregation sobbed outright." In the same letter I wrote, "The whole village is a military camp. Even the women and the little girls are at work to help us off." I remember how full of zeal the ladies were supplying us with articles useful and otherwise. I think I had three "havelocks." The common impression was that the sunbonnet invented by the great soldier of India was an almost indispensable article in the torrid climate of Virginia. We tried hard to think them useful and comfortable but gave it up after a short trial.

As an instance of the general good-will, John Pynx, a young blacksmith with whom I had a very slight acquaintance, presented me with a formidable "bowie" made by him from a file, in order that I might be properly "heeled" for the close work we were expecting, or expected, to encounter.

By industrious application and hard work under the exceptionally efficient instruction of Sergeant Sweet and Cadet Eayre we had arrived at a fairly good condition of discipline and drill when the long-expected order came to repair to the rendezvous of the regiment at Rutland. The whole village assembled on "The Green" to see us off. Jacob Collamer, the well-known senator from Vermont, a citizen of Woodstock, gave us a send-off in a patriotic speech, and final leaves were taken over and again. Captain Washburn, in a voice somewhat husky and emotional, called for "Three cheers for the homes we leave behind us," and then we mounted the wagons that were to take us over the mountains and across the state, and started to "put down the Rebellion," fearing a little that it might be squelched before we got there, cheering and cheered till we were out of range. Everywhere along the road we were received with hearty acclamations, fervent good wishes and emphatic injunctions to "wipe out the rebels."

One little scene remains as a picture in my memory. Near the top of the Green Mountains a seven by nine schoolhouse stood near the road, and in front of it was a bevy of school children, boys and girls, decked out with red, white and blue, and two little fellows with fife and drum played "Yankee Doodle" for all they were worth, while the rest of

the party cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. It struck me that they were genuine descendants of the Ethan Allen stock.

At Rutland we were encamped, with the other companies of the regiment, in Sibley tents, on a meadow near the town. The regiment was organized with John W. Phelps as colonel, and our captain, Peter T. Washburn, as lieutenant-colonel. Butler says in his "Book,"—"Among the regiments that came to me was the 1st Vermont, under the command of Colonel Phelps, formerly of the regular army. He was one of the best soldiers I ever saw, and the finest man in every relation of life that I ever met, except one. He was an Abolitionist of the most profound, energetic and forth-putting type."

Colonel Washburn was one of the ablest lawyers in Vermont. He served only through the three-months' term of the regiment. He was adjutant-general of Vermont for 1864, 1865 and 1866, and subsequently governor of the state. The regiment in line looked somewhat like a patchwork quilt. Each company had its own style of uniform. Some were gray, some blue, and others a combination. There were dress coats, frock coats and jackets. The uniform of our company was neat and becoming, but stiff and old-fashioned, gray throughout; dress coat with white facings, a broad white stripe on the trousers, gray chasseur cap. We had no blouse or undress coat and therefore had to drill and work in full dress. The regiment was armed with new Springfield rifles fitted for the "Maynard primer," which was never used so far as I know. We were regularly equipped with knapsacks, haversacks and canteens.

From our going into camp on the second, until our departure, we were kept busy with drills, reviews, parades and guard-mountings. The camp attracted everybody, apparently, from the city and surrounding country; it was thronged with visitors, men, women and children. Their attentions gave the boys a little joke on me. One evening at roll-call they heard one of the spectators say, "Do you mind that tall fellow on the right? He is an Irishman. His name is Connor. I heard the name called plainly."

Thinking it a good thing to do in order to toughen ourselves for

the work and hardships before us, some of us took a morning bath in the brook that ran near the camp. As a natural result I took a severe cold. The effects of that imprudent bath lasted for six months.

On the ninth of May the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States by Lieutenant-Colonel Rains[4] of the regular army. The next day we took a train for New York. At Troy the regiment marched past the residence of General Wool and was reviewed by that veteran of the Mexican War, from the steps of his house. At Albany an old friend of my college days, John Flagg, subsequently mayor of the city, found me and so loaded me down with smokables and edibles that for a time I was very popular in my company. On our arrival in New York we marched, company front, down Broadway to the Park Barracks. Every man had a sprig of evergreen in his cap to mark him as a "Green Mountain Boy" and felt that it was incumbent on him to bear himself worthily of his illustrious forbears. Just enough regiments had preceded us to excite the patriotic enthusiasm of New York to the highest pitch of enthusiasm in welcoming us. The whole length of our route down Broadway the sidewalks were packed with people shouting, yelling, cheering, "hi-hi-ing," waving flags and handkerchiefs, and making such demonstrations as only a New York crowd is capable of doing.

Bunner, in his poem before the Society of the Army of the Potomac last year, well described the reception,—of which that to us was a good sample,—New York gave the passing regiments:

> The cheers of the crowd rise around them,
> And run in a rattling roar
> Down on each side of the column
> And out like a fire before.
> It swells by their side to a thunder
> That hushes the beat of their feet,
> It catches their cadence of marching,
> And rolls it ahead down the street;

[4] Gabriel J. Rains, Lt. Col. Fifth Infantry. He afterwards resigned and joined the rebel army.

Down the whole length of the roadway
  Through the throng of the thousands that wait,
Down goes the heralding thunder
  As the troops march on in state.
And down where the Battery breezes
  Are blowing through Bowling Green,
The men of New York are cheering
  The troops that they have not seen.

Such an experience is memorable for a lifetime. The distinguished position I occupied on the right of the company subjected me to some exceptional hardships,—the common lot of greatness. The gutter was slanting and slippery and the crowd sometimes pressed upon us who were on the flank so that we had to fend them off or break files. A heavy and unaccustomed knapsack pulling at my chest, together with the miseries of my cold, made breathing an act of heroic effort. Broadway seemed a very *long* way as well. Before we were half-way to the barracks I would have swapped the rest of the glory for a seat in any old hack, and given something to boot. We were quartered that night at the Park Barracks. The next day we had leave to go where we pleased until a certain hour when there would be a roll-call. First Sergeant Sweet invited several of the company to go to Castle Garden with him where Colonel Rush C. Hawkins, a Vermonter and an old acquaintance of his, was drilling his Zouaves. As we entered the gallery the Zouaves drilling on the floor greeted us with cheers for "Vermont." When we went away they guyed us good naturedly on our "steel-pen" coats, which were in such marked contrast to their easy jackets. A few weeks later Hawkins' Zouaves joined us at Newport News. It was the only regiment I remember to have seen marching to the music of a corps of buglers. I consider the old fife and drum the proper instruments for infantry, and I am glad to see that our army is getting back to them after a trial of trumpets.

At five o'clock in the evening of the eleventh, the 1st Vermont embarked on the steamer *Alabama* for Fort Monroe. In a letter home written with a pencil on a sheet of paper bearing the flag and shield in red, white and blue, with the legend, "It shall be defended,"—a good

specimen of the patriotic stationery of those days,—and headed "On board the *Alabama,* May 12, 1861," I wrote as follows:

"Here we are off the coast of Delaware or Virginia, somewhere on our way to Fort Monroe, which we expect to reach at six to-night. We started from New York at five last night; have had beautiful weather, notwithstanding which nearly all have been sick, myself among the rest. I don't feel much like writing, but a message will return by this steamer and there is no regular communication with the Fort, and I thought I would drop you a line to inform you that 'I still live' though somewhat uncomfortably. I was sick when I came on board, and the swells and the motions of the steamer are not invigorating in their tendencies. There was almost a mutiny on board last night. The men were tired, sick, hungry and sleepy, and no adequate arrangements had been made for our comfort. I wrapped myself in my blanket and lay down to try to sleep on the open deck; but Colonel Washburn found me and made me share his own stateroom where I slept soundly the rest of the night."

We did not arrive that night but sometime the following day. The captain could not find the entrance to Chesapeake Bay in the night for the good reason that the lights on Capes Charles and Henry had been extinguished by the rebels. I remember all the miseries of that voyage, and especially how perverted the odors of tobacco smoke and coffee became to my blunted sense of smell. Those exhalations so fragrant to the normal sense were transmuted to the vilest stenches imaginable.

At the fort we found the little garrison of regulars, three hundred and fifty strong, and the 3d and 4th Massachusetts Regiments which had preceded us a few days. We pitched our tents first in the close confines of the water battery, but the space was so narrow and the location so inconvenient, that after a few days we left our tents and occupied the Hygeia Hotel, which had been thoroughly dismantled by its owners so that we had to sleep on the floor, which was no improvement on the sand we had left. Our cook-tents were pitched in the front yard.

Referring to a letter written May 19, I find that we were real sol-

diers at that early period of our service, full of growls at the "grub." It seems to have been my good fortune to contribute something to the amelioration of the bill of fare. The letter says, "We have two cooks to a company. I posted ours on baking beans in woods style and the men are eager for more of 'Connor's beans' after one trial." I was considerate enough to add that we expected coarse food, but that it would be wholesome and sufficient in quantity,—that the full army ration would be satisfactory if we could only get it. The sea air and the unwonted exercise gave us stalwart appetites. Besides drills, parades and guard duty with the regulars, there was much heavy fatigue, dragging "Columbiads" to their place of mounting, carrying water and rations, policing, etc. Dress parades were held on the broad, level parade inside the fort. The beauty of the parade and its surroundings and the effective lighting up of the long line of bayonets by the low sun striking across the ramparts made the spectacle one of the most pleasing in my memory. It was very interesting to me to be on duty as a private with regular soldiers. They were quiet, orderly, thoroughly disciplined men and did their duty promptly and cheerfully. The noncommissioned officers put on no disagreeable airs of authority; at the same time they gave orders as if they expected to be obeyed, and they were.

The twenty-third of May the 1st Vermont made the first reconnaisance made by any Union force into rebel territory. It had been rumored that General Magruder was assembling a rebel force at Hampton a few miles from the fort, and Colonel Phelps was ordered by Colonel Dimmick,[5] the commandant of the fort, to take his regiment and investigate. At the first halt, Colonel Phelps, fearing perhaps that our short experience on the drill ground had not fully prepared us for the conditions of active service, called out in his high, thin voice, "If we have to form line you'll have to do it just as if there were no fences or anything in the way." As we marched along the road we were reminded of the stories of Concord and Lexington by seeing men unharness the horses with which they were plowing, mount them and ride away to give warning of our approach. Presently a young man wearing a military cap and mounted on a fiery white steed came down the road

[5] Justin Dimmick, Colonel First Artillery.

galloping furiously, drew up by the colonel's side and addressed him in a very excited manner, asking the meaning of this "invasion." The colonel answered that his intentions were entirely peaceful and that nobody would be hurt unless we were attacked. "I presume," said the herald, "that you will grant us the usage of war and give us time to remove the women and children." "Oh, let them stay," replied the colonel in his benevolent manner, "we want to see them, too." The Virginian thereupon put spurs to his horse and rode back as furiously as he came. In a few minutes a dense cloud of smoke arose toward Hampton and the right company, which was the Swanton, was sent forward at the double-quick. They found that tar had been poured over the planks in the middle of the bridge leading to Hampton, and fired. The fire was extinguished by the time the regiment came up and it marched across without any halting or hesitation. At the farther end of the bridge a small howitzer was lying in the mud where it had apparently been dumped when it was seen that we meant business. As we marched into the town there was evidence of fear of the Yankees in the wagons hastily loaded with household articles. We learned afterwards that the inhabitants generally expected to be "butchered" by the barbarians and that the women and children were terror stricken and hid themselves everywhere. At the business center of the town the regiment was halted, brought to a front and arms were ordered. The darkies were grinning as if they enjoyed the situation, and the white men looked very black and tried to put on an unconcerned air as if they did not see any Yankees. Colonel Phelps, who had once been stationed at the fort, met and talked with several acquaintances, and then, after a few minutes' occupation of the town, faced us about and led us back. We were rather disappointed, not having found any rebels in arms, but we had rendered a service and for a time we had enjoyed the thrill of expectation of a scrimmage.

On our return we encamped, with several other regiments, on the shore of the mainland between the fort and Hampton. The only incident of that encampment was a call to arms caused by some mischievous or cantankerous mule on a "midnight tear." None of the other regiments had ammunition so a loud cry went up from them all of "Turn out, Vermont."

In the meantime General Butler had taken command, and by his order the 1st Vermont, 4th Massachusetts and the "Steuben Rifles," a German regiment from New York City, on the twenty-seventh of May embarked on steamers at the fort and were taken to Newport News where we at once set about establishing the entrenched camp named after our commander, Camp Butler. It was a beautiful spot when we landed. Surmounting the scarped bank, covered with trees and shrubs, at the foot of which copious springs welled out all along the bank, making it a favorite watering-place for the men-of-war, we came to a broad level field covered with tall, waving wheat. The house of Mr. West, the owner of the field, was the only building in sight. We pitched our tents in the midst of the wheat and in a few hours there was a poor outlook for a crop. The place has undergone many changes since that day. Now it is the site of a flourishing new city and the terminus of a great coal railroad; and where the skiff of the oysterman used to be tied there is a great ship-building plant where they build battle ships cheaper than anywhere else in the whole country. The field works, traced by an engineer officer, were nearly crescent in form, both flanks resting on the river. On the bank there was a small battery of siege guns to protect the water front. My company flattered itself that its portion of the field work was the best on the line. We cut and "toted" for a long distance hard pine logs nearly a foot through and stood them on end close together in a trench, to form the revetment. The embankment was six feet high with a banquette. The earth was solidly tamped down and the ditch, seven feet deep and fifteen feet wide at the top, was set with sharp pointed stakes for spitting intruders.

This was our home during the remaining two months and more of our service. We had the usual round of drills, guard duty, fatigue, inspections and an occasional review, in preparation for which we early mastered the art of stuffing knapsacks with paper. The bathing was fine, and it was as good as an opera to visit the German camp and hear the fine singing which was going on in the street of some company every evening, in which every man of the company took part. Small scouting parties under an officer or non-commissioned officer were allowed to range the country in our front, and these expeditions were very popular because of the chance of adventure, of foraging for tomatoes and other

vegetables through the abandoned "truck" gardens, and of getting buttermilk and "pone" at the farmhouses. A party of our company one day made a sad discovery, the body of Dana Whitney, a member of the company, lying in the road riddled with buckshot. He was detailed in the quartermaster's office and that day he and the quartermaster of the German regiment had procured mounts and were riding along the road when they were bushwhacked. Whitney fell and the German escaped by leaving his horse and taking to the bush. In the report of the adjutant-general of Vermont the "casualties" of the regiment are reported as "six deaths; five disease, one accident." Poor "Dane!" I wonder where he comes in. Was that charge of buckshot a "disease," or an accident?"

There were thirteen of us in our "Sibley" tent," all "six-footers." We had a brush shade in front with broad seats under it,—a true Southern "po'ch." The ration question we settled by sending to New York for groceries, and supplementing the cook's rations by cooking for ourselves in a very successful oven, which we had constructed of brick and clay. Some of the mess were ambitious amateur cooks and regarded nothing in the culinary line as impossible. We were hospitable within our limits and the rest of the company therefore had no occasion to be envious of our enterprise.

A section of Greble's Battery that had been sent with us from the fort was retained for the protection of the angles of our works. The force of regulars at the fort was so small that a sufficient number of men to man these guns could not be spared, and therefore twenty-four men were detailed from the 1st Vermont to learn the artillery drill under Corporal Peoples of the Battery. Peoples was a good-looking young Irishman, who had been some time in the service; a quiet, modest fellow and an efficient and faithful soldier. Later in the war he was commissioned a lieutenant in the regular service. I had a call from him in '64 or '65, when I was in Douglass Hospital, and his plain straps seemed to have transformed him into a "biger man than old Grant."

I thought I was lucky to be put on the detail because, although we had to drill five hours a day, I wanted to learn the drill, and our detail was exempt from all other duty, and there was a good deal of shovel

and pickax work going on just then. Perhaps I was lucky on the whole, but I questioned my good luck when a collision of my elbow with the sight of the piece a few days before "Big Bethel" so benumbed my arm that I could not handle a rifle for some time, and was in consequence prevented from marching with my company to that inglorious field. Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, who was to command the Camp Butler contingent of the attacking force, sent for me the evening before the expedition was to start at an early hour of the morning, to come to his tent and take care of it in his absence. I assisted, as a listener merely, at a consultation Colonel Washburn had that evening with several officers who were to accompany him, among them Major Theodore Winthrop, who was so soon to fall. The next day we heard the guns and pictured to ourselves the horrible slaughter that was going on, and the wild rush of our boys over the rebel works. Towards evening I saw my company marching into its street, and with it was a wagon that seemed heavily laden. I went with slow, hesitating steps to meet them, fearful that some of my closest comrades might be among the dead and wounded who had probably been brought back in the wagon. On a nearer approach it seemed more like a peddler's cart than an ambulance. The load was the miscellaneous stock of some country store, the "spoil of war," everything from a saddle to a hoop skirt. The boys were all there, tired, but in good spirits. All there but one. Reub Parker did not answer at roll-call. At first there was little anxiety on his account. Perhaps he had got separated from the company in some way and would come in later. Days and weeks passed and there was no sign of his existence, and he was given up as probably killed in action. At home his funeral sermon was preached and his family put on mourning. One day two red-legged "Louisiana Tigers" came into camp under a white flag, and brought Reub with them in exchange. He had been taken a prisoner to Richmond and had the honor to be the first guest of Hotel de Libby. He was looking as well as ever and had many stories to tell us of the curiosity of the people to see the Yankee, and of the uncourteous remarks addressed to him by his visitors.

On the march out there was a lively incident which was probably considered tragical by some of the participants. As the regiment was

passing by a fine house in the gray of the morning, the owner, a rebel officer, who happened to be at home, was so angered at the sight of the Yankee invaders that he seized a rifle and fired at the column, the shot doing no other damage than perforating Sergeant Sweet's trousers. The column halted, and Adjutant Stevens and a squad of men burst into the house, and finding the officer who had with more pluck than discretion challenged so unequal a contest, the adjutant, a tall, powerful man, seized him by the collar, and holding him off, gave him a sound kicking. The men in the meantime put a feather bed under the piano and set fire to it and then the march was resumed, lighted up by the burning house.

Big Bethel was a blunder for which Ben Butler was primarily responsible. He tries to shift the responsibility in his book, but the memorandum of his arrangements which he gives is sufficient to convict him. Still, if there had been any soldier, like Greble or Winthrop, in command, the expedition would, no doubt, have been successful.

After Big Bethel there was no special excitement at our post. The usual routine was observed, and regiments came and went. Usually there were four or five regiments in the camp. Rumors of great things to come were as plentiful as in after days of the war. Now, General Butler was to be largely reinforced for an expedition against Yorktown or Richmond. Again, there was to be a combined military and naval movement against Norfolk, our neighbor across the bay. Occasionally there was a "scare" that an expedition was preparing at Norfolk against us, but the *Merrimac's* time had not yet come.

As the expiration of our term of service grew near, there was a project for sending us to the eastern peninsula, Northampton and Accomac Counties, but for some reason it was not carried out.

On the fourth of August the regiment embarked on the steamers *Ben Deford* and *S. R. Spaulding* for New Haven. Thence it was conveyed by rail to Brattleboro, Vermont, where it arrived late in the evening of the seventh. The muster out was delayed for several reasons,—among them the important one of the non-arrival of the paymaster,—and was not made until the fifteenth and sixteenth, so that we

served nearly four months from the commencement of drill in the companies. We were paid off in gold by Major Thomas H. Halsey, and then the First Vermont Infantry ceased to exist, and its component members scattered, to return to the field,—the greater number of them, —in other organizations. Six hundred of them re-enlisted, and two hundred and fifty became commissioned officers. Of the Woodstock Company one attained the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, another became colonel of the Sixth Vermont, seven were captains and ten lieutenants.

One of the proprietors of the grocery store we frequented when the company was organizing and drilling was Daniel Stearns, an old Mexican soldier, and formerly a resident of Skowhegan. "It makes me laugh," he used to say to us, "to hear you boys talking of getting out after your three-months' service. You'll find that when you have begun to follow the drum you will have to keep on just as long as the music holds out." And we found it so.

For myself, I had greatly enjoyed my initiation into the soldier's life. I was glad that I had begun by carrying a musket and had received so good a training as a soldier in the ranks. The spirit of comradery was strong in the company and there never was any strife or bickering among its members. I had a friendly regard for them all, and I made many friends, too, in other companies of the regiment. In the course of the war I met many of my comrades of the 1st Vermont. On the way to Gettysburg we marched past the 16th Vermont, which under Veazey did such gallant service on that field, halted by the roadside, and three or four old messmates in the 1st Vermont, officers of the 16th, came out to see me. There was but one opportunity in the company for promotion, caused by the resignation of a lieutenant, and the advancement of the ranking non-commissioned officer left a vacancy for a corporal which was filled by my appointment. On being mustered out the offer was made me of a captaincy in Colonel Stoughton's regiment (4th Vermont), then forming. I declined because I proposed to return to the field with men of my own state. Several weeks before the expiration of my service I was informed that a company had been raised in my native town, Fairfield, and that I had

been chosen captain, and I was urged to get my discharge and take the company at once. I preferred, for some reason, to serve out my enlistment. I arrived in Augusta the twenty-first of August, and learned that my company had been assigned to the 7th Maine, and that, by some misunderstanding, both Captain T. W. Hyde, of the Bath Company, and I had been elected Major. Governor Washburn arranged the matter by appointing me lieutenant-colonel. The 7th was mustered in the next day and left for Baltimore where I joined it a fortnight afterwards.

The first instalment of the boys of '61, the seventy-five thousand of the President's first call, constituted a limited association which was considered to have an option on putting down the Rebellion in ninety days. The new association was practically unlimited; there was a chance for everybody who wanted to help and was willing to stand by the Union for three years at least. The events of the three months had given a more serious aspect to the situation. Yet with equal readiness the second instalment of volunteers enlisted under the flag, to suffer and to die under it, or to triumph with it.

SELDEN CONNOR.

PORTLAND, ME.

CHARLES SUMNER

(*Second Paper*)

IN 1848, Sumner's name stood second on the call, sent forth from his office, for the convening at Worcester of all the citizens of the Commonwealth opposed to the nominations of Cass and Taylor; and his was the speech which at this beginning of the separate Free Soil organization in Massachusetts—the forerunner of the Republican Party—did most to fire the patriotism of the thousands there assembled. The line soon became clearly drawn between the "Conscience Whigs" and the "Cotton Whigs." In the months that followed, balked in all efforts to induce the Whig Party as a whole to take a positive stand against the advance of slavery, the Free Soilers turned to the Democrats, and in coalition with them fought through the State campaign of 1850. Sumner, on the eve of the election, summed up the issues in a great speech in Faneuil Hall. Denouncing the new fugitive slave law in scathing terms, he invoked not violence but "the contempt, the indignation, the abhorrence of the community" as "the weapons which should drive the slave-hunter out of Massachusetts." Referring to the fact that he himself was commissioner of a United States Court, and that before him "the panting fugitive might be dragged for the decision whether he is a freeman or a slave," Sumner said "I cannot forget that I am a *man,* although I am a *commissioner.*" To the oft-urged claim that the Compromise had settled the slavery question, came his ringing retort: "Nothing, sir, can be settled which is not right!"

That speech made Sumner the Free Soilers' inevitable choice for the Senate. Yet such was the reluctance to send to Washington so radical a leader that, in violation of their caucus pledge, Democratic members of the Legislature refused to support him. For more than three months the election was deadlocked, till finally recourse was had to a practice disused almost from the days of the Revolution: in several towns the citizens met in special town-meeting, and adopted express instructions to their representatives to vote for Charles Sumner. Obedience to this mandate secured his election by a majority of one vote. The event was hailed not only in Massachusetts but in other States with

beacon fires, the ringing of bells, the firing of guns and holding of public meetings. Yet it brought to Sumner no exultation. "From the bottom of my heart," he wrote to his brother, "I say that I do not wish to be Senator. The honors of the post have no attraction for me; and I feel a pang at the thought that I now bid farewell to that life of quiet study which I had hoped to pursue . . . I am met constantly by joyful faces but I have no joy; my heart is heavy." From Theodore Parker came a greeting which was also a prophecy:—"You told me once that you were in morals, not in politics. Now I hope that you are still in morals, although in politics. I hope that you will be the senator with a conscience."

In this year, when Sumner entered upon his new career, the Senate underwent a great transformation. Calhoun had died during the previous session. Webster had become Secretary of State, and his voice was never again to be heard in the Senate. Henry Clay, the father of three great compromises, for the last time tottered feebly out of the Senate Chamber the very day that Charles Sumner, the inveterate foe of compromise, entered its doors. Benton, just defeated for re-election because of his opposition to the Compromise, greeted Sumner warmly, but told him that "he had come to the Senate too late. All the great men were gone. There was nothing left but snarling over slavery, and no chance whatever for a career."

To the surprise of friends and foes alike, Sumner set himself quietly to study the routine duties of a senator, and to understand his new environment. Months passed, and not a word came from him upon the burning issue of the day. Only three weeks of the nine month's session remained, when he sought to address the Senate, only to find—so great was the reluctance of men of both parties to have slavery discussed on the eve of a presidential election—that by a vote of three to one he was denied a hearing. Alert, he bided his time. Finally, there was introduced an appropriation bill, which, as Sumner knew, covered certain expenses incurred in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law. Instantly he was upon his feet with an amendment to exclude from the bill payment for all such charges, and to provide that the "Fugitive Slave Act" be thereby repealed; and forthwith, as a matter of parliamentary right,

which none could gainsay, he launched into the speech which he had long been preparing. "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional" was its key-note. That speech marked an epoch in American history. Chase caught its true significance at the time: he declared that it marked the day when the advocates of the restriction of slavery, "no longer content to stand on the defensive in the contest with slavery, boldly attacked the very citadel of its power [in that doctrine of finality, which two of the political parties of the country, through their national organizations, are endeavoring to establish as the impregnable defense of its usurpations."] And Horace Mann wrote home to Massachusetts: "The 26th of August, 1852, redeemed the 7th of March, 1850." But by the champions of slavery the speech was held in quite a different light. An Alabama senator urged his colleagues to make no reply to it, adding: "I shall only say, sir, that the ravings of a maniac may sometimes be dangerous, but the barking of a puppy never did any harm." In a later debate Sumner denied that the Constitution imposed upon him any such obligation "as to aid in sending back a fugitive slave." For this statement of his interpretation of the Constitution, he was denounced as "a miscreant," "a sneaking, sinuous, snake-like poltroon," one who could not "in a moral point of view . . . find anyone beneath himself." Sumner bore a heavy part in the opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, with its repudiation of the Missouri Compromise restriction of slavery. Soon that measure brought forth its legitimate fruit in bloody strife. Men sent from New England by the Emigrant Aid Company sought to save the new territories for freedom, while "border ruffians" from Missouri, with recruits from Alabama, and even from far-away South Carolina fought for the prize. Everywhere there was a boding sense of coming disaster. At just this time there came before the Senate two reports which precipitated a discussion of Kansas affairs. Anticipation grew tense. Sumner had been the man most viciously assailed by the pro-slavery speakers, and no one doubted that he would now reply with utter fearlessness, and set forth the naked truth as he saw it. His text was at hand, for at the moment when he rose to speak, everyone in Washington knew that blood would soon be shed in Kansas, and before night fell, news came that the Free-state town of Lawrence lay at the mercy of the mob. "The Crime against Kansas" was the

phrase in which Sumner epitomized his speech, [—a crime which he declared was aggravated by the motive, " the rape of a virgin territory, compelling it to the hateful embrace of slavery, . . . force being openly employed in compelling Kansas to this pollution."] The Kansas-Nebraska bill he denounced as " in every respect a swindle, . . . the only word which could adequately express the mingled meanness and wickedness of the cheat." In the course of his speech, he vindicated the work of the Emigrant Aid Company, exposed the effrontery of the boast that to the South had belonged the credit of victory in the Revolutionary War, contrasted Kansas with South Carolina, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter in educated talent. He characterized Butler as the Don Quixote, " who has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight,—I mean the harlot, Slavery. . . . As the Senator from South Carolina is the Don Quixote, so the Senator from Illinois is the squire, of Slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do its humiliating offices." Douglas and Butler writhed under this excoriation, and the debate became fiercely personal.

Angered by Sumner's words, two days later Preston S. Brooks, a distant cousin of Butler's, with two accomplices, stalked him in the Capitol. As the Senator sat at his desk, absorbed in his writing, suddenly he heard his name called. Looking up, he saw a tall, dark-faced stranger, who said: " I have read your speech over twice carefully; it is a libel on South Carolina and on Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine "—and down upon the head of the defenseless man crashed a blow from a heavy cane. Half stunned, Sumner struggled to rise, but the desk pinioned him, until he wrenched it from its fastenings. As he staggered toward his assailant, Brooks seized him by the collar, and kept raining blows upon his head and shoulders. The cane broke, but the furious blows did not cease till Sumner sank bleeding upon the floor of the Senate Chamber.

An assault, a crime of violence against a public servant, may be without political or historical significance. Three Presidents of the United States have fallen victims of the assassin's bullet, but in each case

the deed of the unbalanced wretch awoke only universal horror; not a voice was raised in its defense. But this assault in the Senate Chamber was totally different in its motive and effect. Scores of men in Congress applauded the deed. Representatives, on the floor of the House, declared that Brooks, instead of deserving punishment, merited the highest commendation, and that "Sumner did not get a lick more than he deserved." The vote for the expulsion of Brooks fell far short of the requisite two-thirds. After making a braggart's speech, he announced his resignation, and strode from the Chamber to be overwhelmed at its door by the kisses and embraces of Southern women. Within three weeks he returned to his desk with South Carolina's vindication: in his entire district only six votes had been cast against him. The Southern press bestowed ardent praise upon his act as a valiant deed for the honor of the South. "Good in conception, better in execution, and best in consequences," was the comment of the Richmond *Enquirer*. Jefferson Davis wrote a personal letter to Brooks, commending his character and his act, while tributes of admiration were showered upon him as the champion of Southern chivalry from many places in the Slave States, especially from the University of Virginia, the foremost centre of culture in the South.

But what of his victim? For Sumner the assault meant three years of pitiful struggle to regain his health. Again and again he went to Europe, where he literally underwent tortures by fire (the *moxa*) in the effort to secure healing for his shattered nerves. Hardest of all for him to bear was his enforced inaction in so grave a crisis. "I would give one year of life for one week now to expose this enormous villainy." "I long for work, and especially to make myself felt in our cause. The ghost of two years already dead haunts me." "I must get well! I *will* get well! My place is in the Senate, and there I long to be. It is terrible to be thus stricken down when there is so much to do!" Meantime, Massachusetts had loyally re-elected him, the belief that his chair, vacant year after year in the Senate Chamber, was bearing more eloquent witness than could any human tongue to the great cause for which Charles Sumner was one of the first martyrs.

Upon his return to the Senate in 1859 Sumner found conditions

vastly changed. The Republicans had now a strong and growing representation, and their influence was seen in the placing of Sumner for the first time upon an important Committee,—that of Foreign Relations. Sumner entered actively into the campaign for Lincoln's election, and, in the critical months which preceded the inauguration, was one of the sturdiest opponents of compromise. Beset by a Congressman with the question what concession he was ready to make, he replied: "There is one: I will consent to be silent yet a little longer."

It is the judgment of the most authoritative historian of the epoch, Mr. James Ford Rhodes, that at the time of Lee's surrender Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner were "the two most influential men in public life." The one spent his boyhood in a log cabin on the frontier, the other in a dignified house on Beacon Hill; the one was the son of a shiftless rover,—the other, the child of a learned lawyer, a trusted officer of the State; the one taught himself to read by the flickering light of the fireplace,—the other had the best advantages that could be drawn from America's leading university and from years of foreign study and travel; both were lawyers, the one a shrewd pleader before juries,—the other an erudite editor of law texts; both were writers and orators of high rank,—the one terse, direct, master of the homely but telling phrase,—the other an orator of the schools, with a wealth of classical models and allusions; both were great political leaders, the one an opportunist, struggling ever to achieve the highest ideals,—the other an idealist, impatient of all compromise or delay. Both, in the prime of life, were summoned to important tasks in the nation's service, and together they bore a hand in the heavy labors that saved the Union and freed the slave. Lincoln's was the hand that signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, but Sumner was the first statesman to demand emancipation as a war measure, and no man's influence was greater than his in preparing the way for emancipation or in making the public mind ready to support that great act. Nor was Sumner content merely to free the slave. He sought to give him a freeman's opportunities. He won for the freedman the ballot. If, as some modern critics say, the ballot to the ex-slave proved a doubtful boon, abused and speedily taken away, let it be remembered that equal suffrage was but a part of Sumner's plan: he sought also to secure for the freedman a free school and a free homestead,—the basis

for intellectual and economic independence. "You must take care of the Civil Rights Bill,—my bill, the Civil Rights Bill,"—these were almost the last words that fell from the dying Sumner's lips.

Sumner's place in our American public life was that of a prophet. His was a prophet's insight into the future, discerning things hidden from the astute politicians at his side. Witness his solemn warning, in the Kansas-Nebraska debate: "In passing such a bill as is now threatened you scatter, from this dark midnight hour, no seeds of harmony and good will, but broadcast through the land dragon's teeth, which haply may not spring up in direful crops of armed men, yet I am assured, sir, will fructify in civil strife and feud. . . . Am I not right, then, in calling this bill the best on which Congress has ever acted? Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you commit;—joyfully I welcome the promise of the future." Again and again, Sumner showed a prescience far beyond the party leaders' calculations.

But Sumner was as one of the Hebrew prophets not mainly in the foretelling of future events, but in showing forth present abuses, and in preaching the righteousness that exalteth a nation, as well as a judgment to come. He rebuked slavery with the fierce denunciation of an Amos; he scrupled as little as did Ezekiel at the use of harsh and repellant language, if only thereby he might "make my people hear." But his eye was single to what he believed righteousness demanded for his country; his arraignment of public injustice was never in the spirit of the demagogue, seeking his own advancement. He aroused men's souls by his philippics, but his bitterest opponent could never justly accuse him of an appeal to men's passions in a cause in whose justice he did not believe with all his heart.

GEORGE H. HAYNES.

WORCESTER, MASS.

(*To be Continued*)

BOURBON COUNTY, GEORGIA

A COMPLETE and historically correct account of the fruitless effort of the State of Georgia to form the county of Bourbon, so named in honor of the reigning house of France, has not hitherto been published. The territory in and contiguous to what is now the city of Natchez, Mississippi, but known then to the English as Fort Panmure, was the district in dispute. The present counties of Wilkinson, Adams, Jefferson, Claiborne and Warren, in the State of Mississippi, are included in this territory.

The correspondence referred to in this article is to be found in the Archives of Georgia, office of Secretary of State, and consists of some bundles of letters, marked "Foreign Affairs," written more than a century ago, all yellowed by age and gnawed by the tooth of time.

The grant by the British government to General Oglethorpe and the other Trustees comprised what are now the entire States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, except that portion of Alabama and Mississippi lying below the thirty-first degree of north latitude, which portion of those States were originally a part of West Florida. The French settlements, before their capitulation to the Spaniards in 1779, extended up the Mississippi, embracing both its sides above the mouth of the Red River, which discharges into the Mississippi in the thirty-first degree of north latitude. The east side of the Mississippi, from the mouth of Bayou Manchac, fourteen miles below Baton Rouge, up to the thirty-first degree of north latitude, was the boundary line between West Florida and Louisiana. Above this point Spain claimed jurisdiction; but Georgia disputed jurisdiction on the east bank and claimed all territory lying between the thirty-first and thirty-sixth degrees of north latitude, There were many settlements made by Americans upon this territory at a very early day, at Natchez, Fort Adams, several on the Tombigbee river, Saint Stephens, McIntosh's Bluff and Bassett's Creek. These settlements were the nucleus of the American populaton in Alabama and Mississippi, principally Tory refugees and fugitives from justice in the colonies of Georgia and the Carolinas The soil and climate of this territory were conducive to the production

of cotton, tobacco and indigo, and the great canebrakes afforded every facility for stock raising. The Spaniards at New Orleans offered a most remunerative market for all their produce and, in return, furnished them with every necessary beyond the means of home production.

The Act for opening the Georgia land office, 17th February, 1783, in the thirteenth section, recites: "That the limits, boundaries, jurisdiction and authority of the State of Georgia do, and did, and of right ought to extend from the mouth of the river Savannah, along the north side thereof and up the most northern stream or fork of the said river, up to its head or source; from thence, in a due west course, to the river Mississippi; and down the said stream of the Mississippi to the latitude thirty-one degrees north; from thence, in a due east course, to the river Apalachicola or Chattahoochee; and from the fork of the river Apalachicola, where the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers meet, in a direct line to the head or source of the southernmost stream of the river Saint Mary; and along the course of the said river Saint Mary to the Atlantic ocean." It is evident that the western boundary mentioned herein was derived from the colonial charter of Georgia; and the southern boundary was established by the definite treaty of September 3, 1783, by and between the United States of America and the kingdom of Great Britain. Yet, on the other hand, Great Britain had ceded West Florida to Spain, with no designation of boundaries; but the northern boundary of Florida had been recognized, for some time, as the line of thirty-two and a half degrees north. There was, moreover, a secret article in the provisional treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and of which Spain was not altogether ignorant, which provided that, should West Florida be held by Great Britain at the termination of hostilities, the southern boundary of the United States should extend east from the mouth of the river Yazoo to the river Apalachicola. Spain, therefore, claimed this strip of approximately one and a half degrees: First, by right of conquest, as Baton Rouge and Natchez had capitulated in September, 1779; Mobile in March, 1780; and Pensacola in May, 1781. Second, by virtue of the boundaries which West Florida actually had at the beginning of the war for American independence.

The Act of February 7, 1785, establishing the county of Bourbon,

is to be found in Watkins' *Digest Laws of Georgia.* From the manuscript journals of the House of Representatives of Georgia, 1778—1786, we quote: "A petition from Thomas Green, in behalf of himself and others, settlers at the Natchez, was read and referred to a special committee. *Ordered,* That Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Few, Mr. Brownson, Mr. John Houston and Mr. Stephens be that committee. On January 21, 1785, this committee reported a bill "for laying out a district of land, situate on the river Mississippi and within the limits of this State, into a county to be called Bourbon." On February 7, 1785, this bill was enacted into a law of Georgia. Under its terms, "the following persons, to-wit: Tacitus Gaillard, Thomas Green, Sutton Banks, Nicholas Long, William Davenport, Nathaniel Christmas, William McIntosh, jr., Benjamin Farrar, Cato West, Thomas Marston Green, William Anderson, Adam Benjamin and John Ellis are appointed justices of the peace, and Abner Green register of probates for the said county." The following day the oaths of allegiance and of office were administered to Green, Long, Davenport and Christmas, and a commission was issued to these four authorizing them to swear in the others.

An Act was also drawn up by a committee composed of John Houston, Fort, Few, Baldwin and Porter, and passed on February 11, 1785, giving "private instructions for the government of the inhabitants of Bourbon." These instructions were, in effect, that if any Spanish troops were found within the bounds of the county (though the legislature must have known that Spain was in possession) the commanding officer be notified that the State of Georgia had deemed it advisable to lay out that part of the State into a county, in order that the people might elect representatives to the Assembly, participate in the government of Georgia and contribute to the support of the same. No coercive measures whatever were to be employed, in case the Spaniards refused to yield occupancy. The commissioners were further instructed to cultivate amity with the Indians; were forbidden to engage in any dispute with either Spaniards or Indians as to territory or the navigation of the Mississippi river; and, finally, they were instructed to communicate to the Governor of Georgia every matter respecting the country and the people.

ATLANTA. MARK ALLEN CANDLER.

(*To be Continued*)

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVII—(*Continued*)

GREYSLAER could read no farther. The characters swam before his eyes; his senses became dizzied; and, were it not for the support of the workbench against which he leaned, he must have fallen to the ground. It was but for an instant, however, that he was thus unmanned, and it were impossible to say what feeling predominated in the conflicting emotions which for that first moment overwhelmed him; though a wild joy, an eager and confident hope prompted his next movement, as, calling in an agitated voice for his horse, he waited not for Hans to pass out of the door, but, brushing almost rudely past him, threw himself into the saddle, and galloped off in the direction of the Hawksnest.

The astounded smith stood listening for a few moments to his horse's footfalls as they rapidly died away in the distance, shook his head, and touched his forehead significantly, as if he feared that all were not right with his young friend; then slowly withdrawing into his shop, he shot the bolt behind him, extinguished the fires, and, taking up the outlaw's belt, which he paused to examine again for a moment, passed through a side wicket into a log cabin which adjoined the shed, and constituted his humble dwelling.

Greyslaer, before reaching the Hawksnest, was challenged by the party of his friends whom he met returning from their evening visit, and whose approach, though the young officers rode gayly along, talking and laughing with each other, he did not notice till he was in the midst of them. A few hurried words, suggesting on their part that he must have forgotten something of importance, and implying upon his that he would overtake them before they reached the garrison, was all that passed between them as he brushed impatiently by.

The family had all retired when he reached the homestead; but a light still burned in Alida's apartments. He threw his rein over the paling, and, after trying the outer door in vain, stepped back from the verandah, and looked to the only window through which the light

appeared. The curtain was drawn, but a shadow, which ever and anon fell across it, showed that the inmate of the chamber had not yet sought her repose. It was with Alida alone that he must secure an interview; and Max, in the agitation of his spirits, did not hesitate at the first means which presented themselves. There was on that side of the house a porch, with a balcony over it, having a single window cut down to the floor. This window opened into Alida's dressing-room, which communicated with her bedchamber. Greyslaer clambered to the top of the balcony, and tapped against the panes of glass in the moment that the light was extinguished.

"Fear not," he said, "it is I, Max Greyslaer. I come with tidings of such import to you that I could not sleep before possessing you of them."

Alida, hastily throwing a loose wrapper around her person, opened the casement. "Heavens! Captain Greyslaer," she exclaimed, "what urgent peril can have—my brother Derrick, it is not of him—"

"No, no, no peril—nothing of Derrick—undo the door below—it is of you—it is your concerns alone which have brought me here at this untimely hour."

"Is the matter, then, so pressing? Can we not wait till morning?" said Alida, in strange agitation.

"I cannot trust it till the morrow. I cannot sleep, I must not move from near you, till you hear it."

"Speak it out at once, then, Max, for my poor nerves will not bear this suspense," said Alida, with increasing tremor of voice.

"I cannot speak it all; I must have light to reveal it by. See here this written paper, Alida."

"And what does it say?" she replied, with forced calmness. "Tell me, Max Greyslaer; if it be good or evil, I had rather receive it from your lips than from any other source."

"Heaven bless you for those words. My tidings are far from

evil, yet I scarce know how to break them to you. There was a bird —do you remember it Alida, one day in years gone by?—a bird that we watched together as it sat crouched upon the lowest bough of yonder chestnut, while a hawk long hovered mid the topmost branches; it seemed withering in the shadow of those ill-omened wings. A chance shot from Derrick at a distance frighted the falcon from his perch of vantage; but the besieged songster also fell to the ground at sound of the report which drove his enemy from his stooping-place, and seemed like to perish, when you caught up the little trembler and cherished him in your bosom."

"Oh! Max, what mean these wild words, spoken at such a time?" said Alida; for this fanciful allusion seemed so unsuited to the earnest purposes of the moment, and was so unlike the wonted manly direstness of Greyslaer's mind, that, coupled with his agitated manner and the other strange circumstances of the interview, Alida was shocked for the moment with the apprehension that his brain might be disordered.

"Nay, but they are not unmeaning, if you will but interpret them, Alida! Have *you* not sat thus beneath the withering wing of sorrow? Have you not been ruthlessly hawked at, and made the prey of villany the most hideous? And has not chance, or God's own Providence call it rather, brought the hour of relief which is come even now?"

"Is *he* dead, then?" whispered Alida, clasping her hands, as a light seemed to break in upon her from Greyslaer's words.

"Dead? ay!—no, not that; but he is to you as if he never lived. They deceived you, Alida; the supposed ties which so manacled your soul have never yet had an existence; it was a false marriage, a fiend-like and most damnable contrivance to destroy you. Look not so doubtful and bewildered. I have the written evidence of what I say! Alida, dearest Alida, speak—speak and tell me that you doubt not. It is I, Max Greyslaer, who always loved, and never yet deceived you; it is I—"

But Alida was mute and motionless. Her tottering knees had failed to support her, though she clung to the dressing-table near which

she stood for support. Greyslaer quickly passed through the window, and, catching her fainting form from the floor, bore her out to the balcony. Supporting her there on one knee, he anxiously chafed her pulses, while the refreshing breeze of night, playing through the long tresses which dropped over her shoulders, aided in reviving his lovely burden.

The moon, which was in its last quarter, at this moment cast above the trees the golden light she loves to shed in waning. The mellow beam caught the opening eyes of Alida, and a tear—the first Max had ever seen her shed—trembled upon their lids as she turned from that soft harbinger of happier days to the soulful face of her lover. The impulse is resistless which makes Greyslaer, in that moment, snatch her to his bosom. "Yes, dearest Max, I *will* be yours!" are not those the words she murmurs in reply to his caress?

She paused; and in that pause there was an Elysian moment for them both. But in another instant Alida extricates herself from his embrace; and though she suffers him still to retain her hand, her voice is yet painfully constrained and altered as she speaks what follows.

"Ah! Greyslaer, I fear me this flood of happiness has come in too quickly to last for either of us. That paper may be—nay, look not thus hurt—I doubt not that it contains sufficient to produce entire conviction in your mind as well as mine; for, had it not been for the deep reliance I place upon your judgment, Max—a judgment so far beyond your years—I should never have betrayed the feelings you have beheld this night. But, whatever be the fate of the regard I bear you, Greyslaer, you have won it, and it is yours. No, never would I recall this hour." Max mutely pressed her hand to his lips, and she went on. "But it is a strange and dark story of which we have now the threads in our hands, and I shudder with the fear that, deeming too quickly we have unravelled it all, there may be others interwoven with it not so easy to disentangle. My name must be cleared, not only to your satisfaction, Greyslaer, but to that of all who have ever heard its sound, before I will change it for yours; and in these troubled times it is long before I can hope for such a result."

"Your name, Alida! None have ever, none dare ever, connect

that with dishonor. Your name! Why, this terrible secret has been so kept from the world, that I never dreamed of mystery attending you till you yourself revealed that there was one."

"Yes, in the class with which we have most mingled, my story is but little known; but there must be many of the country people of a different grade, though worthy of respect, as those who sometimes pretend to engross it all, who cannot but have heard of it; and I would not have the simplest rustic cherish a memory that can do irreverence to the wife of Greyslaer. Let us wait, dearest Max; wait till time—till chance, which has already done so much for me, shall determine still farther. Till then, affianced to you in soul Alida will still remain; and, whate'er betide, she will never be another's.

Greyslaer, who knew too well the character of Alida to remonstrate against her purpose when settled, determined at least to defer whatever he had to urge against her resolution until a more propitious season. Besides, with a lover's thoughtful consideration, he feared that the night air might blow too chilly upon the loosely-arrayed person of Alida to render it safe to protract the interview. They parted—not with the fond and caressing adieux of newer and happier lovers, but when the hand which Greyslaer was loath to release trembled in his pressure as he bade farewell, he stooped to print a single kiss upon the pale cheek which was not withdrawn from him.

And now, good steed, thou bearest a different man upon thy back from him who has thrice already guided thee over the same road tonight. The stern and disappointed man that, with firm hand and even rein, bent his twilight course hither: the moody and abstracted lover that loitered homeward at a fitful pace: the wild-riding horseman, who spurred ahead, as if each moment were of importance to solve the riddle he had already read—were not each and all of these a different being from the buoyant cavalier who now, with ringing bridle, gallops gayly over hill and dale, leaning forward now to pat thy glossy neck and speak, cheering words of encouragement, and now rising in the stirrup as if his happy spirit vaulted upward at each gallant bound beneath him? Surely there is a music in the good horse's motions which times itself ever to our mood, whate'er the changes be.

Alas! many were the changes of mood that Greyslaer was yet doomed to know ere the story of his strange loves was ended. But of the delay that sickens hope, the doubts that wither it; of the chilling thoughts, the shadowy fears of the future, he dreamed not, cared not now, more than he did for the clouds which crept over the skies and obscured the path before him. His mind was filled with but one idea, which excluded all others. He knew—what once to know or once to believe, in that first hour of belief or knowledge, makes all the world a Paradise around—*He knew that he was* BELOVED.

Shall we pause to paint the next interview between Max and Alida —when the happy lover won from her lips the final words of her full betrothal to him? Shall we describe those which followed, when Max, with arguments she did not wish to answer, convinced her that there was now no real bar to their wedded happiness, and she yielded up all thought of seeking redress for her wrongs, save through him who was shortly to become the rightful guardian of her honor; to the friend who had already become dearer to her than her life? Shall we tell how the softening influence of love gradually melted the Amazonian spirit of her earlier day, until the romantic dream of retribution, which had so sternly strung the soul of the once haughty Alida, became lost at last in the loving woman's tender fears lest Bradshawe, now so far removed from the vengeance of her lover, should yet cross his path? Shall we dwell upon the transports of feeling which agitated the soul of Max, now burning with impatience to exact such retribution, and now absorbed in a wild confusion of delight as the day approached which would make Alida his forever?

Or shall we rather describe his chafing vexation and her mute forebodings when the call of military honor, abruptly summoning him away to distant and dangerous duty, deferred that blessed expectation of their union to a period which the fearful chances of civil war only could determine?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

VOL. XIV No. 4

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

OCTOBER, 1911

WILLIAM ABBATT
110 EAST 32d STREET, NEW YORK

Published Monthly $5.00 a Year 50 Cents a Number

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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CONTENTS

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE* (1778-1780)
(*Fifth Paper*) JAMES N. ARNOLD 109

ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY
CHAPTERS VI-VII . . . . . EUGENE F. MCPIKE 114

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS.
(*Third Paper*) W. B. RUGGLES 122

CHARLES SUMNER (*Concluded*) . . PROF. GEORGE H. HAYNES 137

BOURBON COUNTY, GEORGIA (*Concluded*)
MARK ALLEN CANDLER 145

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.
(*First Paper*) *The late* COLONEL LEGRAND B. CANNON 150

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK.
CHAPTERS XXVII-XXVIII . . CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 157

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VOL. XIV OCTOBER, 1911 No. 4

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE*
1778—1780
(*Fifth Paper*)

BY this time a party of the Rebels had assembled and kept up a constant fire upon our rear from Two Field Pieces and a number of small arms, till the Troops gained the height above Bristol Ferry, where they spiked up Two Eighteen Pounders in the Rebel Battery and then made the signal for the flat bottom boats to advance from Papasquash River. Upon their arrival the whole detachment embarked with regularity and good order, under cover of our fort on the opposite shore and the *Flora* Man of War and Two Galleys (the *Pigot* and *Spitfire*), the latter having been taken from the Rebels the same morning, by Lieut. Kempthorn of the *Nonsuch*. The Rebels ventured to ascend the hill with one Field Piece, but not before the Troops were all embarked and the boats at a great distance from the shore.

This essential service was performed with very inconsiderable loss: Lieut. Hamilton of the 22d Regiment, Four Hessian Soldiers and Eight British were wounded, and Two Drummers missing. It is impossible to ascertain the loss the Enemy sustained, but believe it to be of no great moment, for though they kept up a heavy fire upon our rear at times, it was always at a great distance under cover of their Field Pieces and from behind walls, which rendered the fire of our men very uncertain.

The following is the number of Prisoners taken: 1 Colonel, 3 Field Officers, 2 Captains, 2 Lieutenants and 58 Persons most of them Soldiers or belonging to the Militia. Colonel Campbell speaks of the

behavior of Lieutenant Colonel Hillman of the 22d Regiment, Captains Poore and French of the 54th Regiment, Capt. Noltenius of the Hessian Chasseurs, and of Lieut. Malshimer, Aide de Camp to General Losberg, who was a Volunteer and served as an interpreter for the Hessians in a manner that does them great honor, and the behavior of the whole detachment, Officers and men, gave him great pleasure and deserves the highest commendations. The great regularity and good order observed by Captain Clayton and Lieutenant Knowles of the Navy in conducting the flat bottom boats during the night with such secrecy along the Enemy's shore, and in landing the Troops and re-embarking them with so much expedition, could not have been performed by any but those who have had so much practice and experience in that part of the service and has contributed greatly to the success of the Expedition.

To the above account I have the pleasure to add that about Two o'clock the same morning the *Pigot* Galley and six armed boats Commanded by Capt. Reave of the Navy passed the Rebel Battery at Bristol Ferry and though hailed by the sentries the Enemy were made to believe the Galley was one of their own vessels. So soon as she came to anchor in Mount Hope Bay Lieut. Kempthorn moved forward to the entrance of Taunton River with the armed boats, and took the Rebel Galley carrying Two Eighteen, two Twelve and Six Six Pounders, without opposition.

The same morning in order to fix the attention of the Rebels at Howland's Ferry to Seaconnett Shore Lieut. De Auvergne of the *Alarm* Galley landed a party of Marines at Fogland Ferry and set fire to the Rebel Guard House, without receiving any hurt.

These successes of the Navy and Army in their several operations I hope will convince the Rebels that it is in the power of this Garrison to annoy, lay waste and destroy their persons and property whenever they are inclined to do so.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

(Signed.) ROBERT PIGOT.

Copy of a Letter from Major General Pigot to Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, dated Newport, May 31, 1778.

NEWPORT, MAY 31, 1778.

Sir:

A few days ago I had the pleasure of acquainting you with Lieut. Colonel Campbell's success in destroying the Rebels' Shipping, Boats, Cannon, Magazines, etc., and having information that there was a large quantity of boards and planks at Fall River and the only Saw Mills that are in this part of the Country. The Commodore and I were of opinion it would be doing good service if the whole could be destroyed: To effect which 100 men of the 54th Regiment Commanded by Major Eyre, embarked last night in flat bottom boats at Arnold's Point, having the *Pigot* Galley and some armed boats for their protection and Convoy. Unfortunately the Galley got aground in passing Bristol Ferry, but the boats proceeded and arrived a little after daybreak at the proposed place for landing. They were discovered some time before they approached the shore and a General Alarm was given by the discharge of cannon and small arms. When the Troops attempted to land they were fired upon by a strong Guard, however the gun-boat soon dispersed them and they landed and rushed forward to the two mills, the one for sawing, the other for grain, which were set fire to and entirely consumed together with a considerable quantity of boards and planks for building Boats or Privateers.

The Major finding a greater number of men in arms than he expected, and being apprehensive the opposition would increase, thought it more prudent to retire than advance farther to the other mill, as the chief object of the Expedition was answered by destroying the principal saw mill and all the boards and planks.

In returning to the boats they set fire to the Rebel Guard Room, a provision store and pine cedar boats. Many sacks of corn were destroyed in the mills.

His loss was Two men killed and Lieut. Goldsmith and four men wounded. The Rebels' loss is thought to be more considerable.

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Colonel Cammer

Cammer Magazine

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I WHIPPLE, President.

AM STORY; C. N. B. E. D.

1779.

Honorable Major General Sullivan,
the Army, set out for East Green-
quarter, and yesterday returned to

inform that fresh provisions are very
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is State in Search of Plunder.

h 6, 1778.

eserters belonging to Wightman's motley
here from Rhode Island, bringing with
They inform that the doughty Colonel
g only about 30 of his *respectable Corps*
of the British Service, and that the Enemy's
of between 5 and 6,000 Men.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

(To be Continued.)

When the tide made the Galley got afloat but in towing her off Lieut. Congleton of the *Flora* Man of War was much wounded and two men unfortunately killed.

I have great pleasure to acquaint you that on this expedition the Navy and Army behaved with their usual spirit and firmness.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

(Signed.) ROBERT PIGOT.

Extract of a Letter from General Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, to Lord George Germaine, dated July 27, 1778.

I had the honor of writing to Your Lordship on the 19th instant by way of Halifax and took that opportunity to transmit duplicates of my dispatches sent by the *Grantham* Express-boat.

There were some days since appearances which seemed to indicate an intention of a general attack upon this place in order to co-operate with the French Fleet; but as they have quitted their Station near Sandy Hook and General Washington has reinforced Sullivan, it is more than probable that Rhode Island has become their object, however as that place has been reinforced with Major General Prescott and Five Battalions and Major General Pigot with the great assistance he has met with from the Navy has had time to put the Sea Defence in a tolerable state it is hoped that he will be able at least for a time to resist the attack.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 25.

A Prize laden with wines and dry goods, which was taken by the *Marlborough* Privateer and afterwards retaken by the Continental Sloop *Providence* and mentioned to have been carried into Plymouth, arrived safe in port on Friday last (Feb. 19).

At a Court Martial held on board the Continental Frigate *Providence* for the trial of Elisha Hinman, Esq., late Commander of the Continental Frigate *Alfred:*

The Court having duly and maturely considered all the evidence produced before them, as well on the part of Thomas Thompson, Esq.,

the prosecutor as on the part of Elisha Hinman, Esq., the Prisoner, are fully and clearly of opinion that the said Elisha Hinman, Esq., is not guilty of three several charges preferred against him by Thomas Thompson, Esq., charging him, the said Elisha Hinman, with disobedience of orders, neglect of duty and unprecedented conduct on the 9th of March, 1778, when Commanding the Continental Ship *Alfred* and in company with the Continental Ship *Raleigh,* then under the Command of Thomas Thompson, Esq., from all which charges and every part of the same this Court do acquit the said Elisha Hinman with the highest honor, approving the whole of his conduct on the 9th of March, 1778, he having behaved himself according to the strictest rule of Naval discipline and agreeable in all respects to the 27th Article of the Rules and Regulations of the Continental Navy.

ABRAHAM WHIPPLE, President.

A True Copy of the Original.

Attest: WILLIAM STORY; C. N. B. E. D.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 12, 1779.

February 27, 1779.

Wednesday last (Feb. 24) the Honorable Major General Sullivan, accompanied by some Gentlemen of the Army, set out for East Greenwich to review the Troops in that quarter, and yesterday returned to Town.

Deserters from Rhode Island inform that fresh provisions are very scarce there, and that the Enemy are contempating some mischief, probably a descent on the Shores of this State in Search of Plunder.

March 6, 1778.

Sunday last (Feb. 28) Two Deserters belonging to Wightman's motley Regiment of Tories, arrived here from Rhode Island, bringing with them their arms and baggage. They inform that the doughty Colonel appears rather dejected, having only about 30 of his *respectable Corps* remaining, who are all weary of the British Service, and that the Enemy's Force on the Island consists of between 5 and 6,000 Men.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY

CHAPTER VI

DUMONT, TRAVERRIER AND REZEAU FAMILIES.

TRACING his ancestry from 1422, Isaac Dumont de Bostaquet, *Gentilhomme normand,* has given us an interesting genealogy in his "Memoires Inedits" (Paris, 1864). He has given us more than that, for his narrative is a spirited account of the "Glorious Revolution," of 1688, in England, in which he took an active part under William of Orange. The book is well worthy of being translated into English. Macaulay obtained access to the original manuscript while writing his history of England, but made little use of it, owing no doubt to the difficulty of deciphering the old Norman handwriting. Samuel Smiles, in "The Huguenots" devotes a chapter or two to Dumont de Bostaquet.

Members of the Dumont family early adopted the Protestant religion. We are told of one Bostienne du Mont, a native of Valenciennes, who was baptised in London, January 27, 1599. Other Dumonts (or du Monts) in France, persecuted for their religion, fled to Holland and changed their name into *van den Berg.* We have not, however, been able to establish the ancestry of one Wallerand Dumont, a French Huguenot, who was born at Coomen, then in Flanders (now Commines, Department du Nord, France, eight miles north of Lille). He was a cadet ("adelborst") in a company of soldiers sent by the Dutch West India Company, to Director-General Stuyvesant, in New Amsterdam, in 1657. Wallerand Dumont settled in Kingston, Ulster County, New York, rose to a position of influence, and married Grietje (Margaret) Hendricks, January 13, 1664, by whom he had, among other children, Peter Dumont, who was baptised April 20, 1679, at Kingston, and married, thirdly, November 16, 1711, Jannetje Vechten or Vechte (now Veghte). Of this union, one child was named Henry or Hendrick Dumont, born March 22, 1717. His will is dated November 4th, 1760. His first wife, to whom he was married December 20, 1743, was Mary (Marie) Traverrier, of Monmouth, called "the younger," to distinguish

her from her mother, Mrs. Marie Traverrier "the elder," wife of Peter Traverrier, junior, and daughter of Renier Rezeau of the Island of Ré, near La Rochelle, France, who, as a Huguenot, fled to America, about 1700. His daughter, Marie Rezeau (later Mrs. Peter Traverrier, jun.), had a French Testament which is still in the possession of some of her descendants near Cincinnati; Peter Traverrier, junior, was a son of Pierre Traverrier (or Traversier) senior, a ship-captain of "Masha," probably intended for Matha, located east of the village of La Tremblade and north of Bordeaux. We find the official record of the marriage of this Pierre Traverrier, senior, and Marie Arnaud, widow of Jean Parlier of La Tremblade, 20 April, 1688, in the registers of the old French Church in New York City. Confirmatory evidence in the form of the original marriage-contract in French, exists among the family papers still possessed by descendants in Vevay, Indiana. The traditions of this family are well preserved, and tell of landed estates in France which were confiscated during the period of religious persecution. It is stated that when the family (? Traverrier) then residing in Bordeaux, decided to seek refuge in another land, they prepared their table set with the family-plate, as for a banquet, with servants at work, and all as usual on such an occasion, whereupon the family going out ostensibly for a drive, forsook everything and boarded a ship in the harbor. The captain (? Traverrier himself) befriended them and hid them in hogsheads or large barrels having some holes in the side for air. The next we hear of them is in America, where their temporary means of support seems to have been a recipe for making perfumery, but the family soon reasserted itself and in a new and more hospitable land than their mother country as then ruled, commenced to work out a new destiny.

But let us return to our subject: "*les* Dumont." Henry or Hendrick Dumont and Mary Traverrier, "the younger," his first wife, had a son, Peter Dumont, who was born on Staten Island, New York, October 1, 1744, and died in Vevay, Indiana, in 1821. This Peter Dumont married, October 25, 1770, Mary Lowe, daughter of Cornelius Lowe, son of Albert Lowe, of Dutch descent. Peter Dumont is seemingly identical with Peter Dumont, Captain, Second Battalion, Somerset County, New Jersey. Tradition says he was called from the field by

Washington and made a Commissary in charge of military stores at Van Ness' mills. A descendant possesses his original Commissary's book of munitions supplied "by order of General Washington." He (as Peter H. Dumont) was designated by the New Jersey Congress in 1777, to act as one of the Committee of Safety. Tradition says that Washington frequently conferred with him, and that owing to his devotion to the cause of his country, by night work at Van Ness' mills, he lost his sight. During the last twenty-five years of his life, his faithful wife read to him. The middle initial "H.," above mentioned, represents his father's name Henry, there being several Peter Dumonts coexisting in the same vicinity at that period and this was the customary way of distinguishing between them.

The late Senator F. T. Frelinghuysen's mother, Mrs. Jane Frelinghuysen, made a family record based on information given her orally by her father, Peter J. B. Dumont (born *circa* 1760, died May 19, 1846), to the effect that Hendrick Dumont's son, Peter, had a sister "Mary who married a Staats at Albany." There is, indeed, an official record at Albany of the marriage of one Mary Dumond to Henry Staats, November 15, 1770. The Staats family descended from Abraham Staats, who came from Holland to Albany in 1642. The writer received a genealogical inquiry not so long ago from Mr. P. D. Staats, 210 North Seventh Street, Newark, N. J., whose initials are suggestive of a Dumont family relationship.

Peter Dumont (born 1744) and Mary, his wife, had several children, among them Lydia, born at South Branch of Raritan River, N. J., August 30, 1773, died in Cincinnati, October 29, 1822, having married, June 28, 1792, Captain Moses Guest, of New Brunswick, N. J. They had issue of which further mention will be made in the chapter on the Guest family.

The Dumont family gave some notable characters to the United States. From that same stock were descended Senator Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, his brother Dumont Frelinghuysen, and Governor Peter Dumont Vroom all of New Jersey, Senator Samuel Beekman Dumont of Iowa, and Colonel John Dumont of Indiana whose wife, Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, was an early author and schoolmistress of our new West.

One of her pupils, none other than the late Edward Eggleston, contributed a glowing tribute to her character, in *Scribner's Monthly,* for March, 1879. General Ebenezer Dumont, son of Colonel John and Julia, his wife, was born in Vevay, Indiana, November 23, 1814; participated in the Mexican War and served in the war of the Rebellion, being engaged in several battles. He organized and led the celebrated pursuit of John Morgan. He was a member of Congress for four years, 1862-1866, and died, April 16, 1871, at his home south of Indianapolis, having just been appointed Governor of the then Territory of Idaho, which office he did not live to assume.

NOTES.

The American Genealogist (Ardmore, Pennsylvania), Vol. 1, No. 4 (June, 1899), pages 148-150.

"The Huguenots," by Samuel Smiles, Appendix, page 468; also Chapters X—XI (London, 1868).

"The Making of New England," by S. A. Drake.

"Une Famille d'Artistes: les Dumont," by A. G. A. Vattier (Paris, 1890).

"Les Grands Hommes de France: Navigateurs," by MM. Gœpp & Cordier (Paris, 1882).

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"Tales of Our Forefathers" (Albany, New York, 1898).

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CHAPTER VII

GUEST FAMILY OF NEW JERSEY

THE Guests of New Brunswick, who flourished 1750-1800, were, according to their traditions, descended from the family of that name in Birmingham, England, where indeed at least one church-register shows numerous entries of the patronymic.

Henry Guest, a tanner, of New Brunswick, was an American patriot, whose fortunes suffered not a little at the hands of the British army during the war of the Revolution, as evidenced by a sworn inventory of damages, still preserved in the State Library at Trenton.

But even war itself is sometimes enlivened by an amusing incident:

*"Henry Guest, of New Brunswick, was a tanner, and was effectually curried by the enemy. In his inventory is an item of '122 Slaughter Hides from Fort Lee,' which just afterwards capitulated to the British. This item revives the recollection of an incident of the Revolution which I have heard related by my grandfather [the late Jacob Dunham, M. D., of New Brunswick]. The British had erected a fort on the east bank of the Raritan opposite New Brunswick, hard by the county-bridge, which overlooked and commanded the town. From this fort they were expecting the approach of a body of American troops by way of the road from Trenton and Princeton, and were vigilantly on the lookout. One night Mr. Guest, whose tannery was on the extreme westerly bounds of the town, at the intersection of what is now Livingston avenue and New Street, put out a large number of hides to dry—possibly the identical ones above named—hanging them on his fences. When the sun rose next morning the British mistook these hides for the long-expected 'rebels,' and opened a brisk cannonade across the river upon them. But the fire made no impression on the foe, who held their position with the greatest firmness and good order. No British veterans were more unflinching than they and the matter began to wear a serious aspect. It was not until spy-glasses were brought to bear upon them that it was discovered that they had been spending the fire of their

* Extract from "A Glimpse of 'Seventy-Six,'" by Chas. D. Deshler, of New Brunswick, in Harper's Magazine, 1874.

batteries for several hours [*sic*] upon a lot of 'recreant' skins. When this was ascertained there was a sudden cessation of hostilities, and the joke becoming widely known, caused great merriment at the expense of the 'red-coats' among all good patriots in the town."

Among the papers possessed by a descendant of Henry Guest is an original and rather lengthy letter sent him by John Adams, dated at Quincy, February 5, 1811, addressed "Venerable Sir" and subscribed: "I am, Sir, your good Friend, John Adams."

Henry Guest married a Miss Foreman, of English descent, and, according to old family-Bible records still extant, had issue:

i William, born Dec. 17, 1753; died at Lansingburgh, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1826, aged 73 years; married ——— and had one daughter (? Jane) who married a McNaughton and had one son Henry Guest McNaughton, last heard from (? *ante* 1868) near West Point, New York. He may, perhaps, have been identical with a physician, H. G. McNaughton, residing in Albany until a few years ago (*circa* 1898).

ii Moses, born 1755; died 1828; of whom more hereafter.

iii Henry (junior), born April 18, 1760; died at Albany, N. Y., July 9, 1820, aged 62 years; married a Miss Webster and had one daughter.

iv A daughter, name unknown.

The old Guest mansion was not long ago and probably still is standing in New Brunswick. A large mirror once hanging on its walls was a prized heir-loom in the possession of the writer's late venerable father. The second son, Moses Guest, born in New Brunswick, November 7, 1755; married June 28, 1792, Lydia, daughter of Peter (H.) Dumont and Mary (*Lowe*) his wife. Moses Guest, following his father's footsteps, became a fur-trader and tells us in his "Journal" of an overland trip to Montreal. He later acquired a trading vessel, and says he followed the sea until 1788, making numerous trips along our Atlantic coast and to some of the West India islands. On one occasion, the

supply of fresh-water for drinking having been exhausted, Captain Guest rigged up an apparatus to distill sea-water and thus saved himself and crew. During his initial voyage to Charleston, South Carolina, he carried letters of introduction to Henry Laurens and Dr. David Ramsay, remarking in his account: "The Doctor treated me with much civility, but from Mr. Laurens I experienced an affectionate attachment such as I had never before met with from any person in all my travels."

Moses Guest took an active part in the American Revolution. He was an Ensign in Captain Voorhees' Company, Third Middlesex Regiment, on Sept. 8, 1777, and subsequently was a Captain in the Second Middlesex Regiment. He was in immediate command of the small body of Jersey militia which captured, October 26, 1779, Lieut.-Col. J. G. Simcoe, the leader of the Queen's Rangers. The story of Simcoe's raid into Jersey from Staten Island is an interesting chapter in the history of the war of Independence.

Captain Guest migrated from his native city of New Brunswick, September 29, 1817, "bound for Cincinnati." A part of the journey is described in his own words, thus:

"October 29. Left Pittsburg this day, in a flat-bottomed boat; its length 30 feet, and breadth 12. The sides and one end were boarded up about six feet high, a space of about five feet being left open at the other end. There was a tight roof over the boat, which extended as far as the sides were boarded up, just leaving room for two oars, one on each side, for the purpose of steering, as our only dependence for getting on was the current; there was a fireplace on one side of the boat. A great proportion of the families which migrate to the Western country, descend the Ohio [River] in boats similar to the one here described."

The "Journal and Poems" of Captain Guest issued from the press of Looker and Reynolds, Cincinnati, in 1823, and a new edition appeared in the following year.

Captain Guest and Lydia (Dumont) his wife, of both whom excellent portraits exist, had, among other children, Lydia Jane Guest, born June 13, 1803, married John Mountain McPike, at Cincinnati, March 9, 1820, as duly shown by the official records. Captain Guest died in Cincinnati, March 22, 1828.

NOTES.

Numerous collections of manuscript letters, etc., relating to the Dumont, Guest, Halley and McPike families, in the Newberry Library (Genealogical Department), Chicago, partially listed below:

Accession No. 89030 and catalogue No. E-7-M-239.

Accession No. 89106 and catalogue No. E-5-H-1529.

"Tales of Our Forefathers" (Albany, 1898).

New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, Vol. XXIX, pages 100-102.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS

(Third Paper)

GENERAL HOOKER strengthened the mounted troops, and of twenty-seven regiments of cavalry he made three divisions, and in one of these, under Captain Wesley Merritt (soon to be general of volunteers)—the Second Cavalry was to help to the great ends wrought by Gettysburg, for which the site was selected and the battle opened by General John Buford—still another captain of the "Second"—who said, as he prepared to face General Hill, leading the Confederate van, on the first of those hot, eventful days of July, that he had "completed arrangements for entertaining him until Reynolds could reach the scene." The "entertainment" begun that morning had many a change of cast before the end, and the powerful drama of dread war presented for three days by those mighty striving armies never for a moment lacked any of the elements of intense tragedy; and when the curtain of night closed the last act of this fierce battle, it ended finally the Confederate hopes for a fruitful invasion of the North and shrouded in the gloom of mourning many a hearthstone North and South. For only once in the history of our civilized warfare had a regiment suffered such loss as fell upon the First Minnesota, sacrificed to give General Hancock five minutes for reinforcements to save the day—rarely had a division lost as Pickett's did in a last desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of war.

The "Second" did its share in this great battle under Captain Rodenbough, and more than its proportional share in the days that followed, "for it was cavalry alone that presented any obstacle to the retreat of the Confederates." Merritt's brigade, to which the "Second" was attached, had in ten days, nine combats, such as Williamsport, Hagerstown, Boonesborough and Funktown, destroyed eight hundred wagons and captured three thousand horses and mules, and nearly five thousand prisoners.

They were at it again at Manassas Gap (July 21-22) and August 1st were in the general cavalry engagement at Brandy Station, which

for some reason the English military authorities have taken as the typical cavalry battle of the Civil War, notwithstanding there was no greater stretch of open ground than eight hundred yards,—possibly because Buford was on one side and Stuart on the other. But the fight at Brandy Station was after so many of these encounters and after so much marching and campaigning, that when on the 3d of August they were attacked by the enemy at Rappahannock, although the Confederates were repulsed the brigade was considered so worn and reduced as to need recruiting; and it was not until October that they were back in the same vicinity leading the Army of the Potomac after the retreating foes, catching them at Culpepper Court House (Nov. 8) in the last engagement of the season for the "Second" and its last service for Buford, its corps commander, who, torn and exhausted at thirty-seven with wounds and work and care, goes to Washington to fight his last battle with the grim destroyer.

In the spring of 1864 the "Second" began a series of those experiences that always appeal to the imagination as typical of cavalry service, the raids into the enemy's country. The first was with Sheridan. Starting May 10th from Todd's Tavern and scouting to within the second line of defense of Richmond, fighting from the very start at Todd's Tavern, and on the 11th at Yellow Tavern, where the great rival of Buford and Sheridan, Stuart, received his mortal wound. Then more engagements, the next day at Meadow Bridge and the following day at Mechanicsville, and a few days later at Hanover Court House, Hawes' Shop, Old Church and Cold Harbor, where the brigade repulsed three times its number. In that month of May this brigade engaged the enemy fifteen times, and lost a third of its strength in killed and wounded.

Early in June they are in the vicinity of Newcastle, and after raiding and scouting nearly every day, begin the second raid with Sheridan, a dash he makes back to the west as far as Trevillian Station on the Virginia Central Railway, and there they dispute conclusions with Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee and Rosser (who gets wounded) and there Rodenbough gets another wound and Captain Gordon has to take the regiment, of which Sheridan says "Here again the Second did nobly,"

whereby the General is gratified in what he calls the most brilliant engagement of the present campaign.

In ten days they are back again on the James River below Richmond, at Light House Point, where for three weeks they recruit, then again they march, this time directly upon Richmond, and at Deep Bottom, not ten miles from the capital of the crumbling Confederacy, contend for two days with the enemy's cavalry and infantry; then back to the James; by boat to Washington; thence across the country to Harper's Ferry, and in a little more than a week they are, as a part of Merritt's Division, encamped with Sheridan's Army of the Shenandoah, to check Early, who appears to find Maryland still attractive. In two days they are fighting again at Berryville and Newton, and advance, though somewhere on the field Mosby steals their regimental papers and thereby provokes their wrath; then a skirmish at Shepardstown, and a fight at Smithfield, fought to a finish with dash and hurrah and sabres against a brigade of Maryland cavalry which they pursue to the Opequan.

For three weeks they manoeuvre and rest, and then (Sept. 19) comes the battle of Winchester, with Rodenbough back in the saddle. After long years of waiting, the "Second" has another charge to make against a battery planted behind fortifications on the crest of a high hill facing a deep valley, and though after reaching it they are driven back, when reinforced they make two more charges during the day, and finally, somewhere in the fight, capture two of the caissons and guns, for which they proudly show the receipt.

The "Second" had the laurels that day, for even the enemy praised its advances, but it was Rodenbough's last engagement, for the war was long over before he recovered from his wounds received in that fight. But for the regiment there was no rest. Next day escort for Sheridan; the following day back on the reserve brigade, and on the 25th Front Royal under Captain Smith, both sides getting savage in their warfare; then Waynesborough; a night fight, where the "Second" is outnumbered and retreats, though Early's men retreat from the Union forces at Fisher's Hill and Woodstock; and at last (Oct. 19), Cedar Creek—nearly lost and fairly won in a day—for which final success the "Second," in Merritt's Division, which Sheridan said "confronted the enemy

from the first attack in the morning until the battle was decided," fights with only two officers for the regiment, both seriously wounded before Early begins his long retreat.

Two more raids the "Second" has—one under Merritt, from Winchester to Loudon Valley in November after guerrillas, with a little fighting at the end—and one in December under Torbert to Gordonsville—then no more fighting; but when Grant rode to Appomattox Court House to arrange terms of peace with Lee, his Quartermaster General who accompanied him was the Rufus Ingalls who was once only a brevet 2nd lieutenant in the Second cavalry, then known as Riflemen—and though Wesley Merritt, one of the commissioners for receiving the surrender was Major General of Volunteers, he was still a captain in the Second, who had to wait a generation of time before fighting by the side of his former enemies against a common foe, in the war for Cuba.

When the Rebellion was at last closed, the Second Cavalry beat its sabres into plowshares, figuratively and temporarily at least, for when in October of 1865 they left Monrovia, Md., for the West and were distributed over Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, they found few suitable barracks, and for a large part of the summer of 1866 they were employed as carpenters and mechanics in the construction of posts at Forts Harker, McPherson, Wallace and Kearny.

It was not all peace; before the end of that year there was trouble on the frontiers with those old enemies of peace, the Sioux. Once in western Nebraska, Lieutenant Geo. A. Armes, (Co. M.) and twenty-five men were aroused early in the morning to follow a war party of these Indians who had stolen several hundred head of stock. They started at five in the morning without breakfast, crossed two forks of the Platte River in freezing water, and at eleven o'clock at night, having come ninety-eight miles, attacked with twenty men the Indians at North Platte, captured twenty-two, brought off most of the stock, and by five the next afternoon were back in camp having had nothing to eat the two days out. That was General Cooke's report. Armes put the whole distance marched as at least one hundred and seventy miles in thirty-seven hours. On full rations and without a fight it might have had

the General's commendation, " for perhaps the greatest cavalry feat yet recorded."

Two months later Captain Fetterman and two other officers of the 18th Infantry and twenty-seven men (Troop C) of the " Second," together with some citizen volunteers, were all massacred at Sullivant Hill, Dakota Territory, by one thousand five hundred Sioux under Red Cloud, who penned them in a ravine from which there was no escape. Nevertheless they killed two for one before the last plucky bugler crossed the dark river. And the next summer Lieutenant Kidder (F troop) and twelve men taking dispatches to General Custer, were all slaughtered between the Platte and Smoky Hill Rivers. It was not better in 1868. By official report, from June to December of that year, one hundred and fifty-four murders were committed by the Indians in the Department of Missouri, not to mention robberies, fires and other outrages.

When it was not the Indians it was the elements, and sometimes both. In 1869 Captain Henry E. Noyes was sent on an expedition into Montana with Troops I, C, G and L, and when he returned at the end of twelve days, all of the nine officers and seventy-two enlisted men out of two hundred and twenty were more or less frozen. Lieutenant Armes, scouting under Captain Mix had twice the year before similar experiences. In November, 1871, Troops H and I returning from escort duty for surveyors of the North Pacific Railway, were one afternoon overtaken by a blizzard, in which they wandered for five hours with the thermometer at 40° below zero before finding the shelter of timber on the Yellowstone that had been plainly in sight when the storm struck. Fifty-three of the men were frozen. It was on the Powder River not far from this, that General Dodge lost nearly or quite a thousand cavalry horses in one storm five years before. In 1876 on the march from Fort Ellis, Montana, in the Custer-Sioux campaign most of the officers and men of the troops from the " Second " were frosted or had limbs frozen. In Crook's attack on Crazy Horse's village later in the season (March 17) hardly an officer or man escaped, if not frozen limbs, at least frost bites. On the march to Utah nine years before, the troops ahead of the " Second " lost one night (Jan. 6, 1858) five hundred horses, and the " Second " on the previous Nov. 8th marched eighteen miles with the

temperature at 44°, and the following day nineteen miles, through a country so devastated by the preceding troops and the Mormons that Colonel Cooke said in his report "Earth has no more lifeless, treeless, grassless desert. It contains scarcely a wolf to glut itself on the hundreds of dead and frozen animals which for thirty miles nearly block the way."

The "Second" had other wars to wage; for fifteen years, beginning in 1869, the Montana Battalion of, usually troops F, G, H and L, at first under Lieutenant Colonel A. G. Brackett, were busy with frontier troubles. Within that fifteen years the troops of the "Second" began the war with the Piegans and at the end of thirteen years they were in the engagement that restored a peaceful period to that rgion. In January, 1870, under Major E. M. Baker, for some serious outbreak they attacked and destroyed a Piegan village, severely punished the warriors and captured three hundred horses. In 1872 they renewed the measures for the pacification of the Sioux, by repulsing something like six hundred who attacked North Pacific surveyors. Two years later Captain Bates corrected the evil habits of some Arapahoes who were charged with the murder of about fifty people; with thirty-five men, not counting some troublesome Shoshone allies, he captured a village of one hundred and twelve lodges at Snake Mountain. All these matters were bad enough, but it was the various tribes of the savagely warlike Sioux which made the serious trouble along all the Missouri Valley states. As a tribe they had never been conquered. Harney and Cooke had thrashed a section of them more than twenty years before. General Dodge had been after them ten years later; the same year (1866) Lieutenant Bingham (C) was killed by their braves, the next year Captain D. S. Gordon had two fights at Shell Creek and Fort Deschmidt, and in 1869 Lieutenant Stambaugh (D) and Lieutenant Wanless (K) each had an engagement with these raging demons. In May 1870 Company D had two fights in one day—one under Captain Gordon, in which he recovered stolen stock—later in the day his Lieutenant Stambaugh and ten men met a party of sixty or seventy, and after a fight of an hour and a half drove them off, though Stambaugh was killed. All this was only the part the "Second" took in the numerous encounters.

It was evident that such a condition, whatever may have been the

irritating causes, could not continue, and in 1876 the government arranged for a general movement against the Sioux. For this purpose troops were moved early in that year from the Platte River, from Dakota, and from Montana. The "Second" had four troops in the column sent from Montana under General Gibson, and five troops (A, B, D, E and I) in Crook's force from the Department of the Platte. Custer was with Terry's Dakota troops, in charge of the Seventh Cavalry in the stead of Colonel Samuel D. Sturgis (once a captain in the "Second").

Without repeating all the absorbingly interesting details of the events attending the lamentable and tragic death of that gallant officer, with all his men in the five troops with him on that day when, filled with enthusiastic hopes of new laurels to be won they faced ten times their own number, it is to the point of this account that in February the Montana Battalion had made a long raid from Fort Ellis, and rescued some besieged frontiersmen from these Sioux; and that, as early as March 17th troops A, B, E, I and K, had been in an attack upon Crazy Horse's village of one hundred and five lodges in the Powder River country, where Troop K had, under Captain Egan, made a dash through the midst of the village. In these various ways the "Second" was in the campaign from the first. Later the companies with Crook were in his fight of June 17—eight days before Custer's—when he engaged from five thousand to six thousand Sioux on the Rosebud with one thousand four hundred troops, and driving them back into a cañon barely missed a barricaded ambush that would have been deadly; but he did avoid it—and old and tried Indian campaigner though he was, thought it prudent to withdraw to Goose Creek and wait. It was Troops H and F under Captains Ball and Roe of Gibbon's force that scouted over the site of Custer's fight, only a short time before that fateful Sunday and found no village there, though Troop F camped at night on the field of the coming battle; less than two weeks after that event Crook, searching for the village he believed must be near, sent (July 6) Lieutenant F. W. Sibley, "universally conceded to be as full of cool courage as any man could well be," with twenty-five picked men and his two best scouts to locate it if possible. By the next morning the detachment had gone forty miles, but then found a dangerously large war party of the Chey-

ennes under White Antelope, who pursued them until afternoon so closely that Sibley was forced to make a stand on favorable ground, where he fought them off as long as he dared, and then, leaving his horses to deceive the enemy, he and his squad stole away so quickly that they were not caught, and under the guides got back to camp,—" a feat without parallel in the annals of Indian warfare."

Meantime, after Gibbon has gone to reinforce Reno, the other troops of the Second had helped the remnants of the Seventh perform the last sad rites of burial for the slaughtered heroes from whom Sitting Bull had wildly fled that day, leaving his warriors to fight them.

Crook and Terry were not long together after they met and when the two department commanders again separated they took each his own detachment of the Second, those originally with Crook to follow him through parts of Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota, though even then absolutely disreputable in appearance after campaigning since March 1st, the last thirty days on half rations—on that " Starvation March " upon which they started August 24th with fifteen days' rations, no change of clothing, one blanket and possibly one poncho each, but no tents, and campaigned in storm and tempest to Sept. 13th, when the people of the Black Hills sent out a limited supply of food. They lost, ate and shot five hundred or more horses on that march and it was after the last cracker had disappeared and " not a stick of wood had been seen for eighty-six miles " that they attacked (Sept. 9th), the Sioux village at Slim Buttes where American Horse—a lion-hearted Sioux—was killed, and later that day engaged Crazy Horse's bands, with the Second under Major Noyes, and Lieutenants Clark and Sibley in the thick of it, fighting Indians holding certificates of good character signed by the agency officials, mixed with clothing, saddles and horses from the troops that fell with Custer.

That march ended the summer campaign, though General Miles, who had come in, kept his men moving, and Crook sent in November a force, including one troop of the " Second " over the same territory he had just covered, which (Nov. 24) defeated Dull Knife's band of Cheyennes on Crazy Woman's Fork, with more of the saddles of the Seventh bearing silent witness to their share in the year's great tragedy.

The next year the "Second" was represented on the board that negotiated peace with Crazy Horse, though the peace was not felt to be secure until Crazy Horse—again plotting mischief—was himself arrested under the directions of Spotted Tail and killed while resisting arrest; the Spotted Tail that had remained the friend of the whites because of a promise to his daughter who had profoundly loved an officer of the United States army, and had died broken-hearted.

It was the Montana battalion that was the busy one for the succeeding few years. Early in the next year (1877) it joined General Miles in his pursuit of Sitting Bull to Canada; and under that general its troops were in the engagement with Lame Deer's band on a fork of the Rosebud, where they still found the branded horses of Custer's regiment. Later (Sept. 30), they were in the diversion of his attack upon the usually peaceful but just then very warlike Nez Percés near Bear Paw Mountains, where, after a three days' siege, Chief Joseph surrendered and promised never again to fight the whites—a promise he kept. It was there that Lieutenant Ed. J. McClernand (under whose father the "Second" had served at Fort Donelson) won his medal of honor.

Two years later, in the pursuit of Sitting Bull, Lieutenant Norwood under General Howard brought that wily old chief to a stand—though with insufficient force to hold him—at Camas Prairie, and Lieutenant Clarke, with two troops (under General Miles again, who now has more of the "Second" than in the earlier campaign) opened an engagement with these same Sioux in force on Milk River, Montana, and when finally reinforced by five more troops chased them fifteen miles to the Canadian line. It was not until March of the next year that Captain Huggins, Lieutenants Cook and Brett with troops C and E were able to strike the Sioux again, but they did catch them then near Fort Keogh and captured a few, and April 1st, 1880, at O'Fallon Creek they took enough prisoners from the savages held as hostages to finally lead to the peaceful surrender of Spotted Eagle and Rain-in-the-Face, of Kicking Bear and Short Bull with their camps—two thousand or more—and so, in time, to that of Sitting Bull himself, the end of hostilities and the beginning of a peaceful development of the Dakotas and Montana; though Lieutenant Norwood and Troop L had the last engagement with

the Creek Indians at Wild Horse Lake in April 1883. Nevertheless these events, with the passing away of the buffalo, established a peace only once (1890) briefly broken, when some tribes were disarmed by General Miles.

In 1884, after the troubles with the Indians were under control, the whole of the Second Cavalry was moved to the Pacific Coast, nine troops going to the Department of Columbia and three to California; but late the next year troops A and K were sent from the Presidio to Arizona, where they were engaged under General Crook in the campaign against Geronimo. And when, early in 1886, Miles succeeded Crook as Department Commander, he first made his headquarters with the troops of the "Second" now increased to a battalion, at Fort Bowie, Arizona, where they had been under the strain of the early months of that wearing campaign, the end of one hundred years of war waged against the Spaniards, Mexicans and Americans by the Apaches, Crook's "human tigers," whom Miles calls "the most expert mountain climbers of the world"—the same Apaches with whom the "Second" was engaged after the Mexican War.

General Miles at the beginning of his campaign put Lieutenant A. M. Fuller of the "Second" (the Fuller who was wounded at the Lame Deer fight) in charge of troops in Arizona to assist in the difficult problem of separating and subjugating the hostiles among the forty thousand Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, most of whom were peaceable.

When that business was settled it was Fowler, Winn, Sargent, Lewis and others that pursued that renegade "Kid" and his followers, and when it was not threatened war because of the aggressions of one or another abroad, it was disturbances on the reservations. The Moquis, for example, were once wrought to a state of mind because their children were to be sent to Government schools which had in part been closed during the Apache troubles. Probably they had been incited by designing persons, but once an assortment of fifty from this tribe displayed great anxiety to use as a living target the body of Lieutenant Brett, who had been sent to pacify them; however, the objections offered by the lieutenant were sustained on all points and trouble was avoided.

In 1890 the headquarters of the regiment was removed from Walla

Walla to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and the troops at intervals sent to San Carlos, Huachuaca, Bowie and other points. Before this occurred, in common with all the similar organizations, the regiment was shorn of troops L and M, reducing it to ten troops, and while they were in New Mexico and Arizona, troop K was, as in several regiments stationed in the West, converted into an Indian troop. This was not the first experience with the aboriginal allies organized as troops. At the very beginning of the history of the regiment Captain John F. Lane, of the "Second" (whose unfortunate death in his tent was the first loss of the regiment) was directed to act as Colonel of a body of mounted Creek volunteers in the war against the Seminoles, in which David Moniac, a Creek Indian, graduated at West Point, was a Major—killed at Wahoo Swamp Nov. 21, 1836.

At last, however, the troubles with the Indians as belligerents, which from the beginning of things had been, whether reasonably or not, whether righteously or not, an almost continual menace to the peace of the constantly changing frontier line, were drawing to a close, and thereafter throughout all the great West, the settler and freighter could live and move with no more threatening foe than the avaricious and renegade wanderers of his own race. In these Indian wars, within the period covered by the history of this regiment, our Army lost more officers than the whole army of Great Britain had lost since Waterloo. The "Second" alone in its 117 engagements to that date had lost forty-eight officers and seven hundred and eight men, more than enough to fully recruit the entire regiment to its average strength.

When in 1876 General Crook's command, including the detachment of the "Second," was about to separate at the conclusion of their campaign and starvation march, he issued an address, saying after brief but generous and kind words of approbation: "Indian warfare is of all warfare the most dangerous, the most trying and the most thankless. Not recognized by the high authority of the United States Senate as war, it still possesses for you the disadvantages of civilized warfare with all the horrible accompaniments that barbarians can invent and savages execute. In it you are required to serve without the incentive to promotion or recognition; in truth without favor or hope of reward. . . .

You may, therefore, congratulate yourselves that in the performance of your military duty you have been on the side of the weak against the strong, and that the few people there are on the frontier will remember your efforts with gratitude." . . .

In the few comparatively quiet and peaceful years preceding the Spanish War, the headquarters of the "Second" had remained at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, but the troops, except E and K, were removed from Forts Huachuaca, Bowie and San Carlos, Arizona, to Fort Logan, Colorado and Fort Riley, Kansas, where troop E had been more than thirty years earlier, and some of the others forty years before. When in April, 1898, the troops were assembled at the southern points of rendezvous, the "Second" went to Chickamauga, and for the first time since the Civil War was all together in one place. It was only a part of the time used as an organization in the conflict of the Rebellion. The fact is a regiment of cavalry is a tremendous body, as well as a tremendous force. It is recorded that the first time in the history of the War Department at which an entire regiment of cavalry was assembled as one body of troops, was in 1839 when Colonel Kearny had the full ten companies of the First Dragoons at Fort Wayne, prepared for any trouble with the Cherokees. It does not appear from any record of the Mexican War that the "Second" was all in any one camp or engagement, for until the Civil War they had been more or less dismembered. Even at Chickamauga they were only assembled with other troops to prepare for foreign service, and it was not until they were all, early in the fall of 1900, in Hamilton and Santa Cristina Barracks at Matanzas, Cuba, that they were to parade as a single military orgnization on duty at one place.

A battalion of the "Second" under Lieutenant W. A. Rafferty, having the troops of Captains Brett, Lewis, McFarland and Augur, sailed from Tampa June 14th and with the other troops of the expedition against Santiago were landed to share in that victory for American arms. Although the accounts of the battle may not always specify the acts of the "Second," as they do those of some other regiment, it is principally due to the fact that—much as was the case at the beginning of the Civil War—the "Second" being the only mounted body was used in de-

tached assignments of from one trooper to two troops, for escort duty, and though thus exposed to the dangers faced by the batteries, as an instance, which were in two cases at least escorted or supported by troops A and C with Captain Lewis and Lieutenants Pope, Clark and Christian, they were so hurried from duty to duty that their performances at any one point were less noticeable than those of regiments that went into the engagements unmounted. It was with the "Second" as an escort under Captains Brett and Lieutenant Allen—who had Captain McClernand's company—that General Lawton made his principal reconnoissance of the vicinity; and that the day and night escort duty of the detachment under Lieutenants Kochersperger and Leary and Hanna, was trying as well as dangerous (for some were wounded though fortunately none seriously) was indicated by the subsequent condition of these troops, which, averaging seventy-two enlisted men for duty on landing at Daquiri, arrived at Montauk Point with ranks so depleted that Brett's troop could muster only three enlisted men for duty.

It was not all glory, but the "Second" fared well in the honors that were given out. Lieutenant Colonel of Volunteers E. J. McClernand, was recommended by General Shafter for Brevet Brigadier General, and although the authorities had been slow in lending a formal approval to the acts of Lieutenant Lloyd M. Brett in the affair at O'Fallon Creek, Montana, eighteen years before (for he had won his medal "for fearless exposure and daring bravery" on that occasion, only about three years earlier) the smoke had hardly cleared away from Santiago when he and Captain Charles J. Stevens each had his brevet of Major for "distinguished services." There Lieutenant E. M. Leary earned his brevet, and others, if not formal decorations, at least a recognition of fitness for responsible duties, an honor the true soldier covets.

Not all of the regiment was at San Juan or El Caney. Part of it (Troop B) under Captain Curtis B. Hoppin, went early to Puerto Rico, and with General Miles again, landed at Ponce. The troop was with the forces marching upon Arecibo when the news of the signing of the peace protocol ended fighting, and without further bloodshed Arecibo and all the island fell under the protection of American arms. It was

November before the troop, no longer needed to maintain the peace and order and slowly growing revivification of the new possessions, returned to the United States, only to go almost immediately to Cuba with the entire regiment which, as first arranged, was to be equally divided between Cienfuegos and Matanzas. The troops were from time to time moved to Placitas, Santa Clara, Cardenas and other points, and it was not until September, 1900, that all of the troops of the regiment were at Matanzas, and then only a comparatively short time, the "milk" squadron (M-I-L-K) going to Cienfuegos—the last troops to occupy barracks there.

The officers and men of the "Second" had, in the course of its service, been used for many purposes; they had been dragoons with rifles but without sabres; dragoonmen with lances; dragoons with sabres, and regular cavalrymen. They had served as carpenters in Kansas and Nebraska; herders, cowboys and *posse comitatus* in Utah; artillerists in New Mexico and signalmen in Arizona. The regiment was for a time partly Indian. Often its officers had been Pathfinders, for Colonel Boone was early familiar with many routes and water courses of the West and Colonel Cooke had (1846-7) opened the first wagon road from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. Major Enoch Steen as early as 1833, with three companies of another regiment, marched from Fort Gibson by way of the Missouri and Platte Rivers to the site of Denver, returning by way of the Arkansas to Fort Leavenworth. Lieutenant H. T. Allen had explored (1884-5) the Copper, Tanana and Yukon rivers in Alaska, into regions where white men had been unknown. D. L. Brainard,—who afterwards was a captain in the "Second" won distinction—as a private had distinguished himself in Troop L at Lame Deer's camp in Dakota but more especially with Greely's expedition towards the North Pole. In 1860 Lieutenant John Mullins explored the Yellowstone Park, and Lieutenant G. C. Doane again in 1870. Philip St. George Cooke, Albert Gallatin Brackett, Alfred Pleasanton, James A. Brisbin, David S. Stanley, Wesley Merritt, Alfred E. Bates, Theophilus F. Rodenbough, and lately Edward J. McClernand, at one time or another its officers, are or have been authors of works of general interest, to be found in public libraries. Cooke prepared a system of cavalry tactics adopted by the general

government at the outbreak of the Civil War. Lieutenant Chas. B. Schofield and Major Herbert J. Slocum were sent abroad to observe, the one the French army, the other the war in South Africa, and General Merritt, who had been one of the commission to receive the surrender of Lee, was likewise one of the commission for the United States at Paris for the treaty with Spain.

Now in Cuba all these experiences and traditions were to be used to restore as thoroughly and quickly as possible the former public comforts and conveniences which devastating war had destroyed or impeded; to inaugurate systems of accounts, schools, public works and government that would be suitable to the new born republic. It was in every way a military government, and in everything, except the postoffice and for a time a department of the schools, accomplished under the direction of officers of the army of the United States.

It was a broad field; in it Lieutenant Hanna was to be charged with the care of the Department of Santiago, and later to succeed Mr. Frey in charge of the schools for the free instruction of what General James H. Wilson, under whom at Matanzas the "Second" served for a year, says are the brightest children he, in his experience on the two hemispheres, has known.

The greater part of the important sanitary and engineering work was begun under the direction of officers of the Engineer Corps, but much hygienic and city work was done by Captain Hoppin at Santa Clara and later at Matanzas, where he succeeded, Captain Barden of the Engineers, and was himself succeeded by Captains John S. Winn and W. F. Clark, all of the "Second." The principal streets of the towns, which had been barely passable, were well macadamized, the numerous substantial Spanish barracks converted into schools and hospitals, harbor improvements made or well under way, and whereas the island for hundreds of years was never known to be entirely free from yellow fever, it has since hardly had a touch of the scourge.

W. B. RUGGLES.

SEATTLE.

(To be Continued.)

CHARLES SUMNER

(*Concluded*)

SUMNER was a man of courage. Physical fear seemed almost unknown to him. In his young manhood, reckless of danger, he strode into a nativist riot in the streets of Boston, to the rescue of the mayor. In Washington, knowing full well that the city was full of men who hated him, disregarding the cautions of his friends, he walked the streets alone and unarmed. One of his earliest speeches in the Senate wrung from Douglas the comment: "I tell you, that man has courage!" But his courage was of a higher order than a mere insensibility to physical fear. Few men in public life have shown as keen an appreciation of sympathy and praise as did Sumner. His love of approval seemed almost unworthy of so great a man. Yet not a hair's breadth would he shift his course in order to catch the popular approval which he craved. His heart went out to his friends like the heart of David to Jonathan: yet he sacrificed his dearest friendships in his jealous loyalty to the truth, as he saw it. Hardly any other American has ever been so warmly received in England; he formed a host of intimacies among the leaders in British literature and public life, yet he unhesitatingly put all these at hazard, when he deemed it his duty to set forth the British government's lax observance of the demands of neutrality.

A quality rarely to be found in a man so much of whose life was passed in bitter controversy was Sumner's *magnanimity*. This is well illustrated by his attitude toward Brooks, whose hand had robbed him of three precious years. "What have I to do with him?" was his comment, when Brooks' name was mentioned, "It was slavery, not *he*, that struck the blow." Years later, when a friend asked him "How did you feel about Brooks?" he replied, "Only as to a brick that should fall upon my head from a chimney. He was the unconscious agent of a malign power." No better illustration of this fine quality in Sumner's nature is to be found than in his efforts to blot out the memory of fraternal strife. [While the war was still in progress, he introduced resolutions opposing the placing on the regimental colors of the United

States the names of battles won over fellow citizens.] Seven years after the war was over, on the ground that "national unity and good-will among fellow citizens can only be assured through the oblivion of past differences" and that "it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war," he introduced a resolution that "the names of battles with fellow citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States." This generous and high-minded measure caught the eye of a veteran in the Massachusetts legislature, and he and his friends stirred up so much feeling against it that a hasty report was adopted which denounced Sumner's resolution as "an insult to the loyal soldiery of the nation," and as "meeting the unqualified condemnation of the people of this Commonwealth." Despite the earnest efforts of some of the foremost sons of Massachusetts, headed by Whittier, to secure the expunging of that narrow-minded censure, it stood unretracted throughout the following year. But early in the session of 1874 the censure was expunged by a vote of the legislature, and a copy of the resolution was sent by a special deputation to Washington. Sumner's colleague arose from a sickbed to present that resolution in the Senate. Sumner was greatly cheered by this act of justice. He did not care to address the Senate upon it: "The dear old Commonwealth has spoken for me and that is enough." His colleagues were cordial in their congratulations. But more than one of them noted with apprehension how haggard and ill he looked, as he left the Senate Chamber, that March afternoon, with the words of vindication still in his ears. He was never to set foot within its doors again. That very night he was stricken and the following day he died.

On the very day of his death, Sumner was engaged in revising his "Prophetic Voices concerning America." This was a compilation, with illuminating comments, of the most diverse and scattered utterances of seers and sages concerning the New World, from the poetic imaginings of Strabo and Seneca to the philosophic forecasts of de Tocqueville, Cobden and Bright. These visions were in accord with Sumner's own optimism. In the darkest days, he never doubted that for America the Golden Age lay in the future. He believed that his country's borders were destined to be enlarged. Unlike most of the Northern leaders, he

did not deplore the annexation of Texas, for he was confident that that splendid domain could be won for freedom. Against expansion toward the tropics, which would bring us difficult race problems, he protested with all his might. The fury of his arraignment of Grant's scheme for the annexation of San Domingo leaves no doubt as to what Sumner's stand would have been toward the acquisition of the Philippines. But on the other hand he had a clearer vision than any other leader of his day, with the exception of Seward, of the splendid opportunity presented in the acquisition of "Russian America," and it was his splendidly prophetic speech which persuaded a reluctant Senate, with only two dissenting votes, to ratify the treaty for the purchase of Alaska. To the day of his death, Sumner cherished the faith that the boundaries of his country would one day be truly continental. He quoted Turgot's dictum: "Colonies are like fruits, which hold to the tree only until their maturity," and he queried as to Canada, "When will the fruit be ripe?" He believed the time had already come in 1870, and because of that belief he urged the cession of Canada in settlement of our claims against England for breaches of neutrality during the Civil War. It is now clear that the British Government at that time would not have been disinclined to grant that cession, but the Canadians themselves made it plain that they preferred that the Dominion's status remain unchanged.

Sumner's patriotism was of a type which demanded for the public honest and efficient service. In the Senate he insisted that the dignity of that body be maintained. The clamors of office-seekers and of their political sponsors filled him with disgust. Long before agitation for the reform of the civil service commanded public attention, Sumner sought to put its principles in practice; he urged the retention of faithful and competent officers and in 1864, on his own initiative and without consulting other Senators, he introduced a bill to provide for a system of competitive examinations for minor offices in the civil service, and for the prohibition of removals except for good cause. This was the beginning of the movement in Congress for civil service reform, but a score of years were to pass before our law-makers could be brought to pass the Act, embodying these very principles, through which the public service has been so greatly improved.

Yet Sumner's greatest work, and that which makes his centenary of

most significance was his service in the cause of Peace. It was his oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations," which revealed the real Sumner to the world. That oration still serves as an arsenal from which many of the most effective weapons against war may be drawn. In words the force of which has rarely been equalled he set forth the essentially brutalizing character of war; its severing all the bonds of friendship and comity; its utter ineffectiveness to secure or advance its professed object, —it being, in fact, a survival of the old trial by combat [which advancing civilization had condemned and eliminated among all progressive peoples]. He laid bare the prejudices which keep alive the custom of war. Never before had a more dramatic showing been made of the ghastly cost of war,—a point which he drove home by proving that the cost of the single ship-of-the-line *Ohio,*—which was then lying in Boston Harbor [and many of whose officers were in his audience, as honored guests of the City,—] exceeded by more than $100,000 "all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land" (Harvard College). In this, as in many another passage Sumner's oration is as timely to-day as when it was uttered. The bare cost of one of our latest battleships, the *North Dakota,* was $12,000,000. Even in these days of colossal benefactions, there are but five universities in the land whose productive funds exceed that sum. But the battleship's yearly maintenance will cost $800,000,—for perhaps twenty years; and then, the junk heap!—a total outlay in connection with one battleship of $28,000,000,—a sum which would pay the cost of four years of college education for each of 14,000 men or women. Well may we repeat Sumner's words: "Choose ye, my fellow citizens of a Christian state, between the two caskets,—that wherein is the loveliness of knowledge and truth, or that which contains the carrion death!" The chairman of the present House Committee on Appropriations sets forth our rapidly growing military burden: "Since 1897 the percentage of increase in expenditures for preparation for war is more than double the percentage of increase in all other expenditures, including past wars. During the fiscal year, 1909, we expended in preparation for war 39.4 per cent. of our entire revenue, excluding Post Office receipts, and on account of past wars we expended 32 per cent. of our total revenues, or for both purposes 71.4 per cent., leaving only 28.6 per cent. for all other

governmental purposes outside of the postal service." (Tawney, *Am. Rev. of Rev.*, Sept. '10.)

Sumner's oration was not free from exaggeration. A score of years had not passed before he was answering his own query, "Can there be any war which is not disgraceful?" by bidding Massachusetts Volunteers God-speed to a war in which he believed their cause was just,—a war in which momentous issues were at stake, which could no longer be settled by any other tribunal, yet whose issues he would have been the last to evade, to compromise or to postpone. Yet even while that terrible war was in progress, Sumner earned for himself the blessing promised to the peacemakers. On the floor of the Senate, he championed every measure that tended to mitigate the horrors of war. He took the lead in blocking a retaliation act which proposed stinting the supplies of clothing, food and medicines of Confederate prisoners. His influence was of prime importance in putting an end to privateering and the granting of letter of marque and reprisal,—war measures which even Chase and Seward had approved but which Sumner denounced as unworthy of a great Christian nation. Even more important was the influence which he exerted, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in keeping this country at peace with England and with France, at a time when war with either of them would have meant the disruption of the Union. Again and again, he succeeded in blocking in his Committee resolutions adopted in the House—in one instance by a unanimous vote—demanding that France withdraw her troops from Mexico,—a demand which at that juncture would have precipitated war. In the excitement over the "*Trent* Affair," the Secretary of the Navy commended the seizure of Mason and Slidell as an action "marked by intelligence, ability, decision and firmness, and having the emphatic approval of this department." "No man was more elated and jubilant over the emissaries' capture than was the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward." The House of Representatives, by unanimous resolution commended Captain Wilkes's "brave, adroit and patriotic conduct." Sumner was the one man in public life who kept his head. On hearing the news of the capture, his instant comment was: "We shall have to give them up." From that opinion he never wavered, for he knew both the law of nations, and the feeling of the people of England, and of the British gov-

ernment. In the Senate he exerted every effort to prevent debate of the question. The President, who had not been without misgivings, was soon persuaded that Sumner's stand was right. On Christmas day Lincoln summoned his Cabinet in special session. To this grave council Sumner was also bidden, and he read letters which he had just received from Cobden and Bright. No doubt remained that the act of Captain Wilkes must be disavowed; and the very next day the British minister was assured that the envoys would be given up. It still remained for Sumner, in a speech in the Senate, to justify this inevitable but most unpopular step, by showing that the seizure had been in violation of long-asserted American principles, while in resenting it Great Britain had rejected her own precedents. It was a statesman's service, throughout, and we may well record our gratitude that at this sudden crisis, when a misguided popular sentiment was fanned to a white heat, and when almost every man in public life was swept off his feet, Charles Sumner's personal friendship with England's most enlightened statesmen and his convincing exposition of the law of nations prevented the taking of the false step which would have plunged the country into war with England.

And here it is a pleasure to note one especially congenial task which brought to Sumner keen delight. March 8, 1867, he introduced in the Senate a resolution that a gold medal be struck and that therewith the thanks of Congress be presented to George Peabody of Massachusetts for his gift of $2,000,000, for the promotion of education in the more destitute portions of the Southern and South Western States, "the benefits of which, according to his direction, are to be distributed among the entire population, without any distinction, except what may be found in the needs or opportunities for usefulness." In urging the immediate recognition of such a noble benefaction, Sumner said: "I should be sorry to have it understood that the thanks of Congress can be won only in war. Peace also has its victories deserving honor. A public benefactor is a conqueror in the perpetual conflict with evil. He, too, meets the enemy face to face. Let him also have the reward of victory." Even Sumner could not foresee how fruitful that benefaction was to be to the race he was striving to uplift. It is doubly fitting that, to-night,* in paying

* This address was delivered in Peabody, Mass., Jan. 10, 1911.

our tribute to the memory of Sumner, we meet in a city which proudly bears the name, and in a hall which nobly embodies the spirit of that enlightened philanthropist whom Sumner himself delighted to honor.

But in Sumner's view, peace was so transcendant a good that the struggle for its attainment should call forth the highest efforts of statesmen throughout the world, in devising and establishing " a high court of nations to adjudge international controversies, and thus supersede the arbitrament of war." Such was his proposal in 1845, when he first caught the world's attention. Four years later, before the American Peace Society, he urged the " abolishment of the institution of war, and of the whole system as an established arbiter of justice in the Commonwealth of Nations." Read at the present day, Sumner's plea for " a Congress of Nations, with a high court of judicature or arbitration established by treaties between nations " sounds strangely prophetic. He was a pathbreaker in the road that, more than half a century later, was to lead to the Peace Conference and to The Hague Tribunal. Richard Cobden declared that Sumner " made the most noble contributions of any modern writer to the cause of peace." Two generations ago he kindled hopes, the fulfillment of which is even yet deferred. No other cause lay closer to his heart. By his will he bequeathed to Harvard College a fund, the income of which was annually to be awarded as a prize for the best dissertation on " Universal Peace, and the methods by which war may be permanently superseded." And so, through the years of this twentieth century, Charles Sumner's soul goes marching on, heartening high-minded young men to the noblest of tasks, the organizing of peace among the nations, until his ideal shall have become the real.

For nearly thirty years, Charles Sumner was one of the most potent leaders in American public life. At the first, his leadership was in moral and educational rather than in political lines. He entered politics not by choice but at the time's imperative call for a leader with his qualities of mind and heart. His constituency was unique: he always felt behind him the moral sentiment of the community,—a sentiment which he himself had largely formed. Lincoln used often to consult him as a sort of " barometer of the country's conscience." In almost his first words in the Senate, " The slave of principles, I call no party master,"

Sumner announced the position from which he never receded. He rendered valiant service in the organizing of the Republican Party, yet his voice and vote could never be relied upon to support a measure which aimed at purely partisan ends. Mistakes he made, but no man ever doubted that he stood firmly where he believed truth and right bade him stand. With poignant grief, but with no wavering, he held his ground at the end of his political life as at its beginning, a man without a party. For the arts of the ordinary party manager he had no aptitude and little regard. Not once, but again and again he boldly forced issues which filled the politicians with dismay and threatened to disrupt the anti-slavery forces. Nevertheless, it has been truly said that "the rank and file of the party, to borrow a military phrase, 'dressed upon Sumner,'" and in later years, when dissensions had arisen and when he had taken a course which his former comrades could not approve, there were thousands and thousands of men who were "startled and confused to find themselves marching in a political campaign out of step with Charles Sumner." Said Greeley: "In an age of venality and of reckless calumny, no man ever doubted the purity of his motives, the singleness of his aims; and if the august title of statesman has been deserved by any American of his age, he is that American." Of what other leader in American public life could Emerson have said: "I never knew so white a soul?"

In this year which marks the centenary of Sumner's birth, the party which he helped to found, three score years and more ago, has fallen upon evil days. The reverses which it has met, East and West, have not been brought upon it by leadership such as Sumner's. What greater need has America to-day than that for "the Senator with a conscience," for a man like Sumner in the Senate of the United States, ever "pressing and urging his companions forward, . . . keeping ever before the people the highest ideals, inspired by love of liberty, and ever speaking and working in the fear of God!"

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BOURBON COUNTY, GEORGIA

(Concluded)

THE four commissioners who were in Savannah when this act was passed, viz: Thomas Green, Long, Davenport and Christmas, are the only ones who took any part in the Natchez affair. The others were either relatives of Thomas Green or prominent residents of Natchez whose names had been signed to the petition without their consent. Thomas Marston Green was a son and Cato West a son-in-law of Thomas Green. Abner Green, named in the act as register of probates, was also a son of Thomas Green. Tacitus Gaillard and Sutton Banks promptly repudiated the use of their names on the petition, in a manifesto addressed "to the inhabitants of the country of Natchez," and called for a meeting at the house of one Brocas. For calling this public meeting, not having first obtained the consent of the Spanish commandant at Natchez, they and others who attended the meeting were arrested and imprisoned at New Orleans. None of the commissioners named in the act ever served except Thomas Green, Long, Davenport and Christmas.

Green and Davenport left Georgia together for Natchez, going by way of the Ohio and Mississippi. They became separated at some point on the route, and Green reached Natchez about two weeks ahead of Davenport. Long and Christmas went through the Indian country and did not reach Natchez until two months later. In a letter to Governor Samuel Elbert, dated "near Fort Panmure, 17th July, 1785," Davenport says: "I am at a loss to account for the imprudent conduct or measures taken by Mr. Green, who arrived some days before me. Upon his arrival, without waiting on the Commandant who had full possession of this country, he endeavored to assemble the inhabitants, in order to appoint inferior officers under him, showing a commission as Colonel of the county. General Miro wrote him a letter, upon receipt of which he set out for the Indian nations." The whole truth is that Thomas Green, a resident of the Natchez district, was the real instigator of the whole affair. This more fully appears when we remember that he had been at Savannah, the Georgia capital, nearly a year when the act

creating Bourbon County was passed. He carried with him to Natchez a copy of the constitution and laws of Georgia and hoped to make himself the leading man of the new county.

Having endeavored to assemble the people of Natchez, without authority for so doing from Lieutenant-Colonel Trevino, in command at Fort Panmure, Green was ordered to leave the country by Governor Miro, at New Orleans. Standing not upon the order of his going, he hurriedly departed for the Choctaw country and later to the Chickasaws.

Upon his arrival at Natchez, by way of the Ohio and Mississippi, William Davenport was allowed to land and establish himself at the house of one Richard Harrison, called Belhaven, in the Bayou Santa Catalina district; but he was kept under military surveillance until the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Francisco Bouligny, who thereupon became civil and military commandant at Natchez. Those who accompanied Davenport from the falls of the Ohio (now Louisville) were, however, not so fortunate. From the twenty-fourth of June until the fourth of July they were kept confined to the boats and not allowed to land, but on the latter date they were arrested by Spanish soldiers and imprisoned in Fort Panmure but released shortly by orders from Bouligny.

After Bouligny had reached Natchez, he sent to Davenport a rather pointed note, reading in part as follows: "The troubles that have spread themselves in this district since your arrival here have induced some of the inhabitants into a sort of cabal, which may probably be of great detriment to them. . . . I find it absolutely necessary that you should pursue your voyage to New Orleans and wait on the principal chief of this province, in which you will certainly find such reception as is due to the character you pretend to be invested of and which, for my part, I can not acknowledge. I must tell you, also, our laws do not permit to admit any foreigners without one express order from the chief that commands in and over this command, and which command extends not only here but a great deal further."

"Don William Gardoquy, sent by His Catholic Majesty to the United States of America as Agent, started from Havana in the latter end of April to go to Philadelphia, where very likely he has determined

the limits that bound the possessions of His Catholic Majesty and those of the United States of America . . . and, until then, it is more proper that you be in (New) Orleans than here, where you will enjoy greater satisfaction and this district more quietness."

Replying to this, under date July 30, 1785, Davenport said: "Sir: Yours of yesterday informs me that troubles have spread themselves in this district since my arrival, which has induced some of the inhabitants into a sort of cabal. Upon my arrival here, I found the people in great confusion by the imprudence of Mr. Green's not addressing himself properly to the commandant; and Mr. Gaillard's collecting the inhabitants to oppose the measures taken by the legislature of Georgia, so that this might become a separate State. . . . Your letter says, you find it absolutely necessary I should proceed to (New) Orleans. My instructions positively order me to remain in these premises until I receive further orders. . . . I wish to have a personal conference with you to-morrow on that subject."

To this Bouligny replied that he could grant no interview, and suggested: "It is absolutely necessary . . . that we continue a method which is convenient and proper to both, to give an account to our chief respectives."

Nicholas Long and Nathaniel Christmas, the commissioners who had come from Georgia through the Chickasaw and Choctaw country, reached Natchez the next day. The three commissioners, Davenport, Long and Christmas, thereupon sent a joint note to Bouligny, enclosing copies of the authority under which they were acting; also copies of the various treaties and papers respecting the boundary. Bouligny referred them to Lieutenant-Governor Miro, at New Orleans, together with the correspondence setting forth the object of their mission to Natchez. Miro, in turn, transmitted all the papers to the Conde de Galvez, Viceroy of Mexico. Early in November following, the Viceroy despatched a most vigorous letter to Lieutenant-Governor Miro, at New Orleans, taking both him and Bouligny, severely to task. Immediately upon receipt of this torrid letter from the Viceroy, Miro forwarded a curt note to the Georgia commissioners and peremptorily ordered them to quit the Natchez district, allowing them fifteen days in which to get

their effects together and thirty days additional to get completely without the territory. It is related that, to this day, they have over forty days to their credit; for, like their predecessor Thomas Green, they stood not on the order of their going but went from there at once.

Viceroy de Galvez forwarded despatches to New York, by the ship *Galveston,* addressed to Don William Gardoquy, the *encargado de negocios* (diplomatic agent) of Spain to the United States, who had sailed from Havana to Philadelphia the previous April, as is referred to in the letter of Bouligny to the Georgia commissioners, dated April 30. These despatches reached Gardoquy in New York late in September, 1785. He had been received by Congress as the duly accredited representative of the kingdom of Spain on the second day of the previous July. On September twenty-third, Gardoquy addressed a note to John Jay on the Bourbon County affair. Three days later, Jay brought the matter to the attention of Congress which passed resolutions strongly disapproving the action taken by Georgia. A copy of the resolutions was transmitted to the Spanish minister by Jay the day following their passage.

When the Georgia commissioners took fright at Lieutenant-Governor Miro's letter of November, 1785, and left Natchez in so great a hurry, the Bourbon County fizzle was virtually at an end. The State of Georgia took no further steps, pending an adjustment of the boundary between the United States and Spain, which culminated in the treaty of 1795; but in the act of the General Assembly, approved 1788, ceding her western territory to the United States, the Bourbon County act was repealed.

Of the subsequent history of the four Georgia commissioners, Green, Davenport, Long and Christmas, not much is known. Green and Christmas eventually settled in Mississippi. Davenport continued to act as an agent for the State of Georgia among the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. He was finally murdered by them, at the instigation of one Alexander McGillivray, a Georgia quarter-breed, who was acting as a Lieutenant-Colonel and spy for the Spanish army. Long, who had been a member of the General Assembly of Georgia when the Bourbon County act was passed, and prior to that time a deputy quar-

termaster-general of the southern department of the Continental army, was afterward connected with the so-called Yazoo Fraud, as a member of the Georgia-Mississippi Company.

The failure of the Georgia commissioners to get possession of the Natchez territory did not, however, end the agitation. There were several other plots for wresting this fine district from Spain. However, for the most part, they were merged and lost in a greater controversy, then taking form, concerning the free navigation of the Mississippi, and also in what has been called the Spanish Conspiracy, which had its center of disturbance at the falls of the Ohio, the site of the present Louisville, Kentucky. This Bourbon County incident is, however, really but the first chapter of a great movement by which the Spaniard was forced to the west of the Mississippi and finally wiped from the map of North America above the Rio Grande.

MARK ALLEN CANDLER.

ATLANTA, GA.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

CHAPTER I

CAUSES AND COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION

THE great embarrassment of the fathers of this country was in the effort to establish and maintain a system of government under two widely different forms of civilization, the one based on freedom and the other on slavery. The advance in wealth and population of the free States of the North over the slave States created a natural antagonism between the slave States and the free States, which intensified year by year with the broadening of the differences between the two sections of the country. The sentiment of the North in this direction was aggravated by the weakness and imbecility of the representatives of the Democratic Party of the North in being submissive to the demands of the politicians of the South, and was further aggravated by the violation of the Missouri Compromise, by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, and by the attempt to impose slavery on the Territory of Kansas. All this resulted in a weakening of the Democratic Party in the North by the defection of the anti-slavery and independent element in it, and, finally, in the formation of the Republican Party, which practically absorbed the Whig Party and culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln as President in 1860.

The election of Lincoln was deeply resented by the people of the South, and South Carolina took the lead in expressing the bitterness of the resentment, first by threats, and finally by the passage of the ordinance of secession, which was quickly followed by the passage of similar ordinances of secession by all the slave States excepting Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and Delaware, the latter having a strong loyal sentiment and the three former being occupied immediately by United States forces, which prevented any legislative act of disloyalty. The secession ordinances declared in effect that the Union was simply a confederacy, and that these States passing the ordinances would separate themselves from the free States of the North and West, and establish an independ-

ent government. These acts were quickly followed by the seizure of Federal property by the South, and later by the firing on the flag of the Union and the capture of Fort Sumter, the first step in the actual Rebellion.

But there were other matters worthy of note that led up to this climax. After the election of Lincoln and previous to his inauguration, so feeble, imbecile, and disloyal was the then existent administration of President Buchanan that the public credit was prostrated. The Government was verging on bankruptcy and had not money to pay even the necessary expenses of administration. The Secretary of the Treasury, Philip F. Thomas, came to New York to negotiate a temporary loan of three million dollars to enable the Government to pay the current expenses of the administration. He was ready to submit to any terms. The banks of the city held a meeting to consider the matter, and so low was the credit of the Government, and so great the distrust of the adminstration, that they refused to loan the money on any terms whatever. It was evident that the nation would become bankrupt, and a few thoughtful, patriotic men immediately after this refusal urged upon the attention of the banks, that if public credit were gone private credit would quickly follow, and that it would be policy to let the Government have the loan on any conditions, even if the money were lost. The banks then consented to make a temporary loan of three million dollars, at twelve per cent. interest, on the express condition that the money should be used simply and solely to meet the current expenses of administration. The Secretary of the Treasury, a notoriously disloyal man, violated that contract by making a heavy draft to be deposited in a New Orleans bank. The bankers of New York advised the Government they would not pay any more drafts of that kind on this loan, and demanded, furthermore, that the Secretary of the Treasury, responsible for this breach of faith, be dismissed and a man appointed in his place in whom they could have confidence. Their protest resulted in the retirement of Thomas from the Cabinet and the appointment of Major-General John A. Dix as Secretary of the Treasury.

The Government wanted yet more money, and General Dix appealed to the New York bankers to show their confidence in him and in his loyalty by making a further loan. Their response was prompt and

conclusive. General Dix obtained the money he needed at the rate of ten and a half per cent. interest.

These facts are related as a necessary connection of events to show the lamentable condition of the country; that the national laws were set at defiance in the Southern States, and that the national credit was practically destroyed. Lincoln assumed the office of President with all these embarrassments before him; with an armed resistance to the law and a bankrupt Treasury; with a North greatly divided in opinions and a solidly hostile South.

CHAPTER II

THE AWAKENING OF LOYAL SENTIMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE effect of the capture of Fort Sumter by the South was immediately recognized by President Lincoln, and he at once issued his call for 75,000 troops to maintain the integrity of the nation. The call was received coldly in New York City. The city had very large business interests with and was a great creditor of the South. The banking interest, represented in a great degree by a foreign element, was naturally timid, or in strong sympathy with the demands of the South. So prevalent and aggressive was the disloyal sympathy, that the loyal men of the city were degraded by the term of "Black Republicans." There was practically no immediate public response in the city of New York to the call of the President of the United States. The only response was the order of the Republican Governor of the State sending forward the organized militia regiments for the protection of Washington. The day after the President issued his call not a flag was visible in the city, and there was no public, patriotic response.

A few earnest, patriotic men, feeling that the Government should have immediate and adequate support, met in the office of Mr. Simeon Draper on the day following the issue of the call, April 16th, 1861. These men were Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, Mr. Milford Blatchford, Mr. Christopher R. Robert, Mr. Richard H. McCurdy, Mr. Samuel Sloan, and myself. They met to determine what action should be taken to support the Federal Government in maintaining the integrity of the

nation, and to take steps to determine the public opinion and sentiment of the city.

Perhaps no better evidence of the dominant sentiment of New York City can be offered than the flagrantly disloyal act of the mayor of the city, Fernando Wood, in this crisis. Large quantities of arms had been ordered in the city by the revolted State of Georgia. The orders were filled, and the arms were in the course of shipment when the police authorities of the city interposed and stopped them. The mayor apologized to the State of Georgia for this act of the police, expressed his regret, and excused himself on the ground that he had no power over the police force of the city, and could not prevent their action in the matter.

Furthermore, a regiment was being recruited in this city, in defiance of all law, to be used for the purpose of aiding the South in her resistance to Federal authority.

The meeting at Mr. Draper's office decided to adjourn to the house of Mr. Richard H. McCurdy, on Union Square, and met there again that same evening. There were a few other gentlemen at this second meeting beside those who first started the project at Mr. Draper's office. Included among these were Mr. William M. Evarts and General John A. Dix. It was determined that a public meeting of the citizens of New York should be called to declare their sentiments in support of the nation. Mr. William M. Evarts and General Dix were appointed a committee to draft a call. It was decided that the call should be on so broad a basis that no loyal person could refuse to sign it. As adopted by the meeting the call was in the following words:

" Citizens of New York in favor of maintaining the laws and Constitution of the United States are requested to assemble in Union Square on Saturday, April 20th, at two o'clock."

As a matter of policy it was considered best that leading Democrats of the city should be prominently identified with the movement to hold the meeting. Mr. Samuel Sloan, an original Democrat, but an intensely loyal man, volunteered to get the names of leading Democrats subscribed to the call. The meeting adjourned to reconvene the following day at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, to learn what progress had been made.

Mr. Sloan appeared at the meeting next day greatly depressed, and stated that several leading men of the city, notably Mr. Belmont, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. Royal H. Phelps, and others had refused to sign the call for a meeting in favor of the maintenance of the laws and Constitution of the United States.

There had been no expression of public opinion in New York City in reference to the situation confronting the nation, and no medium had been provided for an expression of the popular will. The outlook was gloomy, and a pall seemed to fall upon the city. The various possibilities in the matter were discussed, when suddenly, as with a burst of inspiration, Mr. Simeon Draper, a very prominent citizen and a conspicuous member of the Republican Party, exclaimed:

"Damn the swallow-tails; let's go for the ground tier!"

In a short conference between Mr. Draper and myself it was decided to send for one of his friends, Mr. Elder, a prominent, working politician, who had a large following in the lower wards of the city. When Mr. Elder came we explained to him our plan for getting an expression of public sentiment. He was to collect a considerable body of men—stevedores, laborers, and such people from about the docks—get a fife and drum and an American flag, and have the men, with the flag in the fore and headed by the fife and drum, march in procession from the Battery up Broadway the next day. Our object was to see what would be the effect on the people generally of the sight of a flag thus borne, as a kind of patriotic proclamation of their loyalty to the Union, by this element of society. It was arranged that some of our party should be at Broadway and Wall Street to meet the procession, to take advantage of whatever might result.

All this was done as arranged. Fifty or sixty men gathered in the lower part of the city and started up Broadway in procession, a small American flag waving at the head of the column, the fifer playing patriotic tunes and the drummer beating a rousing accompaniment to the steps of the marchers. The curious procession immediately attracted great attention. Broadway was crowded. At the top of Wall Street forty or fifty gentlemen joined the procession and moved down

Wall Street. The effect was electrical. All Wall Street emptied out and cheered for the flag, and in immensely augmented numbers the procession started for the *Journal of Commerce* office. That paper had been very disloyal, and a demand was made that the American flag should promptly be displayed on the building. There was but little hesitation before the flag was hung out. Then the procession started for the office of the New York *Herald,* a dense mass of cheering enthusiasts. Long before the procession reached the office a dozen flags were flying from the building. Then a move was made on the office of the *News;* and so on until every newspaper in the city that had shown a hesitant or doubtful spirit had been compelled to display the Union flag. Within twenty-four hours the flag was flying from every church-steeple in the city, and the whole place was ablaze with patriotic enthusiasm.

Thus was the loyal sentiment of New York City aroused by the simple device of the flag.

The great mass-meeting in Union Square which followed was a marvellous success. The enthusiasm there aroused resulted in the Union Defence Committee, composed of the leading men of the city, in public and private life, organized to give all possible aid to the Government in its efforts for the maintenance of the Union with men, money, and material.

CHAPTER III

WITH GENERAL WOOL IN NEW YORK CITY.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN ELLIS WOOL was at this time in command of the Department of the East, United States Army, with headquarters at Troy. Some time previous, and following closely on the secession of the Southern States, all General Wool's staff, with the exception of the late General Lewis Arnold, A. D. C., had deserted him; had resigned from the United States Army and gone into the service of the Confederacy. Having served with General Wool, on his staff, many years before, he requested me to again become a member of his staff. I at once accepted, and on April 23rd, 1861, was ap-

pointed Volunteer Aide-de-Camp to General Wool. General Wool also appointed as volunteer aides on his staff Mr. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. George Schuyler.

Major-General Scott was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with headquarters at Washington. The city of New York was cut off from any communication with Washington through the destruction of roads, bridges, and telegraph wires. There was no responsible officer of the Government in New York to muster in troops and provide for supplies, transportation, and the like. General Wool at once transferred his headquarters from Troy to New York City, and took command here a few days after the Union Square meeting. He at once began most active work, in co-operation with the Union Defence Committee, in mustering troops, securing supplies, and forwarding men. His prompt measures resulted in the providing of a military force at Washington sufficient to ensure the defence of the capital against the threatened attacks of the rebel troops from Virginia and Maryland. He was most energetic in fostering the loyal sentiment of the people of New York, making arrests of men who indulged in disloyal talk, and encouraging in every way the upbuilding of a patriotic enthusiasm for the defence and preservation of the Union. All this he, of course, did without any orders or authority from Washington. It was impossible to communicate with the heads of the Government and War Department, and he acted, as he believed to be for the best interest of the country, on his own responsibility.

But his great success and consequent popularity aroused the seemingly not altogether disinterested disapproval of General Scott—disapproval encouraged doubtless by his son-in-law, Colonel Scott, Adjutant-General on his staff, a disloyal man, who left the service of the United States shortly afterward. General Wool was rebuked by General Scott and ordered back to Troy to re-establish his headquarters there. The very remarkable letter in which General Scott ordered General Wool back to Troy indicates that other than mere military reasons were prominent in inducing the action.

LE GRAND B. CANNON.

(To be Continued.)

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVII (Concluded).

SHALL we follow the patriot soldier in his bright career of achievement, as, courted and caressed by the glowing eyes and chivalrous spirits of the South, he measures his sword with the boldest of his country's invaders, or mingles with few superiors in council among the noblest of his country's defenders? Shall we survey him in that broader field of action, where the indulgence of personal animosity and schemes of vengeance against a low adventurer like Bradshaw are forgotten and swallowed up in the more general and nobler interests that press upon him; but where the image of Alida is still as dear to his mind as when last he waved a reluctant adieu to his native valley?

But no, young Max, it is not for us to track the meteor windings of thy soldierly career amid those thrilling scenes which Lee, Sumter, Pickens, Marion, and Tarleton their gallant foe, have since immortalized in guerilla story, and made the heritage of other names than thine. The record of thy exploits is fully chronicled, mayhap, in one true heart only, and that grows daily sadder as it counts the hours of thy absence and dreams of the friend who is far away.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A YEAR has passed away—the second year of the Revolution—and Greyslaer is not nearer the fruition of his hopes than in the hour when they first dawned anew upon his soul. The calls of military duty have, in the mean time, carried him far from his native valley, to which, with a sword whose temper has been tried on many a Southern field, he is now returning; for New York at this moment needs all her children to defend her soil. Burgoyne upon the Hudson, and St. Leger along the Mohawk, are marching to unite their forces in the heart of the province, and sweep the country from the lakes to the seaboard.

The ascendency which, upon the first outbreak of hostilities, the Whigs of Tryon county attained over the opposite faction, seemed, at

this period of the great struggle, about to be wrenched from their hands. The conspiring bands of Tories which had been driven out or disarmed when Schuyler marched upon Johnstown and crushed the first rising of the royalists, had lifted the royal standard anew upon the border, and rumors of the thousands who were flocking to it struck dismay into the patriot councils. Brant and his Mohawks had always kept the field in guerilla warfare, and the frontiersmen were habituated to the terror of his name; but now Guy Johnson, who had been stirring up the more remote tribes, was said to have thickened his files with a cloud of savage warriors. The combined Indian and refugee forces had rendezvoused at Oswego thoroughly armed and appointed for an efficient campaign; and Barry St. Leger, who took command of the whole, boasted confidently that he would effect a conjunction with Burgoyne, if that leader could make good his march upon Albany.

Availing himself of the numerous streams and lakes of the country to transport his artillery and heavy munitions, St. Leger advanced with forced marches from the wilds of the North and the West, and, penetrating into the Valley of the Mohawk, invested Fort Stanwix, the portal of the whole region beyond the Hudson. The province far and wide was alarmed at this bold and hitherto successful invasion; and some of the sturdiest patriots of Tryon county stood aghast at the incoming torrent which threatened to overwhelm them. But the anxiety of the mass was more akin to the alarm that arouses than to the terror which paralyzes action. There was a spirit abroad among the people; a spirit of determined resolve, of vengeful hatred against those who had come back to desolate the land with fire and sword. Sir John Johnson, who stood high in the councils of the invading general, had approached the threshold of his fortified patrimony; but the arrogant though brave baronet, had he penetrated as far as the broad domain over which his family once exercised an almost princely sway, would have found that strange changes had taken place among his rustic and once humble neighbors.

The march of armies, the pomp and parade of martial times, with many of the dark incidents of civil feud shadowing the pageantry of regular warfare, had been beheld in the Valley of the Mohawk, and the

lapse of a short two years had markedly altered the character of the district in which the principal scenes of our story are laid. The inhabitants no longer gathered together in village or hamlet to reason calmly about their rights, and pass formal resolutions upon the conduct of their rulers. The reckless assertions, the hot and hasty reply, the careless laugh or fierce oath which cut short the laggard arguments, showed that men's tempers had altered, and the times of debate had long since given way to those of action. The soldier had taken the place of the civilian; the military muster supplanted the political assemblage; and the plain yeomanry of a rural district were no longer recognizable in the gay military groups that seemed to have usurped their place at the roadside inn. And when the proclamation of the commandant of the district summoned every male inhabitant capable of bearing arms to the field, the highways were filled with yeomanry corps, battalions of infantry, volunteers from the villages, and squadrons of mounted rangers from the remote settlements, all urging their way to the general rendezvous at Fort Dayton.

Hitherward, too, occasionally, intermingled with these raw levies, were likewise marching bodies of experienced partisan troops, which, as the scene of war shifted from one part of the northern frontier to another, had kept the field from the first. Armed and trained to serve as either cavalry or infantry, the "Mohawk Jägers," as they called themselves, were found acting now as videttes and foraging parties for the Congressional forces; fighting now by themselves with the Indians in guerilla conflict, and now again co-operating with the Continental army in regular warfare. The public house of Nicholas Wingear, which lay immediately upon the road to Fort Dayton, was at this time a favorite stopping-place of refreshment with the different corps which composed this motley army, and a small command had halted there for the night at the time we resume the thread of our story.

The old stone-built inn, with its ruined sheds and out-houses of half-hewn logs, which used to stand somewhere about midway upon the road between Canajoharie and German Flats, has probably long since given place to some more modern hostelrie. Mine ancient host, too, the worthy Deacon Wingear—unless the flavor of his liquor lives in the

memory of some octogenarian toper—is perhaps likewise forgotten. It is not less our duty, however, to chronicle his name here while opening this act of our drama beneath the hospitable roof of Nicholas.

The apartment in which the ranger corps were carousing was large and rudely furnished, containing only—besides the permanent fixture of a bar for the sale of liquors, which was partitioned off under the staircase at one end of the room—a small cherry-wood table and a few rush-bottomed chairs as its customary moveables. Temporary arrangements seemed, however, to have been lately made for a greater number of guests than those would accommodate. An oaken settle had been brought from its place in the porch, and arranged, with several hastily-constructed benches, around a rude substitute for a dining-table, formed by nailing a pair of shutters upon a stout log placed upright upon the floor; the convenience being eked out in length by some unplaned boards resting upon an empty cask or two.

The rudeness of this primitive banqueting furniture could hardly be said to be smoothed away by a soiled and crumpled table-cloth which scantily concealed less than half of its upper surface. It appeared, however, to answer the purpose with the bluff campaigners who were now seated around it, filling beaker after beaker from a huge pewter flagon which rapidly circulated around the board. Nor did they, while making the most of these ungainly appliances for their comfort, envy the burly and selfish lounger who occupied and monopolized two or three of the chairs, as well as the smaller and neater table in one corner of the apartment. Of this privileged and loutish individual we shall speak hereafter. A heavy black patch covered one of his eyes; but the curious glances which he with the other ever and anon cast upon the carousing soldiery would appear to intimate that they were worthy of a more minute description than we have yet given of them.

Their stacked arms and knapsacks flung carelessly in the corners might indicate that they were only some fatigue party of militia that had stopped here for refreshment; or it might be a detachment from some larger body of light troops which had halted for the night upon their march through the country. The absence of all military etiquette, and the free and equal tone of their intercourse, as they sat all drinking at

the same board, would imply that they were only privates of some volunteer company of foot. And yet, if his sabre and spurs were wanting, there was still that in the appearance as well as the equipments of more than one of their number which would any where have distinguished him from the common soldier of a marching regiment, much more from an ordinary militia-man. His looks were too intelligent for those of a mere human machine, accustomed only to act in mechanical unison with others. His features were earnest, but not rigid. His air was martial, but yet not strictly military. It betrayed the schooling of service rather than the habit of discipline. It bespoke the soldier, who had been made such by circumstances rather than by the drill sergeant. In a word, it was the air of a guerilla, and not a regular.

But listen; the partisan grows musical in his cups. There is a grave pause in his wild wassail; he has linked hands with his comrades; and now, with one voice, they raise their battle hymn together. It is that half-German gathering song which, in the days of the Revolution, used to stir the Teuton blood of "The old Residenters," as the men of the Mohawk called themselves.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

I.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Swear ye for the glorious cause,
Swear by Nature's holy laws
To defend your fatherland!
By the glory ye inherit,
By the deeds that patriots dare,
By your country's freedom, swear it:
By the Eternal, this day swear!
Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

2.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Let the earth and heaven hear it,
While the sacred oath we swear it,
Swear to uphold our fatherland!
Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,
Floating foremost in the field;
While thine eagle hovers us
None shall tremble, none shall yield,
Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

Aquila Romana!

3.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Raise it to the Father spirit,
To the Lord of Heaven rear it,
Let the soul tow'rd HIM expand!
Truth unwavering, faith unshaken,
Sway each action, word, and will:
That which man hath undertaken,
Heaven can alone fulfil,
Raise the heart, raise the hand,
Fling abroad the starry banner,
Ever live our country's honor,
Ever bloom our native land.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

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Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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CONTENTS

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE* (1778-1780) (*Sixth Paper*) JAMES N. ARNOLD 163

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—The Second Dragoons . . . . (*Concluded*) W. B. RUGGLES 172

THE PRACTICAL WORK OF THE D. A. R.—VII. IN NEW HAMPSHIRE . . . . . MRS. CLARA B. ABBOTT 177

SOME EARLY RHODE ISLAND LIBRARIES . . . . . DANIEL GOODWIN 182

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION . . . (*Second Paper*) *the late* COLONEL LE GRAND B. CANNON 196

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS:

Letter from Colonel Francis Barber on Sullivan's Expedition . . . 202

Letter of Samuel Chase, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, to Thos. Johnson, Governor of Maryland 202

Letters of Charles Sumner to Mrs. Lydia Maria Child 203

Letter from Frances Dandridge, the Mother of Martha Washington to —— 203

Letter from General Greene to the Governor of Georgia 204

NOTES BY THE WAY:

Looking for an Anthem 205

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK . . . . . Chapter XXVIII (*Continued*) CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 206

BOOK REVIEWS 216

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE*

1778—1780

(*Sixth Paper*)

March 13, 1779.

IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY,

FEBRUARY SESSION, 1779.

THIS Assembly, being sensible of the abilities and good conduct as an Officer of the Honorable Major General Sullivan since his taking the Command of the Army within this State, and of the active zeal with which he hath exerted the Forces under him for the preservation of this State and the security of its inhabitants do unanimously

Resolve That His Honor the Deputy Governor, Mr. John Brown, and Theodore Foster, Esq., as a Committee of this Assembly wait upon the General and in their names return him their sincere Thanks and assure him that as they cannot entertain a doubt of his perseverence in such measures as may in subservience to the public interest best promote those of this State, so they most cordially wish an uninterrupted continuance of that mutual harmony which hath ever subsisted between the General and this Assembly in all such measures.

To which His Honor the General returned the following answer:

Permit me, Gentlemen, to return you my unfeigned Thanks for your polite address and the satisfaction you are pleased to express of my conduct and services while I have had the honor to Command in this Department.

If my Zeal for the interest of my Country, if my well-meant endeavors to do justice to my Trust and my exertions as an Officer have contributed to the security of the people, the voice of approbation from their Representatives in Assembly is an * * and flattering compensation. For the honor of my profession and the respect I have for the Legislative Authority, it shall ever be my study to cultivate harmony and by promoting the interest of the public, attend particularly to that of this State and I hope, Gentlemen, under the influence of Divine Providence your patriotism and perseverance will be finally crowned with success and by the expulsion of our Common Enemy from the Country you may enjoy the fruits of your honest industry and the blessings of peace, so virtuously contended for. In this hope I remain, Gentlemen,

Your Grateful, Humble Servant,

JOHN SULLIVAN.

March 20, 1779.

Capt. Rufus Potter in the Ship *Union* from this port is arrived at South Carolina, as is Captain Dunn in a Sloop from Connecticut at Cape François. (Hayti:)

Since our last, five of Wightman's Tory Regiment and one Hessian arrived here from Rhode Island.

Capt. Gideon Crawford in the Ship *Peggy* from this Port, bound to South Carolina, was taken the 22d of January off that coast by a small Privateer from Georgia, which he fought till he had expended all his ammunition. The Enemy gave Captain Crawford and his men a small boat in which they arrived safe at Charleston.

March 27, 1779.

By a Flag of Truce from Rhode Island which came to Warwick Neck on Saturday last, we learn that Admiral Gambier arrived at Newport from New York a few days before. We since learn that he has sailed with several vessels under Convoy, having on board about 259 invalids.

In the above Flag came a number of the distressed inhabitants of Rhode Island, and a few Prisoners of War.

Saturday (March 29) last about 29 Sail of Vessels from New Port (supposed to be a Wood Fleet) went up the Western Sound under Convoy of the *Nautilus* Sloop of War, since which it is said several of them have been driven ashore on Gardiner's Island.

Remain at Rhode Island. One Ship of 64 Guns, One of 50 Guns, and 12 small armed vessels and Transports.

April 3, 1779.

General Sullivan left Providence, March 29, 1778.

The Honorable Major General Gates who is appointed to Command this Department, was last night at Wrentham and is expected to arrive in town to-day (April 3).

Sunday morning last (March 28) a Fleet of 25 Sail of Transports said to have Troops on board, and convoyed by Two Frigates, arrived at Newport. They sailed from Sandy Hook a few days before.

Wednesday Evening (March 31) Ten sail of Transports with some Troops and flat bottom boats, passed by Seaconnit steering Eastward, and are supposed to be bound on a Sheep-Stealing Expedition.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in the Southern Port of this State dated March 31.

A brisk firing of cannon has been heard this day. Report tells us, and with some degree of certainty, that 164 Sail of the Enemy's Shipping are now at anchor between Saybrook and New London.

The Enemy at Rhode Island are in motion. Should they be hardy enough to attempt an Expedition up the Bay, have no doubt but they will meet with a proper reception.

We learn that the famous Joseph Wanton, Jun., of Newport, was lately appointed by General Prescott, Superintendent General of Police for the Island of Rhode Island.

April 10, 1779.

Saturday last (April 3) the Hon. Major General Gates having been appointed to the Command for this Department, arrived here from Boston. General Glover's Brigade of Continental Troops who in new uniforms made a very martial appearance, with a large number of other Gentlemen met him a few miles out of town and escorted him to Head Quarters.

On the General's entering the town he was saluted by a discharge of Thirteen Guns from the Continental Park of Artillery stationed here.

Last Tuesday (April 6) the Hon. Gen. Gates together with Brigadier Generals Glover and Cornell, most of the Officers of the Army in this Department and a number of Gentlemen of this Town, partook of an elegant Entertainment at Hacker's Hall. After Dinner the following patriotic toasts were drank and the pleasure diffused through the whole Company was, we doubt not, a happy presage of the Blessings we are to reap, under so worthy and distinguished a Commander.

1. The United States.
2. Congress.
3. Our great and glorious Allies.
4. General Washington and the armies of the United States by Sea and Land.
5. General Lincoln and success to the Southern Army.
6. The States of Holland.
7. Our Ambassadors at Foreign Courts.
8. A Successful Campaign.
9. Glad Tidings from Europe and the West Indies.
10. The Governor and State of Rhode Island.
11. Our European Friends.

12. A Safe and Honorable Peace.

13. Trade and Commerce.

Yesterday the Lady of the Hon. Major General Gates, attended by Major Robert Gates and a number of other Gentlemen of the Army, arrived in Town from Boston.

Tuesday last a vessel arrived at Newport from the Eastward, having on board a number of wounded men. She was one of the Fleet that lately sailed from Rhode Island on a plundering Expedition. Among the wounded is one Goldbury, an infamous Tory belonging to the State of Massachusetts Bay, who since the commencement of the war has been very active in the Enemy's service and has at length met with his just deserts, his life being despaired of. The British Grenadiers and Light Infantry that were at Rhode Island embarked for Long Island about two months since. The Enemy have now in this State from 5000 to 6000 Troops, Tories included. The *Raisonable* of 64 Guns is the only Ship of War remaining at Newport.

A Fleet of 26 or 27 Sail of Ships, &c., consisting of Transports and Wood Vessels, put to sea from Newport on Sunday last under Convoy of the Falcon Sloop of War. The Transports had on board about 200 invalids bound to Newport.

Capt. Bull, in a light Sloop from the Eastward, has been taken by a New York Privateer and was carried into Newport last Sunday.

This morning arrived here Capt. Pollard who sailed from this Port in a Ship for South Carolina about six weeks since. He was captured within 8 hours' sail of Charleston and carried to New York.

The Enemy it is said have not yet received their Plan of Operations for the ensuing Campaign. In the Fleet which sailed from Newport on Sunday, a Major Barry went passenger in expectation of meeting the British Ministry's Budget at New York, a packet from England being daily looked for there.

A Gentleman from Boston informs that advice is received there that the Continental Ships *Warren, Ranger* and *Queen of France,* which

lately sailed from thence have captured a British Ship of War mounting 20 Guns. Also that the Privateer *Black Prince* of 20 Guns, belonging to Newbury has taken after an obstinate Engagement a Privateer from Jamaica mounting the same number of Guns and having 30 men more than the *Black Prince.*

The Enemy's plundering Fleet returned to Newport on Thursday (April 8) from the Eastward, but what booty they have collected has not yet transpired. The Fleet we learn was manned chiefly by a Banditti of Tories.

April 17, 1779.

Advice was received here last Evening that the Enemy on Wednesday last (April 14) landed two Regiments on the Island of Canonicut with part of Fanning's Tories, amounting in the whole to 700 men, and that about the same number of Troops were embarked on Thursday at Newport in 20 flat Boats. With these it is conjectured they intend a descent on some port of this State. It therefore behoves every Friend to his Country to be prepared at a moment's notice to give this motley Band of Thieves such a reception as some of them lately met with from our brave countrymen to the Eastward. The firing of three cannon as usual will be the signal.

Sunday last (April 11) Two Deserters arrived here from the British Ship of War *Raisonable* of 64 Guns, lying near Rhode Island They inform that she is badly manned, having but about 100 men on board, and that they are generally dissatisfied by reason of the scanty pittance of provisions allowed them.

Capt. James Monro, in the Sloop *Hawke* from this Port, arrived at Hispaniola the 14th of March. It is said that the Enemy's Plundering Fleet sailed again from Newport a few days since.

April 24, 1779.

BOSTON, APRIL 22.

On Friday last (April 16) great joy was diffused through this Town by the arrival of the Continental Frigate *Warren,* John Hawkins, Esq. (Commander) after a very successful cruise. She sailed from this

Port some weeks ago accompanied by the *Queen of France* Frigate, Capt. Olney, and the *Ranger* of 20 Guns, Captain Simpson, in the Continental Service. They first took a Privateer Schooner of 14 Guns from New York, from which they got intelligence of a Fleet with provisions and stores of various kinds and dry-goods to a large amount, bound from that place to Georgia for the supply of the British Army and their partisans in that quarter, and had the good fortune to come up with this Fleet off Capt. Henry in soundings. The Enemy consisted of 9 Sail, who made but a small resistance and had it been earlier in the day every vessel would have been taken. Seven, and these the most considerable, fell into our hands, viz: King's Ship *Jason,* Captain Potterfield 20 guns and 150 men; Ship *Maria,* 16 Guns and 84 men, having on board 1800 barrels of Flour; Privateer Schooner *Hibernian,* 8 *Carriage* Guns and 45 men; Brigs *Patriot, Prince Frederick, Batchelor, John* and Schooner *Chance;* Transports with stores, &c. Night coming on two made their escape. We have also taken carbines and a complete equipment of every kind for a Regiment of Horse, and 24 British Officers of various ranks going to the service in Georgia. Among them is a Col. Campbell, who it is said acknowledged that the loss of this Fleet in its circumstances and consequences would more than counterbalance all their success in that quarter. The brave and vigilant captors have not only enriched themselves but done important service to the public and honor to the Naval Department. The *Jason* arrived in port on Saturday last (April 17).

The Schooner *Chance,* one of the above Prizes, arrived last Friday (April 16) at Portsmouth. She is chiefly laden with drygoods and has a rich and well-assorted cargo amounting to £18,000 New York Currency. The cargoes of all the Prizes taken by the *Warren* over and above the value of the vessels are computed at near £80,000 sterling.

Several topsail vessels are now in the offing, supposed to be some of the prizes of the Frigates mentioned.

The Cork Fleet, consisting of nine large Ships, lately arrived at New York with five or six thousand tons of provisions, ran a very narrow chance of being taken by Capt. Hopkins and his Ships that took the Fleet bound to Georgia. He was, it is said, in their track not far from New York a day or two before they arrived at that place.

Thursday last (April 15) Benjamin Proctor, Davis Hatch, John Jones and John Butler were apprehended and committed to jail, on suspicion of having supplied the Enemy at Rhode Island with Naval stores.

PROVIDENCE, APRIL 24.

We learn that the Prizes taken by the *Warren, Queen of France* and *Ranger* in their late very successful cruise are all safe arrived the remainder of the eight sail captured by the *Warren, Queen of France* and *Ranger.*

The *Ranger,* Captain Simpson, is arrived at Portsmouth with the other Brig and the Schooner *Chance.*

It is said the Prizes taken by the *Warren,* &c., turn out richer than was first expected: every day in unloading them new discoveries are made of valuable articles not included in the invoices. The collective value it is also supposed will exceed a Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling.

NEWPORT, APRIL 15.

This morning arrived here the *Auctioneer* Privateer, with the Prize Schooner *Experiment,* James Jones Master, from Cape François 15 days out, bound to New London, having on board rum, sugar and molasses which she took in company with the *Tryon* Privateer.

Yesterday (April 14) arrived here His Majesty's Ship *Renown,* Capt. Dawson, from New York.

The same day arrived the Privateer Brig *King George,* Stanton Hazard, Commander, from a very successful cruise.

April 22. The Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to appoint Joshua Upham, Esq., Deputy Inspector of Royal Refugees.

Last Friday (April 9) morning arrived here the *Tryon* Privateer Sloop, Captain Ianns, with the Prize Brig *Neptune* from Guadaloupe bound to New London, loaded with rum, sugar and coffee valued at Six Thousand Pounds Sterling.

This morning arrived here the *General Leslie* and *Fancy*, Privateers, Captains Dow and Perry have captured three Prizes which they brought in with them, loaded with rum, molasses and wood and also brought from Nantucket a large quantity of oil belonging to Friends of Government, which had ben secreted there during the rebellion. The property recovered from the Rebels by this Expedition will amount to upwards of Six Thousand Pounds Sterling besides the three vessels.

Monday night last (April 19) a Party of the Enemy from Rhode Island landed at Hog Neck in Swanzey, where they tok Five or Six Soldiers with one of the Inhabitants, burnt a house and retreated with their usual precipitation.

Tuesday last (April 29) a Flag of Truce arrived at Warwick Neck from Newport and brought 15 Prisoners, and yesterday another Flag arrived with about 20 of the inhabitants.

The Enemy's Plundering Fleet which sailed from Rhode Island last week, we hear has returned and brought in 11 or 12 Sail of Vessels taken from Nantucket.

The Hon. Major General Sullivan arrived at Head Quarters in New Jersey on the 11th instant.

On Thursday (April 22) Brigadier General Stark arrived here from the Eastward.

A late New York Paper contains a List of 121 vessels that have been Commissioned at that Port as Letters of Marque, since the 8th of September last.

May 1, 1779.

A Schooner from Bermuda, with 1500 bushels of salt, was carried into New London on Wednesday last (April 29) by the *Eagle* Privateer.

Last Tuesday afternoon (April 28) the Enemy landed a Party of Men from a Sloop at Quonset Point on the Narragansett Shore, where they shot ——— Two Sheep. But being panic-stricken at the appearance of a few of our Troops, they quitted their booty and retreated with the precipitation common to disappointed Sheep-stealers.

JAMES N. ARNOLD.

PROVIDENCE.

(To be Continued.)

THE STORY OF A REGIMENT—THE SECOND DRAGOONS

(*Concluded*)

IT was Captain Hoppin who, while quartermaster at Matanzas in the early years of the intervention and in the era of "bread lines" and organized charities, asked for an appropriation of funds with which to build an extension of a road upon which the Cuban laborers had, under his direction, been engaged. He said in effect: "This road will not be needed soon; I do not know when it may be put into use, but the laborers now at work have five hundred souls depending upon them for bread and I do not know how else they may secure it." He received the money and built the road.

Allah bless his name and tribe! for he, too, has taken the long march into the great unknown, but not until he won his maple leaf as major in the Fifteenth Cavalry.

This was not all. The city of Havana was before this war the fourth or fifth commercial port of North America. To its charge as the Chief Officer of the Port, Captain Fred Foltz was called by General Wood, and before the evacuation he had the Police Department also. He went back to similar duties in 1907-8 as a part of the army of Pacification, but he is no longer of the "Second" as he succeeded Major Hoppin in the Fifteenth Cavalry. At Cienfuegos the duties of Captains Fuller and Stevens were somewhat more nearly military. There was another peculiar duty that in two or three provinces fell upon the officers of the "Second," a duty calling for the exercise of discretion and fairness. This was the investigation of claims arising from the destruction wrought in the war—claims of such miscellaneous character as compensations of a dollar for dinners disturbed by marauding parties of troops, up to claims for a million dollars for *ingenios* destroyed. It was a story of the camps that the owners of the tract on which the San Juan Hill is situated presented a bill for its use as a battle ground! But patiently Captains Sargent and Trout, Winn and Clark, had gone over these matters with the claimants, taking evidence and making reports. It was

a responsible duty requiring patient investigation, but they have learned patience in that service. Thirteen long, weary faithful years were Winn and Lochridge lieutenants in the "Second" before their promotions as captains came to them.

So in the various ways the old matters were as far as possible cleared up and the wheels of the new government set going, and gradually its management placed in the hands of the impulsively enthusiastic people, who, contrary to the expectation of many sincere observers, were soon for some years at any rate to conduct the affairs of a nation as tranquilly as in any South American state. And tranquilly also the "Second" comes back to the "States" to Fort Sheridan, Fort Ethan Allen and Fort Myer, to again serve in its old field of escort work and prepare for the new duties upon which it is about to enter. There was nothing heroic in all this, though it is not difficult to imagine that Lieutenant Hanna would be quite as willing to escort any battery anywhere as to face many indignant compatriots of his who, as kindergarten teachers, would want to know why this or that had not been covered by their contracts.

There had been heroes besides those touched upon—a long list of them. There was for instance, Sergeant Patrick Leonard, of Troop C, who with Privates Keith, Canfield, Thomas Hubbard, George W. Thompson, and Michael Hummelsbach, six all told, in May 1870, out searching for lost stock, were surrounded by a band of about fifty Indians. They dismounted, made a barricade of their horses, fortified it by digging the sod with their knives, made a dash of one hundred yards to a dead horse for ammunition, fought off the Indians, though two had to be outside this small enclosure,—Thompson and Hubbard, the former wounded,—and finally, when the Indians, reduced in number, withdrew, the Sergeant rescued two women and children nearby, saw them safely placed, gave the alarm and was back in camp at midnight.

There was Conrad Schmidt (of K troop) who at Winchester "went to the assistance of his regimental commander whose horse had been killed under him in a charge, mounted the officer behind him under a heavy fire from the enemy, and returned him to his command."

The next month (October 1864), Private Edward Hanford (H

troop) captured at Woodstock a battle flag from the standard bearer of the Thirty-second Battalion of Virginia Cavalry " after a severe personal encounter." In June 1861 Lieutenant (later General) Charles H. Tompkins at Fairfax, Va., " twice charged through the enemy's lines, and taking a carbine from an enlisted man, shot the enemy's captain."

All of these have medals, as have Lieutenant Brett and Captain Huggins (later retired as a Colonel of the " Second ") for their work at O'Fallon Creek, Montana, April 1880. Winfred Clark (of L troop) for conspicuous gallantry at Big Hole, Montana (1877), and Captain Harry Garland (L troop) with his 1st Sergeant Henry Wilkins, and privates William Jones and Samuel D. Phillips, for " gallantry in action " at Little Muddy Creek, Montana, May 1877.

Why should the thousands of men who first and last have been part of the Second Dragoons,—why should they have chosen the life of undoubted dangers and greater or less privations rather than the civil occupations in which most of them could command greater salaries and pleasures of life? It is hardly enough to say that to the youthful mind the glories of arms are ever attractive. In time of war a consideration for public safety and welfare is a sufficient motive, but that this patriotic impulse burns more strongly in the breasts of the one than the other suggests that the martial instinct is in degree an inherited trait. Taking for instance the first four colonels of the regiment, they are all found to be of what would be considered as military families. David Emanuel Twiggs was a son of General John Twiggs of Georgia, who at the opening of the Revolution raised and equipped a brigade; and another son was in both the army and navy, falling at Chapultepec. William Selby Harney was a son of Major Thomas Harney of the army of the Revolution, and his mother had been known to mould bullets under the fire of frontier warfare. Philip St. George Cooke had a brother in the Maryland forces before 1812, and a son and son-in-law officers in the Civil War. Thomas John Wood (a room- and class-mate of Grant) was a descendant of Lieutenant Thomas Helm of the Revolution. In like way a large part, possibly all of those of the regiment who became generals in the Civil War, are of fighting stock. Edwin Vose Sumner was a grandson of Colonel Seth Sumner of the Revolution, and his sons, Ed-

win V., Jr., and Samuel S., have both become generals. Lawrence Pike Graham had two brothers at West Point—one falling at Molino del Rey—and his son James D. was first a lieutenant in the "Second." Alfred Pleasanton also had a brother at West Point, who became a brigadier general of the Pennsylvania Militia in the Civil War. Frank Wheaton was a son of Dr. Francis L. Wheaton, a surgeon in both the Mexican and Civil wars. John Buford and his brother Napoleon Buford were grandsons of Simeon Buford, an ensign of the Virginia troops in the Revolution. So of those who distinguished themselves in the early history of the regiment: McNeil and Mason have been mentioned; both the Captains Beall were of Revolutionary stock; Ben. Lloyd Beall was a son of Major William Dent Beall who fought at Camden and Long Island; Lloyd J. Beall was a son of Captain Lloyd Beall who was at Germantown; Seth Brett Thornton was a grandson of Major George W. Thornton of the Washington family, and a descendant of Pocahontas. Charles May was a grandson of John May, one of the Boston Tea Party and Major of the Boston regiment of militia.

Of those who entered the Confederate service, John Pegram had two uncles in the Revolutionary Army and Navy and a cousin in the Confederate army. W. J. Hardee had a son in the late Spanish war. And before these, Patrick Calhoun (a son of John C.) was a grandson of Patrick Calhoun who had command of the militia in South Carolina in early days. And so, finally, of the present generation: Capt. Fred W. Sibley is a son of General Caleb C. Sibley; Colonel Ed J. McClernand is a son of General John M. McClernand, and Captain Charles B. Schofield—whose death at Matanzas the regiment mourned as the only officer sacrificed on that altar—was a brother of General John M. Schofield, all exemplifying, as did Ebenezer Gay, the class of which that other Ebenezer Gay preached nearly two hundred years ago:—"The well-accomplished soldiers, a defense to their country, and a glory to their king." Their wives are of like progenitors. One colonel of the regiment could on occasions tell of carrying the wife of one of his officers across the plains in a champagne basket when she was the infant child of a fellow officer and he himself a young lieutenant.

The whole world seems now to hardly be too great a field for the

Second: Early in 1904 the entire regiment was sent to the Philippines, part of it going East by the way of the Suez Canal, part of it West, but all serving on the Island of Luzon at Camp Wallace and in Passay, Maraquina Valley and other points, while Captain Edward L. King goes to Panama to act for two years as Quartermaster on the canal construction and Kochersperger is assigned as Major to the Philippine Scouts. There they have another round of duties and skirmishes in region of which only a few years before a distinguished army officer said: "You had better send ducks than cavalry to the islands." Under General Young it was cavalry that thoroughly beat over northern Luzon, dispersed Aguinaldo's large army and "convincingly demonstrated the fighting value of cavalry."

The Second came home again early in 1906, were at Forts Riley, Assiniboine and Snelling and later all were in the one post of Fort Des Moines. In 1909 the Second returned to the Philippines and are now in Mindanao where their seventy-fifth anniversary was recently appropriately celebrated.

The course of events for the three-quarters of a century in which this organization has been an active participant, is evidence of the progress of our civilization; for the army, formerly used only to restore a peace ruptured by discord, is now more relied upon to preserve that peace unbroken, and whereas the purpose of the "Sons of Mars" was once to kill, burn, destroy and harry, we have lived to see them chiefly engaged in preserving property and prolonging life by promoting the means of public health and the agencies for making life more worthy the living, and thereby giving to those new dependencies in the Orient something of our own civilization, even if our own may not be irreproachable; to bear them something of the widening sympathy of man with mankind, even if that sympathy may not be entirely unselfish; to give them something of our liberty tempered with judgment; something of a slowly growing healthfulness of body and mind; something of prosperity in the days to come; something of peace; something of hope; something of regard now, of love and veneration hereafter for the oldest flag of civilized nations.

W. B. RUGGLES.

SEATTLE.

THE PRACTICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

VII. IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE Founder of the society in the state was Mrs. Jacob C. Cilley, of Manchester, New Hampshire. She was appointed by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling in February, 1890, while Mrs. Darling, a native of New Hampshire, was organizing the National Society.

Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard became State Regent in 1907 and Mrs. Charles Clemence Abbott of Keene, State Vice Regent.

During Mrs. Shepard's term of office the Chapters in the state presented the battleship *New Hampshire* a splendid stand of colors which Captain Winslow accepted for the ship in August, 1908. Mrs. Charles Clemence Abbott of Keene, was made State Regent and Mrs. Joseph Henry Dearborn of Suncook, State Vice Regent in April, 1909, and they continue in those offices. The Society is in an active and growing condition and a number of new Chapters are forming.

The special work accomplished during the present term has been the completing of a fund of five hundred dollars for a portrait bust of General John Stark which will be placed with nine others in the lobby of Memorial Continental Hall in Washington.

The Chapters have presented for the platform of Memorial Continental Hall, a handsome mahogany chair which bears a silver plate stating that it is given by the New Hampshire Chapters in honor of their State Regent, Mrs. Abbott, in 1910.

There are now twenty-six Chapters in efficient and working order and several others are nearly ready for organization. We have nearly 1,400 members in our state, and the gain the last year has been very gratifying.

Our Legislature appropriated at the request of the Daughters, two thousand dollars for one of the thirteen beautiful white marble

columns which stand in the Memorial Portico of Memorial Continental Hall. We have given a number of scholarships each year to the Berry School in Rome, Ga., besides aiding some other Southern educational institutions.

We have three " Real Daughters " still living: Mrs. Sophronia Watson Yorke, of Newmarket, and Mrs. Hannah Howard, of Rochester, each of whom is nearly ninety-five years old, and Mrs. Caroline H. Randall, now of Vermont.

Every Chapter is interested in the comparatively new work of the Children of the Republic, and one active club, the first in New England as well as in our state, is in fine working condition.

So much excellent memorial work has been done by every Chapter that it would be impossible to mention all in an article of this length so that only one of the principal ones will be cited from each Chapter.

Molly Stark Chapter of Manchester was the first to be formed. Mrs. George B. Chandler as Regent with fifty members began in April, 1892, the work of this Chapter, which has so often since then led the way to some new work. Perhaps the boulder bearing a bronze marker, which the Chapter has placed to mark the homestead of General Stark in Manchester, is their most interesting memorial work.

In October, 1894, was organized the second Chapter in the state, Molly Reid, of Derry. An unusual amount of work has been done by its members and the handsome memorial placed at the homestead there of Matthew Thornton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, is of interest to all.

Milford Chapter of Milford was formed in October, 1895. A number of interesting monuments in this town testify to the activity of this third Chapter in the state, and markers of bronze have been placed at the graves of all Revolutionary soldiers as far as known.

Margery Sullivan Chapter of Dover was next to be formed. The work of this Chapter which is of greatest importance is the building of a fine long retaining wall across the old " Meeting House Lot "

at Dover Point. This old Meeting House, erected in 1763, was one of the few fortified meeting houses in the colonies.

Ashuelot Chapter of Keene was formed in April, 1896. A large and varied work has been accomplished by this Chapter. Perhaps its most important achievement was the identifying of the names of as many as possible of the soldiers accredited to Keene, one hundred and forty-five in all, besides commemorating four unknown names and their enrollment on a very large bronze tablet which adorns the walls of one of the rooms in the Keene Public Library Building.

The Anna Stickney Chapter of North Conway was formed in June, 1896. They have placed a monument to the Revolutionary soldiers in the old burying ground at Conway and have done much other excellent work.

Reprisal Chapter of Newport was organized in November, 1896. The preservation of Wilmarth Park has been their principal labor.

In December, 1896, Buntin Chapter of Suncook was organized. A remarkable work has been accomplished by this Chapter in preserving and restoring the first Meeting House built in that vicinity,—at Allenstown.

January, 1897, saw Matthew Thornton Chapter of Nashua begun. A handsome and costly tablet of bronze " to the memory of the men of old Dunstable, the founders of Nashua " placed in their Public Library is one of many important memorials placed by this Chapter, which is the largest in the state. Another memorial marks the site of John Lovewell's house, where Hannah Duston passed her first night after escape from the Indians in 1697.

Samuel Ashley Chapter of Claremont has been active in many directions, and their benefactions are an example to all. Its attention is given largely to patriotic education.

Exeter Chapter of Exeter was organized in May, 1897. The restoring of the old Garrison House in which Governor Wentworth was entertained and which was later the state treasury is a work of much importance.

In January, 1898, Eunice Baldwin Chapter of Hillsborough, was begun. Part of its work has been the erection of a monument to seven Revolutionary soldiers who sleep in unknown graves.

Rumford Chapter was organized in October, 1896, by Mrs. Helen E. White. No other Chapter has been more ready to aid in all patriotic causes, and John Stark Chapter Children of the Republic is under its protection.

The Else Cilley Chapter at Nottingham was formed in 1898. They have erected handsome memorials to Captain Jonathan Cilley and his wife Else Cilley, who came to the town in 1735.

Liberty Chapter at Tilton was formed in 1900, and for ten years has contributed largely to educational and charitable work, as well as to Continental Hall.

At Epping in October, 1901, was formed the Elizabeth Folsom Hilton Chapter, the name of which has since been changed to Sally Plumer Chapter. Although a small Chapter of but thirteen members their work is a credit to them.

The Ellen I. Sanger Chapter of Littleton was formed in January, 1903. A handsome memorial has recently been erected by the Chapter to mark the site of the first meeting house.

Granite Chapter of Newfields, organized in December, 1904, is working energetically for a soldiers' monument in their village.

Mary Torr Chapter of Rochester was formed in April, 1906. The chief duty performed by this branch has been that of marking the graves of soldiers of the Revolution in their city.

In October, 1906, commenced the work of Anna Keyes Powers Chapter of Hollis. They have marked appropriately the site of the first dwelling in Hollis — that of Peter and Anna Keyes Powers.

Abigail Stearns of Walpole is a flourishing young Chapter formed in October, 1907. They are planning much to aid in the acquiring and restoring the birthplace of Daniel Webster.

In February, 1909, Molly Aiken Chapter of Antrim, began its career. They have recently placed a bronze marker on the site of the birthplace of Molly Aiken, who was the first white child born (1768) in Antrim.

Mt. Lebanon Chapter of West Lebanon was formed March, 1909.

At Franklin in April, 1909, was organized Abigail Webster Chapter. The work in which this Chapter is specially interested is of such more than local interest that a society has been formed, of which former Senator W. E. Chandler is President, to carry it on. This great task is the purchase and preservation of the Daniel Webster birthplace.

In February, 1910, was formed Peterborough Chapter in Peterborough.

In June, 1910, the twenty-sixth Chapter in our state, "Old No. 4," was organized at Charlestown. Active work is contemplated by the new Chapter.

Everywhere all over the Granite State the interest is marked in the work of our Society and everywhere is heard our stirring battle-cry—*Patriotic Education!* This will be our work in the future and what better could we choose to do honor to our heroic ancestors and to the great Society to which we proudly give our allegiance, The Daughters of the American Revolution.

CLARA B. ABBOTT,
State Regent N. S. D. A. R.,

KEENE, N. H.

SOME EARLY RHODE ISLAND LIBRARIES

AN obvious gauge of the culture of any community is supplied by an account of the number and extent of its libraries.

No other source of intellectual refinement is there more potent than the companionship of good books.

When Leif, son of Eric the Red, sailed with his Northmen, according to tradition, into Narragansett Bay, about the year of Grace 1001, in view of its, to him, unexampled profusion of *wild grape vines,* he straightway named the region *Vineland.*

So I could imagine some Twentieth Century adventurer, landing upon the, so far as he were concerned, unexplored coast of Rhode Island and discovering the vast stores of *books* gathered in the capital of the State, as well as the smaller but still very valuable collections in the lesser cities and small towns, impelled to give to the territory the most honorable appellation of *Library-land,* as constituting a kind of harbinger of this happy later development and, to a certain extent, its origin, I have chosen for a topic upon which to address you, this evening, fellow members of the Rhode Island Historical Society,* *some early libraries of the Commonwealth,*—the little acorns from which these tall oaks have grown.

As seems most fitting, the first white settler of this territory, destined to become so illustrious for its devotion to the printed page, brought with him like an unconscious prophet, a notable library. The cornerstone of the colony was thus laid in books.

In the spring of the year 1635, a twelve-month before sturdy Roger Williams set his foot on Slate Rock, William Blackstone transported, doubtless on the backs of cattle, from Boston to what is now Cumberland, Rhode Island, beside his other scanty personal effects, near two hundred volumes of the best literature of the time. Forests, undisturbed by the axe, covered the intervening country. In their depths lurked the serpent, the fox, the wolf, the panther and the bear, all in-

* This was an address before the Society.

terested, in their own fashion, in the progress of the adventurous caravan. No easy jaunt of a single hour was it then, as it has become to-day, from Shawmut peninsula to Nipmuck river, but rather a matter of days.

Of the volumes thus arduously conveyed, some were of ordinary size, but not a few ample quartos and stately folios lent their weight to the burden of the patient oxen. Rightly did their scholarly proprietor call, by the name of *Study Hill,* the little elevation near the present village of Lonsdale and on the east side of the Blackstone, where he built the homely cottage to contain them. There, for the subsequent forty years, was he to be beheld, during spring and summer, strolling, book in hand, under the primeval oaks, as well as the blooming apple trees he himself had planted, or, in autumn and winter, sitting inside the cabin, by his cheery fire, poring over the great tomes of now long forgotten lore. But, when their paper had grown yellow with age and when the golden lettering on their russet backs had gotten sadly tarnished, then, like a transformation scene of a single hour, the aged student sank into his last slumber and his treasured books turned to ashes in the flames lighted by the maddened savages, in the Indian war of 1675, "leaving not a rack behind." But, none the less, may it be recorded with truth, as has been already said, that the foundations of Rhode Island were laid in a library.

About a quarter of a century after the death of Blackstone and the destruction of his books, a notable step in the bibliothecal field was taken in Newport, then the metropolis of the Colony, by the establishment, on a very small scale, of course, of what is justly styled the first public lending library of the Commonwealth.

Within only the last year or two, it fell to my lot to receive from a lawyer of New York, a rubbing of the inscription on the cover of an antique volume, which he had found among the effects of an estate he was settling, and which he desired aid in restoring to its original ownership,—the rubbing reading: "Belonging to ye Library in Rhode Island [of A. B. K.]." The book was, indeed, a waif and stray, which had been wandering, for, perhaps, a hundred years, away from the Parochial Library of Trinity Church, Newport, founded in 1700, and was, I believe, as a result of this inquiry, promptly sent back thither.

The Rev. Thomas Bray, appointed in 1696, commissary in America of the Bishop of London, "for the regulation and increase of religion," interested himself in the promotion of parochial libraries. The nucleus of such a library he, soon after his appointment, procured for Trinity Church, many of the volumes of which Mr. Mason, in his *Annals,* reports as still in a fair state of preservation. A vote of a vestry-meeting, held in 1709, provides: "That ye Books belonging to ye Library of ye Church, which have been lent out, be all called in and Public notice of this be given By Placards affixed to the Church Dores (D-o-r-e-s) and, when they are come in, a Survey be made of ye said Library." It thus appears that there were, even as now, delinquent borrowers of library books, two hundred years ago, "In the good old Colony days."

In this quite limited collection, there existed two sections, one made up of volumes to be taken out by the clergy alone, the lay-people being permitted only to consult them, and the other to be devoted to general circulation. Professor Jameson, formerly of the History Department of Brown University, discovered among Dr. Bray's manuscripts, preserved in the library of Sion college, London, several lists of books sent over, by the Doctor, to Rhode Island. I was told, sometime since, of a sprightly young girl recounting the fruits she had gathered from a recent Christmas tree, and declaring that, among the rest of her gifts, there were seven volumes—four *improving* books and three to read. Had this little miss chanced to be a Newport maiden of a couple of centuries since, I fear, from a glance at these lists, that she would not have found in Trinity library many "books to read." Nor am I very sure, either, that, had she, for lack of anything else to read, perused these rather forbidding volumes generally, they would have turned out even especially "improving" to her youthful mind. Among other standard works on theology, here are *The Book of Homilies,* Usher's *Body of Divinity, Satan Disrobed, The Snake in the Grass, A Defence of the Snake, Five Discourses by the Author of the Snake in the Grass, Apocalyptical Discourses,* five volumes quarto, and Mr. Allen's *History of Iniquity Unfolded.* It is almost a relief to come at last upon such homely themes as *The Compleat Gardiner* and *The New Book of Geography.* But little winning, as ap-

pear to us now, many of the titles of those russet volumes, they must, still, have proved a real boon in that almost bookless community.

Passing on, now, for a half century more, let us cross over to Narragansett and visit two or three of its excellent private libraries. In the more than a hundred years since Richard Smith settled the region, in about 1637, at Wickford, raising his house in the midst of the Indians, the Narragansett country has become the home of a prosperous and wealthy community. Great houses, surrounded by vast smiling plantations, now cover the land, it being the middle of the eighteenth century, and a high degree of mental cultivation has come to prevail. No wonder that it has been sought to add the charm of books to the other attractions of this generous life. In traveling southward, at the present day, on the New Haven railway, you may have observed, soon after leaving Kingston Station, a little to the right of the line, a melancholy-looking stone chimney stack rising from a group of ornamental shade trees. To-day the object speaks of nothing but desolation. But at the period, when we are supposing ourselves to be making our Narragansett tour, there stood here a new and pleasant house, called "Hopewell," surrounded by an ample estate of rich farming land. Hither there has just removed from Newport,—it is now 1750,—Matthew Robinson, Esq., one of the most learned young lawyers of the Colony. Mrs. Robinson, as well, is the mistress of remarkable literary attainments, having come of distinguished lineage. She is a daughter of Augustus Lucas, one of the most cultured of the Huguenots, who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Mr. Lucas settled at Newport as early as 1698, bringing with him many books, in five or six different languages. Before being, as she now is, the wife of the Narragansett lawyer, Mrs. Robinson has been married to George Johnston and has become the mother of Augustus Johnston, destined to be an attorney-general of Rhode Island and to give his name to the town of Johnston, adjoining Providence. On her mother's side, she is a great grand-daughter of that sterling scholarly Puritan, John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians" and the translator of the famous Indian Bible. With such a hostess, as well as such a host, to extend a genuine welcome to "Hopewell," it is no marvel that the guests there are both numerous and choice. Here are wont to gather, along with the ac-

complished ladies of their households, the most brilliant and genial gentlemen of the region,—Dr. Joshua Babcock, of Westerly; Col. Stanton and Col. Champlin, of Charlestown; the two Governor Hazards, Governor William Robinson, Col. Potter, Judge Potter, the Gardiners, Judge Helme, Col. Brown and Dr. MacSparran, all of South Kingstown, as well as Col. Francis Willett, the Coles and Col. Daniel Updike, of North Kingstown,—while Judge Lightfoot, Col. Coddington, Judge Marchant, the Brentons and Dr. Sylvester Gardiner frequently repair to the spot from Newport and Boston. Nor can such visitors as these fail to constitute a bright and fascinating intellectual society. What wonder that here a kind of old world sociability reigns supreme?

While all the apartments, where the company is to-day assembled, are attractive, having been adorned with rhododendrons from Kingstown woods and pink sabbatia flowers from Worden's pond, it is yet the delightful library into which the guests almost instinctively gravitate. Here, in the middle of the room, stands the great study-table with its cheerful litter of papers and pamphlets and its Delft inkstand, in the center, decorated with quaint figures in purplish brown. Around the walls is arranged a perfect wilderness of books, the crowning glory of the house, reputed to be the largest collection possessed by any individual in the Colony. Here are *Coke Upon Littleton* and numberless other volumes of law, history and poetry. Here is gathered a body of classical literature as well as English. Here are books in French and three or four other tongues beside the vernacular, many of them,—among others a *Huguenot Bible,*—having formed a portion of Mr. Lucas's library, brought from the old world. To all these is added a unique assemblage of pamphlets, magazines and other comparatively transient productions of the times, valuable for antiquarian research and preserved with singular solicitude; for their owner is a zealous antiquarian and prides himself on his knowledge of history, both English and American.

Probably the greatest treasure, in this fine collection, is a copy of that most rare of rare volumes,—perhaps the only copy, at this period, in America,—*The Eikon Basilike,* said to have been composed by King Charles I, oddly enough embodying, within its covers, the celebrated

story of *Miss Villiers, a Ghostly Apparition Case, with the Proofs;* as if it needed a ghost story to induce anyone to read the *Eikon,*—a very probable condition.

How saddened should we be, while thus sharing in the companionship of this prosperous advocate and shining scholar, hardly turned forty, who moves so joyously amidst his happy family circle, his hosts of friends and, above all, his beloved books, were we endowed with prevision to behold him as he will become nearly a half century later,—his cultured companion long since departed, his worldly fortunes utterly broken, himself bowed down with years and infirmities and his glorious library about to be sold under the hammer and scattered to the four winds of heaven, while no memorial stone is destined to mark his final resting place. But, happily for us, the future is always veiled by the glorious mists of Hope.

Next let us pay a call at the *Glebe-House,* on the Narrow River, near the northeastern corner of South Kingstown. After a century and a half the structure is still standing, until lately in a somewhat ruinous condition; the new and enterprising proprietor, however, bidding fair to cherish and preserve it, according to its due. Never a fine house or a spacious one, like the old Narragansett mansions of Boston Neck and Point Judith, it was much marred by the fall, about forty years ago, of the pleasantest portion,—the south wing,—forming the Doctor's study; for this was, as you remember, the residence for a generation of the Rev. James MacSparran, D. D.

The period of our fancied visit is away back in the century before the last, when the building was comparatively new.

It is late in the afternoon on November 12th, in 1751. The sun is already sinking behind MacSparran Hill, at the rear of the house. But the light still lingers cheerfully upon the charming lake, amidst the bare trees, at the bottom of the valley, towards the northeast, whilst the windows of the great houses over on Boston Neck, across the Pettaquamscott River,—the Willett House, the Rowland Robinson House and the John Gardiner House,—glitter in the reflection of the setting sun like visions of palaces in the *Celestial City.* Avoiding the

main entrance, as we mount the front terraces, we will incline to the left and climb the steep, rude stone steps to the door opening directly into the central shrine of the house, the cosy study. As the door creaks upon its hinges, a gentleman stout and elderly, with an enormous wig and an expansive, jovial countenance, appears in the opening and cordially invites us to enter.

Albeit the weather is but moderately cool, a bright fire blazes on the hearth and beside it, in an easy chair, sits a very handsome lady in the middle of the forties, with curling hair and clad in her favorite red durance petticoat as well as an abundance of wraps. These personages are, of course, the rector of St. Paul's Church and his fair and somewhat impetuous spouse, originally Miss Hannah Gardiner,—he a Scottish Irishman and she a native of Narragansett.

At one critical moment of their life together, the Doctor has been ungallant enough to style her in his private Diary, " my poor passionate dear," and at another, just as sincerely, he will declare her to be " ye most pious of all women, ye best wife in ye world." Yesterday the good lady chanced to be very ill and to-day, although improving, she is keeping house and has permitted us to surprise her and her dignified husband in the act of making tea over the study fire.

The furnishings of the room are plain and comfortable; but chiefly are our eyes fastened upon the tiers of brown books along the walls, the gilded titles on their backs gleaming in the light of the flame and forming almost the sole, yet sufficient, adornment of the sombre apartment. There are volumes ranging from tiny duodecimos up to folios, beloved of scholars in those olden days.

One of these huger tomes, finely embossed upon the almost black calf sides of the covers, is entitled *An Exposition of the Creed. By John, Lord Bishop of Chester. London. Printed by W. Bowyer, MDCCXV;* and another, *A Paraphrase and Commentary on the New Testament. By Daniel Whitby, D. D., Vol. I., London: Printed by T. Wood and T. Sharpe, 1718.* Each volume contains a *book-plate* with " James McSparran, His Book " upon it, as well as autographs of the Doctor, " James McSparran, ejus Liber." (Upon these particular

two bulky folios, perhaps the only two volumes of the library, after the passage of one hundred and fifty-seven years, maintaining their early companionship or, possibly, even their existence, I may remark, parenthetically, my hand is resting, as I pen these words). Here is a long row of smaller books, standing upon one of the shelves of the study, entitled *The Family Expositor.* In an account, still extant, of books lent by Dr. MacSparran, Vol. I of this set is entered against the name of Peggy Martin of Coeset, February, 1749,—the same Peggy, who figured, later, in a guise which would have awakened the good Doctor's condemnation, as a Revolutionary heroine and amateur American spy.

Another book of the library, called *Religious Courtship,* is noted as loaned, March 26, 1750, to a certain Christopher Fowler, presumably a youth,—an amusing example of the kind of reading conceived to be acceptable to the young of that day. Unfortunately the most careful searching of the Narragansett records has not availed to divulge what practical result ensued from the reading in the life of the ingenuous Christopher,—whether or not he ever selected a model wife, by rule. But, if so, there might now well be descendants of the pair of the 7th or 8th generation, in the South County. In any case, however, we must hasten to say good-bye to the Doctor and his spirited spouse, leaving them to their tea cups, in the quiet study, and to the companionship of their ever faithful books, while we continue our round.

Altogether the grandest mansion, in Narragansett, in those enchanted days, was the residence of Col. Daniel Updike, at *Cocumscussac,* in North Kingstown. You pass the ancient house, a little at your left, a mile before reaching Wickford, as you now go southward, on the *Seaview Electric Railway.*

There was a dwelling erected upon the spot, about 1637, by Richard Smith, an Englishman, a great-grandfather of Col. Updike, and destroyed, at least in part, by the Indians, in the war of 1675. In the same fashion, in which the house was soon afterwards restored, it substantially appears to-day, after the passage of seven generations. It is said to he constructed of solid timber, as a refuge from the savages, and thus, being a block-house, it was, for many years, known as *Smith's*

Castle. The principal rooms are about twenty feet square and have, probably, resounded with the voices of a larger number of prominent and distinguished men than any others in the South County. Here, at the hospitable board, have sat Roger Williams, Gov. John Winthrop, Jr., Sir Edmund Andros, Edward Randolph, Bishop Berkeley, the portrait painter John Smibert, Benjamin Franklin, the Marquis de la Fayette, the Duc de Lauzun and Bishop Seabury.

For the last twenty years, at the time of our imaginary visit at the mansion, in 1756, Col. Updike has been the head of the house. He is elderly, of great culture and wide reputation as a man of letters, an excellent speaker and an able lawyer, having been for a quarter of a century the Attorney-General of the Colony. He was in 1730, one of the founders of the Newport Literary *Society,* which was finally evolved into the *Company of Redwood Library,* and was thus a leading originator of that noble institution, still in its primeval youth, in the City by the Sea. He is also a prominent layman in the parish of St. Paul, which will come to be known, in the future, as the *Old Narragansett Church.* In the home of such a citizen we cannot but behold many objects of exceeding interest. As we are ushered into the principal parlour, with its rich, old-world furnishings, our attention is first attracted by a solid silver flagon, handsomely wrought, accorded a place of honour. It was presented to the Colonel by Dean (afterwards Bishop) Berkeley, upon the occasion of his return to Europe, a quarter of a century since, and is destined to be preserved in the Updike family for many generations. Near the flagon there lies a copy of the Dean's *Minute Philosopher,* written at the "Hanging Rocks," near Newport, also a gift to the master of the house from the famous dignitary. A tall clock, in a case of gold and black lacquer, stands in a corner of the room, while over the mantel hangs a portrait of the Colonel's second wife, Anstis Jenkins, painted by Smibert and, on an adjoining wall, one of her mother (by the same), Mary Wilkins, a Polish lady of distinction, supposed to have been, at some time, a resident of Newport. A pair of folding screens, rather gaily and oddly painted with men on horseback, in red and blue and white and black, shuts off a door leading to a near apartment. Between the windows you notice curious oval convex mir-

rors, of old engraved glass, much distorting the images reflected in them, according to the fashion of the day.

In honour of our visit, our courteous host has donned one of his gala costumes, including a gorgeous long waist-coat of Genoa velvet, in cherry color.

In his stately manner, he advances, offering us snuff out of a magnificent box of silver and tortoise shell, on the inside of the lid of which we catch sight of a scene from the *Æneid of Virgil,* delicately limned on ivory.

Mrs. Updike, too, the third of the Colonel's spouses and previously widow of Gov. William Wanton, serves tea to us, with gracious dignity, from rare *Lowestoft* porcelain decorated in colors, with the cipher, D. U., in gold within a medallion, surrounded by green laurel wreaths heightened with gold and surmounted by a crown.

Should we be fortunate enough to he asked to remain to dine and lodge in the " Castle," we shall see the remainder of this splendid table-service, at dinner and breakfast. But bibliophilists as we are, at least for the time, it is, after all, with the library, another of the great square rooms, that we are chiefly concerned.

All around stand the book-cases, with their long lines of lettered backs, the books having been collected by their present owner, as, apparently, the first *scholar* of the line.

Horace Smith, in his familiar *Address to the Mummy,* sings of

> " Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous,
> Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

So may it be said of Colonel Updike's fine collection of books, that the very titles of not a few of them are *tremendous.*

Here is *Theognidis Megarensis Sententiae Græco-Latinæ, Lipsiæ, 1620.* Here we find *Jo. Barclai Argenis, Cantabrigiæ, 1637, Salustii Bellum Catelinarium, Biblia Sacra ex Sebastiani Castellionis, Londini, 1762, Liturgia seu Liber Precum Communium, Lucii Annæi Flori, Epi-*

tome Rerum Romanorum, Elzevir, 1650 and *Cornelii Nepotis Vitæ Excellentium Imperatorum, 1734.*

These are a sample of the learned titles of the Library, set down in the *Catalogue,* and those in the *Catalogue* are but a fraction of the whole noble collection of books, classical, theological, scientific and political. Then behold here arrayed a vast number of *pamphlets,* many of them controversial, but all, in some fashion, enlightening us upon the thought of the age.

Would that we could linger in such a sanctuary of the best literature of all time, expressing, as it does, the genius, as a collector, and the polished taste, as a scholar, of a gentleman born and bred in ancient Narragansett.

In the old, old times, probably before almost any one, beside myself, now present, was born, I used to browse, as a little lad, in an ancient attic, among the treasures preserved from the *first book-store,* in Providence. Even now, the smell of *cedar,* such as that with which the attic was ceiled, calls up to my imagination great boxes and numerous barrels filled with antique books and pamphlets, printed with "long esses" on coarse yellow paper and in homely marble paper bindings or those of plainest russet leather,—useless except to sell to the junk-man, perhaps some of you would have said, but to me, in those childhood days of comparative booklessness, oh! so wholly delightful. The old shop, from which this literary débris had been transported, when the business was closed about 1817, had stood for a quarter of a century on the present site of the *People's Bank,* on Market Square.

When the "September Gale" of 1815 drove the water of Providence River, several feet deep, over the Great Bridge, many of the books in this store were inundated for hours. I recall a fond impression I, in those childhood times of simplicity, used to entertain, that a volume was hardly worth reading, unless its leaves were well stained with salt sea water and unless sea-sand, as was actually the case with many of the volumes in the attic, had silted in between the pages. Here are two or three of these *treasure-troves,* printed and published in Providence, before 1799; for the book-sellers, in Market Square, were pub-

lishers, as well as bibliopolists. Here is a copy of *Arnold's Poems,* doubtless the first printed volume of a Rhode Island-born poet, containing, among many other compositions, some of them of classical character, *A Modern Eclogue, Caryl & Susan,* the hero, Caryl, having been a barber in Pawtucket.

Here is the *Looking-Glass for the Mind,* containing a sheaf of admirable juvenile stories illustrated by wood-cuts so execrable and comic that you question if they were not *intended* to be caricatures. Here, too, is a delightful book for children, with the preposterously unprepossessing title, the *Elements of Morality.* Both the *Looking-Glass* and the *Elements of Morality* having for frontispieces, genuinely fine copper-plate engravings, displaying, vividly, in contrast with the crude wood-cuts, the small improvement, made in a century or two, in engraving on metal, as well as the immense advance in that on wood. The *Looking-Glass* frontispiece represents an allegorical scene, where a goddess sits before a Greek temple, with a group facing her, explained by the legend underneath: " A lady attended by Virtue & Prudence, is presenting her children to Minerva, from whom they are receiving *The Looking Glass.*"

The frontispiece of the other " improving book " pictures a very human looking boy, crossing a plowed field and engaged in the congenial and characteristic occupation of removing the ears from a living mouse with a pocket-knife and receiving from his uncle the well-merited and, no doubt utterly fruitless rebuke: " He, who can torment a little helpless animal, has surely a bad heart." As a revival of the pleasant old days, I have had struck off from those burnished copper plates, after lying unused for more than a century, these fresh impressions, which seem like voices sounding out of the dead past, somewhat as phonographic records of our own voices will sound to posterity a hundred years hence.

One of the partners in the " Old Coffee-House " Bookstore collected a library still kept together and showing well what were considered, in 1800, the books which " no gentleman's library could do without." There are seen, among several hundred volumes,—absolutely every single volume of them being bound in sombre russet-brown calf,—*The*

British Classics in almost numberless volumes, *Josephus, Goldsmith, Walter Scott's Memoirs, Radcliffe's Journey* (who can remember when and whither?) *Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's Scotland, Robertson's America, The Travels of Anarcharsis, Gibbon's Roman Empire, Hume's History of England, The Works of Burke, Russell's Modern Europe, Anquetil's Universal History* and so on,—almost all books which we already have or almost blush not to have in our own libraries to-day.

From this glimpse at a few of the collections of early times, in our little commonwealth, what a leap it seems to the superb assemblages of books existing at the present day! Yet how certain is it that had not a taste for good literature been begun to be cultivated in Colony times and in those when the Republic was in its infancy, the fruitage of to-day would have been much more meagre than it is.

The magnificent Library of Brown University is justly the pride of our State. The junior member of the bookselling and publishing firm, just alluded to, and the collector of the last described private library was one of the first three librarians of the University and thus helped to rock the cradle of the giant that was to be. The John Carter Brown Library, on the other hand, is the fruit of the patient and enlightened toil of a man who spent a life-time in forming a collection of authorities on American History, now absolutely unique among all the collections of Americana upon the face of the globe. But John Carter Brown was a grandson of the senior member of the firm which was supplying the private libraries of Providence with books, a hundred years ago, John Carter, and the builders of the costly setting of this matchless collection were his great-grandsons, all of them deriving at least a portion of their inspiration from that almost forgotten origin.

As I look into the future I behold not only the Carter Brown Library still dwelling, as it does to-day, in its chaste edifice of snowy stone and the Providence Public Library beautifully housed in its grand structure of brick and stone, on Washington street, and the State Library sharing the glories of the Capitol and Brown University Library ensconced in the noble John Hay Memorial, now being raised, but I

catch, also, an inspiring vision of the priceless collection of this R. I. Historical Society enshrined by the munificence of some grateful citizen in a palatial building worthy of its merits and covering, it may be, the whole of the land between the eastern boundary of its present lot and Prospect street. Nay, I descry the honored Providence Athenæum, with its generous store of 70,000 well-chosen volumes, transferred from its present neat but rather narrow quarters, which for seventy years have undergone no external renewal or enlargement to a modern edifice more fitting its treasures of good learning and more eloquent of the public spirit and liberality of a generation which, having received much from its fathers, owes much to the children yet unborn. When these six great libraries shall all have been housed in permanence and beauty, as are most of them already, then will Providence have earned the proud title of the City of Libraries.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

(Second Paper)

ON his return to Troy General Wool addressed the following letter to me:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE EAST,

TROY, May 4, 1861.

Dear Colonel Cannon:

Presuming that you may be of service to the Union Defence Committee in New York City, I have to request that you will, until further orders, place yourself in communication with them, to afford such aid and advice, unofficially, as may be requested, and report to me from time to time at this place.

JOHN E. WOOL,

Major-General.

The highly important and interesting events of General Wool's brief command in the city of New York, and the whole of the circumstances of his coming, his work here, and his recall, are told in the following personal letter from General Wool to myself:

TROY, N. Y., July 10, 1861.

My Dear Colonel:

I have frequently been asked why I am not in the field battling against the traitors of the Union.

The causes may be found in the following condensed history of the services I rendered in the execution of important and responsible duties, assumed on my part at a moment of great peril to the country, and when the Federal Capital was in imminent danger of being taken possession of by the rebels from Virginia and Maryland.

You will recollect the attack on a Massachusetts regiment passing through Baltimore, which resulted in destroying several long bridges between Baltimore and Philadelphia, of divers railroad tracks, and

cutting the telegraph wires leading from Washington to the North, prevented for six days any communication with the latter city and the Northern States. It was under these circumstances I visited Governor Morgan. I found him in a state of alarm for the safety of the capital, which he was apprehensive would be taken possession of by the secessionists. While with him he received a telegraph despatch to hurry troops with all possible haste to Washington. He also received a despatch tendering the services of Colonel Ellsworth's regiment, with a request to accept it, which he complied with at my earnest recommendation; when I gave orders to Colonel Tompkins, United States Quartermaster at New York, to furnish transportation, and Major Eaton, Commissary of Subsistence, thirty days' rations to each soldier, for as many regiments as might be ordered by the Governor at Washington. I ordered that number of rations because the troops could only reach Washington by either the Potomac or Chesapeake Bay.

Governor Morgan left the same evening, Saturday, April 20th, for New York. I informed him I would follow on Monday. On the next day the Governor transmitted by telegraph the following letter:

NEW YORK, April 21, 1861.

General John E. Wool, Troy, N. Y.:

I am glad to learn that you will proceed to New York to-morrow to superintend the forwarding of troops from this and other States mustered into the service of the General Government. It is eminently proper that a high officer of the Army of the United States should discharge this important duty.

E. D. MORGAN.

On the same day I received the following letter by telegraph from Thurlow Weed:

NEW YORK, April 21, 1861.

General John E. Wool, Troy, N. Y.:

Understanding you are to be here, I deem it advisable from instructions I have from the Secretary of War, General Cameron, that you should be at the Astor House with me.

THURLOW WEED.

By Mr. Weed's letter you will perceive that I was expected to be with him at the Astor House, which I could not assent to from the circumstance that I had already engaged quarters at the St. Nicholas Hotel, to which place I had directed all letters, telegrams, etc., intended for me to be sent.

On Monday, April 22d, I proceeded to New York and took quarters at the St. Nicholas. Soon after my arrival Mr. Weed called on me and urged me to take quarters at the Astor House, previous to which I had been earnestly requested to do so by Mr. Stetson, which I declined, from the fact that it would produce confusion, as telegraph despatches were constantly being received from the Governors of States and other persons.

On the 23d the Union Defence Committee called on me, among whom were General Dix, Chairman; Mr. Draper, Vice-Chairman; ex-Governor Fish, Messrs. Evarts, Wetmore, Dehone, Grinnell, Blatchford, Marshall, Sloan, and others. They desired to know what I was prepared to do in this hour of great peril to the country, the capital being in imminent danger of being taken by the rebels; I replied anything that would save the capital, for the preservation of the Union depended on its safety. A programme was soon arranged, which I approved of in behalf of the United States, and immediately set about carrying it into effect. In this place it may be proper to say I reminded the committee that I had assumed a fearful responsibility, and that probably I would be the only victim, but under the circumstances I was prepared to make the sacrifice if by it the capital could be saved.

It must not be forgotten that at this time the citizens of the whole North, East, and West were in the highest state of excitement, from apprehensions that the capital of the Union would fall into the possession of the rebels of the South; and in the city of New York they were ready to denounce the administration, and even threatened to overturn the Government and elect a dictator, because of the loss of Norfolk with the navy dépôt, which had cost many millions, and Harper's Ferry, where we had an armory for the manufacture of arms, and the Federal Capital in danger of similar fate; and all, as was asserted,

from the gross neglect of the administration to provide the necessary means for their protection.

It was under such circumstances, with all communications closed between Washington and the North, that I entered, in conjunction with the Union Defence Committee, upon the important duties which the emergency seemed to demand. No time was to be lost, as it appeared to every one with whom I held conversation, in forwarding troops for the defence and protection of the capital. The whole country was organizing and arming with a determination to march to Washington. On my arrival at New York I found requisitions from the Governors of nine States for arms and ammunition, all of whom by my orders were furnished with a greater or less number of arms, and as many rounds of ammunition as could be spared. Prompt and energetic measures were adopted by myself as well as the committee to secure the capital. Ships were chartered, supplies furnished, and troops forwarded with the utmost despatch to Washington *via* the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis, steamers were sent to protect the ships from capture by two privateers reported to be off Cape Henry. All vessels carrying troops and supplies were either armed or convoyed to their places of destination; in all which we were supported and greatly aided by Commodore Breese. The steamship *Quaker City,* after landing her troops at Annapolis, was ordered to report to Colonel Dimick, commanding Fortress Monroe, to prevent the transportation of cannon, etc., from Norfolk to Old Point Comfort to besiege that fortress, and also to look out for privateers and to protect our vessels going up the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay.

On the requisitions of Colonel Dimick I ordered provisions, carriages, ammunition, and implements to Fortress Monroe.

Being informed that the troops at Washington were short of provisions, I ordered Major Eaton, until otherwise directed, to send by Perrysville to Annapolis 30,000 rations daily. All which was promptly, efficiently, successfully, and without any accident whatever executed; and, as was reported, saved the metropolis from the ravages of war and capture by the rebels of Virginia and Maryland.

Instead of ordering arms to the Governor of Illinois, as applied

for, I requested him to take possession of the arsenal at St. Louis. I also telegraphed ex-Governor Banks to assist the Governor in taking the arsenal; and for the same purpose I sent a special messenger to the Hon. F. P. Blair, with the request that he would assist in securing the arsenal. With the return of the messengers I received the thanks of Mr. Blair for the interest I manifested in the people of the West; and the Governor of Illinois telegraphed me that he had received from the arsenal 21,000 stand of arms and 110,000 rounds of ammunition, two 6-pounder guns and ammunition for the same. I also, upon application of the Governor, ordered 32-pounder cannon, carriages, etc., to be prepared at the Allegheny Arsenal for Cairo.

I authorized the Governor of New Hampshire to place the navy dépôt and harbor of Portsmouth in a state of defence without incurring any unnecessary expenses.

I also gave Governor Andrew permission to occupy the forts in Boston Harbor for the purpose of drilling and disciplining volunteers intended for Washington.

I gave authority to the Mayor and Common Council of New Bedford to erect defences on Clark's Point, for the protection and defence of the city and harbor, at the cost of the city, but to be surrendered to the United States whenever required by proper authority. I approved of placing in Fort Adams volunteers for the protection of the harbor and town of Newport by Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island.

In order to ascertain if my services in connection with the Union Defence Committee met the approbation of the General-in-Chief, as well as the Secretary of War, I reported to Lieutenant-General Scott on April 23rd and 25th what I had done and was doing. On the 25th I also wrote to the Secretary of War, when I informed him that I had transmitted to Lieutenant-General Scott several despatches of what I was doing without receiving any reply, and I concluded my letter by saying, "*I am extremely anxious to know the views of the administration and what it desires. I am running without rudder or compass.*" By this expression I intended to be understood that I was executing high and important functions without orders, but which the emergency required, the Capital of the Union being in imminent peril of being captured by Southern rebels.

Receiving no acknowledgments, and anxious to know how my conduct was viewed by the authorities at Washington, I sent a special messenger, Colonel Schuyler, to call upon General Scott, the Secretary of War, and the President, and to inform each and all the part I was performing and to obtain their replies. He was unsuccessful, and returned, after much trouble and delay on the road, on the morning of May 1st, and reported to me that he had been unable to obtain any information on the subject of his mission.

To all which it may not be inappropriate to add that, while receiving, by request, a passing review of Colonel Ellsworth's Regiment of Zouaves on its route to embark for Washington, Major-General Chas. W. Sandford, with one of his staff, in a hurried and excited manner, presented me with an order from Governor Morgan forbidding the embarkation of the regiment, unless reduced to the number prescribed—seventy-seven to a company—and urged me to order the whole to embark, as no part of the regiment would go unless all were included. The regiment was escorted by five thousand firemen. The order of the Governor produced intense excitement. I replied to the General that I would not be the first to check the noble and patriotic enthusiasm of the citizens of New York. The regiment as it was should embark. This announcement caused the most enthusiastic cheering of the regiment, the firemen, and the tens of thousands of spectators, which continued long after the imposing spectacle had passed in review.

I have thus detailed the most essential part of the services which I performed in conjunction with the Union Defence Committee from April 23rd to May 1st, inclusive, when late in the evening of the latter day I received a communication from Lieutenant-General Scott, through his Assistant Adjutant-General, E. D. Townsend, in which he recommended that I should " return to Troy to conduct the ordinary routine duties of my department and for the recovery of my health, known to be feeble," when at the time my health was perfect, as it has been ever since. No sick or feeble person could have performed the services demanded by the universal uprising of the people of the free States, north of the border States, in consequence of the threatened danger of the Federal Capital by rebels from Virginia and Maryland.

LE GRAND B. CANNON.

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER FROM COLONEL FRANCIS BARBER ON SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION

[Colonel Barber was Hamilton's college tutor. He fought at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, etc., and was a favorite with Washington. Surviving all the dangers of war, on the very day Washington announced the signing of the treaty of peace, he was killed near Newburgh, N. Y., by a falling tree. The letter below was addressed to his wife, and dated "Headquarters, Sept. 28, 1779].

In my last, which was written immediately after the action at Newton, on the 29 of last month, I informed of the total defeat of the united force of Indians & Torries, Since that, they have never dared to show themselves, but suffered us with impunity & without the least opposition to traverse their county, burn their numerous towns & destroy their flourishing fields of corn. We penetrated as far as Genesse, the upper capitol of the six nations, situate about eighty miles from Niagara & 140 from Teaoga, & in our progress destroyed every settlement we could hear of. In short, I think, we have completely effected the purposes of the expedition. We have taken no Indians, for we could find none. We have had a most cowardly, dastardly, & insignificant enemy to contend with, or rather pursue, and they are far from deserving the name of men.

LETTER OF SAMUEL CHASE, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, TO THOS. JOHNSON, GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND

It was Chase who proclaimed on the floor of Congress that they had a Judas among them, in the person of T. T. Zubly, of Georgia.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1777.

We are informed from the Head of Elk, by Letter from Hollingsworth dated yes'day that a person be sent to view the Enemies fleet gives account, that 200 Sail lie from Turkey Point to the Mouth of Sassafras & Troops are on board, none were landed on Saturday late in the Evening.

On Yesterday Morning Gen. Washington passed thro' the city, with the Troops under his immediate command, about 8,000.—on this Morning Gen. Nash's Brigade, bet 12, & 1500 marched thro' this city about

two hours ago, Gen'l. Sullivan will be here in three days. Things remain in the same State in the North as they were when we rec'd the account of Stark's Victory.

We hear we have made 160 prisoners on Staten Island, no account is come to Congress.

I beg leave to remind you of the state of the fleet at Whetstone and the Defects mentioned in Gen'l. Gates memorandum, I believe nothing has been done in Consequence of his advice.

Your affectionate Friend,

S. CHASE.

LETTERS OF CHARLES SUMNER TO MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Senate Chamber, Jan. 14, 1853.

On the floor of the Senate I sit between Mr. Butler of South Carolina, the early suggester of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and Mr. Mason of Virginia, its final author, with both of whom I have constant and cordial intercourse. . . . The earliest paper I ever subscribed for with my own first earnings was "The Liberator," etc. (He mentions Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and his hope to bear testimony to the latter in the Senate "*in the presence of slave-holders.*")

In a second letter (1856), written after the attack upon him by Brooks he alludes to it, and mentions a scrap-book of clippings in regard to it.

Jeff Davis and John M. Mason by formal letters approved that assault, making themselves accomplices after the fact. Robt. Toombs and John Slidell did the same in public speech. . . .

LETTER FROM FRANCES DANDRIDGE, THE MOTHER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON TO ——

(No date or place).

Sr—I am very sorry it is not in my power now to send you the mony if you had aplyed to my son Batt he could a payed you or if you

had lett me know sooner could got it for you if you will . . an order I will pay it to any body you desier and am

S^r your Humble Servant

F. DANDRIDGE.

P. S. if you should See my Son please tell him we are all well & desier to be remember'd to him. I have sent your accounts back and am very sorry I could not discharge them.

(Frances Jones married John Dandridge, July 22, 1730. Her children were:

1. Martha, b. June 2, 1731; m. (1), Colonel Daniel Parke Custis and (2), George Washington.

2. Bartholomew, the "Batt" of the letter, b. Dec. 25, 1737, and d. April 18, 1785.

And six other children. She died April 9, 1785, aged 75. Her letters are very rare.)

LETTER FROM GENERAL GREENE TO THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA

[This shows Greene as a clever politician, intent on keeping new arrivals in the State neutral. It is dated at Headquarters, Round O. (Ga.), Dec. 27, 1781].

I am informed that there are a great number of people lately come into the State of Georgia from the Florida settlements, disliking the Spanish Government, and that they have taken no part with the British since their arrival. I would recommend your writing them, welcoming them to the government and promising them protection and security if they will become subjects of the United States, but if that is disagreeable that they shall be at peace if they will only remain neutral. Whatever force we can detach from the enemy is the same as a reinforcement to ourselves, and it is much cheaper to lessen the enemy's than increase our own, etc.

NOTES BY THE WAY

LOOKING FOR AN ANTHEM

We had no idea that the lack of a national anthem was felt so severely as to stir the poetic fancies of so great a multitude. While we have been swamped with effusions of more or less merit, we regret to be forced to say that in our humble judgment the void will have to remain a void until the proper moment arrives for filling it.

When will that moment come? We do not know. The national hymn of the United States will be born some time and probably in the midst of a great crisis. The words will not be everything. There must also be the music. Both must be impressive and at the same time popular enough to be easily learned. "America," were it our very own, could hardly be displaced. Unfortunately, the words only are ours. The air is that of the national anthem of England, although it was originally "made in France." Our "Star Spangled Banner" has its uses. We rise to its music, but we persistently refuse to learn the words, hence no American audience can sing more than a half dozen lines, thus emphasizing the fact that we need a genuine anthem of national character that will stand on footing with the beautiful Russian hymn, for instance, and can hold the multitude as does the "Marseillaise" in France.

That anthem will come some day, but it will not be made to order. It must be the spontaneous outburst of a vast patriotic sentiment, both as to words and to music.

Meanwhile the *Inquirer* begs to disclaim any intention whatever of opening its columns to patriotic Americans who have ideas on national anthems. The coming national hymn will not be found in that manner. The conditions are not ripe to produce it. The inspiration is lacking. A nation that has nothing more serious on its hands than a feverish preparation to do a great and prosperous business cannot pour its heart's blood into inspiring and uplifting songs. Money making and sublime sentiment do not mix well. So not yet may we look for the National Anthem of the United States of America."

Inquirer, PHILADELPHIA.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVIII (*Continued*)

THE solitary lounger, who sat aloof from the soldiers, exhibited every sign of boorish impatience short of being directly offensive, as each new verse followed the repetition of the chorus from the other table. He was a strong-featured, bull-necked fellow, whose slouched drab beaver, huge loaded whip, and blanket-cloth overcoat indicated the occupation of a teamster or drover. A pipe and pot of beer had been placed before him while the soldiers were in the midst of their song, with whose soothing luxury he seemed not fully content, however, judging by the growling impatience with which, ever and anon, he now asked about some toasted cheese that it appeared was preparing for him in the kitchen. His remarks were addressed to mine host, a thin-faced, lank-haired worthy, in a complete suit of black velveteen, who stood behind the bar with slate in hand, ready to make any addition to his reckoning at the first call for replenishing the jorum of the soldiers; and partly to a tight lass that glided to and fro through the room, on the alert to receive the orders of the company.

"Why, Tavy, gal," said the drover, "I shall have drank up all my ale before that cheese is forthcoming. Your mammy ought to be able to toss up such a trifle at five minutes' notice. I must ride far to-night and that right soon, to overtake my cattle, which must be driven to Fort Dayton before breakfast to-morrow. And here one moment—I would tell you something, my pretty Tavy."

"Octavia Sarah Ann," cried a shrewish female voice from the kitchen.

"Go, Tavy, my good girl, to your mother," said mine host, evidently uneasy to get the girl out of the way of the cheese customer. "Your call shall be obeyed in a moment, worthy sir; only have a little patience. We are anything but strong-handed in this house just now. My son Zachariah went off with the Congress soldiers yesterday, and Scotch Angus stole away to join the king's people last week. The nig-

gers are all sorting the horses that came in to-night, and my good woman has no one to split a stick for her till Zip comes in from the stable."

"Well, Bully Nick, you might have spared all that long palaver if you had left spry-tongued Tavy to tell me the same thing in three words, instead of squinting and blinking to her to clear out, as you did just now. Hark ye, Nicholas, I would say a word to you;" and the man, whose lawless features put on a scowl, as if some angry thought had struck him, beckoned to the innkeeper to approach near enough for them to exchange a whisper together. But this mark of confidence Wingear seemed sedulously to avoid; and the traveller, at last rising abruptly from his seat, strode up to the bar, and flinging down his reckoning, stalked out of the apartment; not, however, before he had leaned over the counter, and catching the shrinking Nicholas by the collar of his coat, muttered in his ear:

"I see you know me, worthy Nick! and, seeing that you do, I've half a mind to split your weasand for fighting so shy of an old acquaintance. *Schinos!* breathe but a syllable to this rebel gang, and I'll roast you and your household among those rotten timbers before morning. Remember! I have an eye upon you, even among that batch of fools yonder."

"I say, deacon," cried one of the Yægers, as the innkeeper, stooping down behind the bar, as if busied in arranging something, managed thus to conceal the terror which this formidable speech had inspired, "I say, deacon, my boy, who the devil's that surly chap who's just left us?"

"That's more than I can tell you, Captain De Roos," replied Wingear, with difficulty mastering the trepidation into which he had been thrown, and still averting his face as he plied his towel industriously along the shelves over which he leaned. "The man's in the cattle business, I believe, sir, as he talked of driving some critturs to Fort Dayton for the troops there."

The officer paused for a moment in mere idleness of thought, as it seemed from the intentness with which he watched the smoke-wreaths from his mouth curling upward toward the rafters; and then knocking

the ashes from his segar, he resumed abruptly, before replacing it in his lips:

"Did you ever see anything of Wolfert Valtmeyer in these parts, Nicky?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Octavia, who that moment entered with a fresh flagon from the cellar; "he stopped here about harvest time two years ago with Mr. Bradshawe, just as the troubles were beginning. They went off in a hurry; folks said because old Balt the hunter came down here to look after their doings."

"You are mistaken, Tavy," said her father, uneasily; "Bradshawe and the drover—and Valtmeyer I mean—put down the pitcher, gal, and don't stand gaping at me so. The drover and Brad—I mean Wolfert—"

"You mean! and what the devil do you mean?" said the soldier, turning round fiercely, and fixing a stern eye upon the innkeeper. "Keep a straight tongue between your teeth, Nick, or you may wish it bitten off when too late."

The abashed publican, quailing beneath the penetrating glance of De Roos, was glad of any excuse for remaining silent, while the other, addressing the girl, thus pursued his inquiries:

"And so, my pretty Tavy, you saw Valtmeyer about two years since, eh? About the time of Greyslaer's fight wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir, either just before or just after Brant carried off Miss Alida."

The features of the gay soldier darkened as she spoke; but quickly resuming his air of unconcern, he continued his questions by asking:

"What kind of a looking fellow was Wolfert then? Did he bear any resemblance to the drover that was here but now?"

"He was about as tall as the drover, sir, but not so fleshy. When the drover had his back turned I almost mistrusted it was Mr. Valtmeyer; but then the drover was much younger and rounder-faced, and,

in spite of the black patch over his eye, altogether more likely looking than Mr. Valtmeyer, who looked mighty homely with his great sprangly beard he did;" and the girl smoothed down her apron, and cast a glance over her shoulder at a bit of looking-glass stuck against a post of the bar, as if she questioned the taste of the unshorn Wolfert in having by his toilet, shown such indifference to her charms.

"He was thinner, and wore a long beard, eh? a razor and good quarters would easily make all the difference," soliloquized De Roos. "But the impudent scoundrel would scarcely dare thus to put his head in the lion's mouth. Yet I must have an eye to the puritanical curmudgeon that this simple lass has the courtesy to call father." And then resuming aloud, he added, "Did your father ever know—"

"Octavia Sarah Ann," interrupted the shrill voice from the kitchen.

"Curse the beldam!" muttered De Roos, as the nuisance was instantly repeated.

"Octavia Sarah Ann, come take this toasted cheese to the cattle merchant."

"Yes, mother, yes, I'm coming! Had you any more questions to ask me, captain?"

"Go, gal, go," growled old Wingear, in a low voice. "You are too fond, young missus, of keeping here among the sogers."

"Any more questions? no—stay one moment, sweet Tavy, my blooming Tavy. Where got you those gay ribands which lace that bodice so charmingly?"

"Law, sir," replied the girl, bashfully retiring a step or two as the gallant soldier stretched out his hand as if to draw her near and examine the trim of her tasteful little figure more curiously; "law, sir, it's only the blue and buff, the Congress colors, you know, that old Balt brought me, with other fixings, from Schenectady."

"Octavia Sarah Ann, if ye're not here in the peeling of an inion, 'twill be the worse for you," screamed the virago mother.

"You see, captain, I *must* go."

"Zounds! what a tight ankle the girl has too," quoth the captain, as she tripped out of the apartment. "And so that queer quiz, old Balt, has induced her to mount the patriot colors! Well, I hope a finer riband will not induce her to change them for the blue and silver of 'The Royal New Yorkers,' as Johnson's motley gang call themselves. For 'Bold and true, in buff and blue, &c.!'" and the mercurial ranger strolled off to the stables, humming some verses of an old song, which was quickly taken up and echoed by his comrades.

Oh bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.
In fort and field,
Untaught to yield
Though Death may close his story —
In charge or storm,
'Tis woman's form
That marshals him to glory.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

In each fair fold
His eyes behold
When his country's flag waves o'er him —
In each rosy stripe,
Like her lips so ripe,
His girl is still before him.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

"There he goes—God bless him—singing for all the world like a Bob-a-linkum on the wing—a crittur whose very natur it is not to keep still for a moment, and to make music wherever he moves."

"And what mare's nest has our singing bird found now, corporal?"

"Well, I don't know, sargeant; only, if the captain has got upon the trail of Wild Wolfert, as his words belikened, it would be a tall

thing for us boys to seize that limb o' Satan, and carry him along with us to German Flats."

"Ay, ay, it would indeed; but though our scouts would make us believe that both he and Bradshawe are snooping about the country among the Tories, I rather guess that they are both snug in St. Leger's lines before Fort Stanwix."

"No doubt, no doubt," said a trooper, rapping an empty flagon with the hilt of his sabre, as if tired of the discussion of so dry a subject. "Butler could never spare such an officer as Bradshawe at such a time as this."

"Yes, rejoined another; "and if he were really skulking about among the Tories, the hawk-eyed Willet must have lighted upon him while screwing his way through such a ticklish region to come down and alarm the lower country as he did."

"Come, lieutenant," cried one who had not yet spoken, "give us another song; and be it a merry or droll one, if it suits you; this is the last night we are to mess together like gentlemen volunteers. To-morrow we shall be mustered with the old Continentals, and then the cursed etiquette of army discipline puts an end to all fun among us. It takes Captain Dirk a whole campaign to thaw out into a clever fellow after passing a week with his company in the regular lines; and as for you, Tom Willey, who've sat the whole evening—"

"Spare me, worthy Hans; I hate to find myself under the command of a Congress officer as much as you do, only you know that, for the honor of the corps, we Yægers should keep up the observances of military rank when acting with the government forces."

"That's a fact, boys," said the corporal. "What! would you have our free companies confounded with the common-draughted milishy, and laughed at by all the Continentals as *they* be? No, no; I may wince as much as any on ye when I feel the screws o' discipline first beginning to set tight, but I like to see our captain take airs upon himself with the best on 'em when it's for the honor of the corps. There now's the Refugee partisans that fight on their own hook just like ourselves—Johnson's Greens and Butler's Rangers, Tories though they be—toe the mark

like rael sodgers upon a call of duty. Oh, you should have been in Greyslaer's company to see discipline, and that, too, jist when the war was breaking out; only ask Cornet Kit Lansingh, when the poor boy comes safe to hand again from that wild tramp of hisn! As sure as my name's Adam Miller, if Major Max ever comes back from the South—"

"It will be to haunt you, Adam, for prosing about these gloomy byergones instead of drinking your liquor. Major Greyslaer has been dead these six months, and his ghost ought to be laid by this time. As for poor Cornet Kit, the only service we can render him is to drink his memory all standing."

"Don't tell me that," said the corporal, his face reddening with indignation. "You can't riley me about the major, Tom Wiley; for, though folks would make out that he fell at Fort Moultrie, I knows what I knows about *him!* As for Kit Lansingh, you needn't waste liquor by drinking to his memory yet a while; for hasn't old Balt got scent of him clean off in the Genessee country? and ain't he upon his living trail by this time with the friendly Mohegan that I myself heerd tell about having seen Kit with his own eyes among the Oneidas last winter?"

"What, Balt try to carry his scalp safely through the Seneca nation, not to mention the Onondagoes and Cayugas, through all of which he'll have to run the gauntlet before reaching the Genessee? Pshaw, man, the old hunter is as cold as my spurs long before this."

Though the reckless trooper spoke thus only for the sake of teasing his comrade, yet the partisan corporal was familiar enough with the dangers of the wilderness not to fear that what Wiley said was true. But, as if to shake off the ungrateful conviction, he emptied his beaker at a draught, shook his head, and was silent, while another of the Yægers changed the subject by saying:

"Well, well, let's have Wiley's song. Come, Wiley, if it must be the last time we have a bout of free and equal fellowship like this together, just tune up something we can all join in."

The vocalist began to clear his throat, filled a bumper, threw himself back in his chair, and had got more than half through the usual

preliminaries with which most pretenders to connoisseurship chill and deaden the impulsive flow of festive feeling (instantaneous sympathy with which their song should burst forth if they mean to sing at all), when he was suddenly superseded in his vocation.

"Tavy, my tight lass! Tavy, my border blossom!" cried the gay voice of De Roos without; and then, as entering the room from one door, while the girl peeped shyly in from the other, "Come hither—hither, my flowering graft of a thorny crab; come hither my peeping fawn, and learn news of the kind old forester who has always played the godfather to you. They have succeeded, boys, Kit Lansingh lives and thrives. Here's a messenger from Fort Dayton, bringing the news from Balt himself, now at that post. Carry on, carry on, and tell us your tidings; but hold, the poor fellow's athirst, perhaps. Wash the dust from his mouth with a cup of apple-jack, Adam, and then he'll speak."

The countryman, who, entering the room at the heels of De Roos, had cast a wistful eye upon the table from the first, advanced without saying a word, and tossed of the liquor which the corporal filled out for him, smacked his lips, wiped his mouth with his coatsleeve, and thus delivered himself:

"All I have to say, gentlemen, is nothing more or less than what I was telling the capting here when he broke away from me like mad at the stable door; where, who should I first happen upon the capting when I went to put up my pony before looking round for him here. 'Is there anything astir among the people?' says the capting, says he, when I delivered him that note from Colonel Weston which he holds in his hand, and which, if I don't make too bold, is an order—"

"Yes, yes, an order for me to move forward to-night. Carry on, man, carry on with your story," cried the impatient De Roos.

"Well, as I was saying, 'Is there anything astir?' says the capting, says he. 'Why, to be sure there is,' says I; 'and a mighty pretty stir it is, too,' says I. 'Hasn't old Balt got back from his wild tramp, and doesn't he bring the best of news for us in times as ticklish as these? I guess he does, though,' says I. 'There's the young

chief Teondetha and a white man he rescued from the Cayugas, and took home among his people for safety, are coming down to help the country, with three hundred Oneida rifles at their backs,' says I; 'and didn't they send Balt a short cut ahead to warn our people not to move upon Fort Stanwix until they could have time to crawl safely round the enemy and join old Herkimer at the German Flats? To be sure they did,' says I; and then the capting, what does he do but, instead of hearing me out, ups at once and asks me the name of the white man as furiously as if it was for dear life he spoke; and when I told him it was Mr. Christian Lansingh, the likely young nephew of old Balt, he tore away from me as if I had the plague; and I—I ups and follows at once to see the end of his doings; and there, now gentlemen, you have the hull history o' the matter, so I'll jist put another drop o' liquor in this glass and drink sarvice to all on ye, not forgetting that right snug young woman, whose color has been coming and going like all natur while I told my story—meaning no offence whatever, miss."

"Offence to Tavy, my lad no one suspects you of that. There are meddlesome chaps enough here to take care of her," said a soldier.

"Ay," echoed another, "she has a brother in every man in the troop."

"And she shall choose a husband among the best of ye, when the wars are over," cried De Roos. "But carry on, men, carry on; we must sound for the saddle in twenty minutes; and, unless you would leave your liquor undrunk, carry on, carry on."

"Ay, ay, fill round for our last toast," said the serjeant, rising: "*war and woman*—wassail we've had enough of to-night—war and woman—the myrtle and steel."

"The myrtle and steel," echoed a dozen voices. "Your song, your song now, Wiley."

"War and woman—the myrtle and steel," shouted De Roos; and then, before the twice-foiled lieutenant could collect his wits for the occasion, the spirit of the wild partisan broke forth in the song with which we close this record of the rangers' revels.

I

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
  One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill around, each to her he loves dearest —
  'Tis the last he may pledge her! to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
  Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
  The entwining of Myrtle and Steel!
  Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
  Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
  Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

2.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
  With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that's said from the ocean,
  To rise ere the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover,
  Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
  As we drink to the Myrtle and Steel.
  Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
  Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
  Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

3.

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
  To marshal the host for the fray,
Where proudly our banner is flinging
  Its stars o'er the battle array:
Yet gallants — one moment — remember,
  When your sabres the death-blow would deal,
That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherished
  By lads of the Myrtle and Steel.
  Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
  Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
  Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN PRISONERS OF THE REVOLUTION. By Danske Dandridge, 12mo., IX+504pp. Charlottesville, Va.: The Michie Company, Printers. 1911.

In the introduction to this volume the author sets forth its purpose as follows: "It is for the sake of the martyrs of the prisons themselves that this work has been executed. It is because we, as a people, ought to know what was endured; what wretchedness, what relentless torture, even unto death, was nobly borne by the men who perished by thousands in British prisons and prison-ships of the Revolution; it is because we are in danger of forgetting the sacrifice they made of their fresh young lives in the service of their country; because the story has never been adequately told that we . . . have made an effort to give the people of America some account of the manner in which these young heroes, the flower of the land, in the prime of their vigorous manhood, met their terrible fate."

A glance over the forty-six chapters into which the volume is divided reveals considerable variety, although a large proportion relates to the prisoners and prison-ships in and about New York.

Such topics as the riflemen; the experiences of Jonathan Gillett; William Cunningham, the Provost Marshal's treatment of the patriots; the case of Jabez Fitch on Long Island; Ethan Allen's account of prisoners in New York; the story of Alexander Graydon; the experiences of Daniel Bedinger, a Virginia youth; contemporaneous accounts of prisoners, taken from newspapers, the Trumbull papers, old letters and journals; the case of John Blatchford; the adventures of Andrew Sherbourne; of Eli Bickford; of Capt. Nathaniel Fanning; of Captain Birdsall; the journal of Dr. Elias Cornelius; the poet of the Revolution, Philip Freneau; the *Jersey* prison-ship; the experience of Ebenezer Fox of Roxbury, Mass; of Christopher Hawkins of Providence, R. I.; of Capt. Roswell Palmer of Connecticut; of Capt. Alexander Coffin; Capt. Dring's recollections of prison-life on board the Old *Jersey;* and a half a score of chapters relating to the experiences of the prisoners of the *Jersey* prison-ship give some idea of the contents of the volume.

The appendix contains an alphabetical list of 8000 Americans who were prisoners on board the Old *Jersey* which is not the least valuable portion of the volume. The work closes with a brief bibliography.

Had several chapters been condensed and run together and an individual index been added the information would have been made easily accessible to all in fewer pages than here are found. No one has any literary right to produce a volume of several hundred pages of history without adding a complete index of names of persons mentioned therein. The demands of the twentieth century are for instant reference to individual information and a complete index is the key.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of the Old *Jersey* prison-ship.

Title page

VOL. XIV No. 6

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

DECEMBER, 1911

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32d STREET, NEW YORK

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MARTIN KOSZTA

From a photograph of the original portrait in Smyrna.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIV DECEMBER, 1911 NO. 6

CONTENTS

PORTRAIT OF MARTIN KOSTZA . . . . . *Frontispiece*

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864 . . . . .
(*The Late*) COMMANDER OLIVER A. BATCHELLER 217

A NAVAL INCIDENT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1853 . . .
WILLIAM R. LANGDON 231

THE MISSION OF THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES . . . . .
CLARKSON N. GUYER 239

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1856 . . .
WILLIAM J. SEAVER 242

THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY . . . . . .
(Chapter VIII) EUGENE F. MCPIKE 248

PARTING (*Poem*) . . . . . MAJOR JOHN ANDRE 251

VOSS TO ANDRE (*Poem*) 253

THE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE 254

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS:
A New Washington Letter 260

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK . . . . .
(Chapter XXIX) CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN 263

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
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VOL. XIV DECEMBER, 1911 No. 6

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

THE northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico are deeply indented by two arms of the sea, the westernmost one of which is Mobile Bay, extending inland about thirty-five miles, with a width of from seven to fifteen miles. Its shores are low and generally well wooded, but as they recede from the waters of the bay they rise in gentle swells. Its waters are generally shallow and only in a small space, known as the lower bay, are they deep enough to float sea-going vessels of considerable size.

Here on August 5, 1864, was fought one of the most brilliant naval battles of the war and to a brief description of it I invite your attention.

The land defenses of the place at that time consisted of three forts —Morgan, Gaines and Powell. Fort Morgan, the most important of the three, was admirably located on the extreme western point of a long, low, narrow neck of land which bounds the main ship channel on the east. It was a powerful masonry fort, mounting eighty-six guns of various calibers, but mostly ten-inch Columbiads and rifled thirty-two pounders. It had been strengthened in every possible way, and new guns had been mounted in its water batteries. Its garrison amounted to six hundred and forty officers and men.

Opposite Fort Morgan, on the extreme eastern point of Dauphin Island, about three miles distant, was Fort Gaines. This was also a masonry fort mounting thirty guns, with platforms for ten more, which however, at the time of the attack had not been mounted. Its garrison was eight hundred and sixty-four officers and men.

—Read by the late Commander Oliver A. Batcheller, U. S. N., before the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

North of Fort Gaines, and about six miles from it, guarding Grant's Pass, a narrow cut leading from the bay into Mississippi Sound, was Fort Powell. This was a small redoubt not yet completed, but mounting four heavy guns. Its garrison at the time was stated by the Confederates to have been one hundred and forty officers and men.

Between Forts Morgan and Gaines were small islands and shoals with shallow channels between them, the main ship channel being, as before stated, directly under the guns of Fort Morgan. Across these shallow channels obstructions had been placed in the form of rows of piling, which extended to deep water in the main ship channel. From this piling rows of torpedoes had been planted, extending nearly across the ship channel, their eastern limit being marked by a large buoy. The channel between this buoy and Fort Morgan was left open for blockade runners, and being but a few hundreds yards wide, forced every vessel using it close under the fort.

Inside these defenses lay the iron-clad ram *Tennessee,* on which more reliance was placed by the Confederates than on all their other defenses combined. This formidable vessel was two hundred and nine feet long, forty-eight feet wide, with an iron spur projecting beyond her stem at a depth of two feet below the water line, which rendered her, in public estimation, the most powerful ram of her time. Her bow and stern rose but little above the water line, but in the middle of her length, and occupying about one-half of it, was a casemate built of heavy timbers. The sides of this structure sloped inward at an angle and were covered with iron plates from five inches to six inches in thickness, which were believed to be impenetrable to shot.

Inside this casemate were six Brooks rifles, two in each broadside and one each at the bow and stern. These latter were mounted on pivots so arranged that they could be fired either directly ahead or astern on the line of the keel and on either broadside, thus giving her when needed four guns in a broadside. Ordinarily, however, her guns were fought, two in each broadside and one ahead and one astern. The former threw elongated projectiles weighing ninety-five pounds and the latter similar projectiles weighing one hundred and ten pounds.

Her ports, of which she had ten, were fitted with heavy iron shutters

so pivoted and fitted with spur wheels and ratchets worked from the inside that they could be opened or closed at pleasure, thus protecting the gun crews while loading. This arrangement proved to be unsatisfactory in action, as in one case at least a shutter became jammed by a shot striking when partly opened, and could not afterwards be moved, thus disabling its gun. But the vital defect in the vessel was in her steering gear which was much exposed, and was twice shot away during the action.

This vessel (also the Confederate fleet) was commanded by the admiral of the Confederate navy, Buchanan, and was manned by a picked crew.

As but little is known concerning this vessel and the difficulties that were met and overcome in building her, a brief account of her may be interesting.

She was built at Selma, Ala., in the winter of 1863-64. As soon as she was launched she was towed to Mobile to receive her machinery, armor and guns. It is said that the ore for the metal of her guns and armor was taken from the mines at the same time that the timber for her hull was cut in the forests.

About four months were taken in equipping her, and her draft of water was about thirteen feet. On her trial trip her speed was set down at eight knots, but this was afterwards reduced to about six from increased draft with coal and stores on board.

Having completed her, the problem remained of taking her over Dog River bar, on which there was about eight feet of water. To accomplish this she was lightened as much as possible, and " camels," shaped to fit her bottom, made. These were sunk by filling with water and securely lashed to her bottom with heavy chains passing under her keel; after which, the water being pumped out, they would rise by their buoyancy and if the lashings held, lift the vessel with them. The " camels " were just completed when they were accidentally burnt and fresh timber had to be cut and new ones made.

This was done, and after great labor the ship was floated and

dragged through the mud across the bar so that those on the blockade had in May, 1864, the doubtful pleasure of seeing her steam saucily down the bay.

Near the *Tennessee* lay the *Morgan, Gaines* and *Selma,* three wooden gun-boats. These were small vessels, but owing to their being used only in the smooth waters of the bay they carried exceptionally heavy batteries for their size—much heavier than those carried by crafts of corresponding size in the blockading fleet. As in the case of the *Tennessee* these vessels were each commanded by officers who had received their training in the Union Navy.

To run past these forts and obstructions, and to capture or destroy these vessels, was the problem set before Admiral Farragut on August 5, 1864. As will be seen presently, he did not intend to attempt the capture of the forts at this time, feeling sure that once having obtained control of the bay, he could, with the assistance of a small land force, reduce them at his leisure. Meanwhile the main object of the Government, the closing of Mobile to the outside world, would be accomplished by simply holding the bay.

A blockade of more or less efficiency had been maintained off Mobile since May, 1861, but it was not until the strongholds on the Mississippi had been reduced and the river opened, that enough vessels could be spared to maintain a really effective blockade. Even after most of his vessels had been assembled off the bar, Farragut was not able entirely to prevent small swift vessels from evading the blockade.

In January, 1864, Farragut, in person, made a reconnaissance, crossing the bar and approaching within easy gun shot of the fort. In his report he said: "I am satisfied that if I had one ironclad, I could at this time destroy all their forces in the bay, and reduce the forts at my leisure with the coöperation of our land forces, say five thousand men." "Without an ironclad we should not be able to fight the enemy's vessels of that class with much prospect of success." And further on he says: "Wooden vessels can do nothing with them except at close quarters." We shall see presently what he meant by "close quarters."

At this time it was believed that the *Tennessee* was completed and

ready for action, and that she was only held back out of sight for the purpose of drawing our vessels over the bar into her power. As we have seen, she was still unfinished. Had this been known, it is safe to say that the admiral would not have asked for even one ironclad, but would have made the attack as soon as his preparations were completed, and the world would have lost the spectacle of one of the prettiest naval fights in its history.

But an ironclad was considered necessary to ensure success; so the long tedious wait through the spring and summer had to be endured. How long and how tedious it was can only be understood by those who endured it.

Anchored in a semicircle off the bar the heavier vessels of the fleet lay month after month with nothing to break the dreadful monotony of continual drills, picket-boat duty and the unceasing lookout for a night attack, but the monthly arrival of the beef-boat from New York with mails and fresh provisions, and an occasional trip outside to the "red-snapper bank" for fresh fish. The smaller vessels had the advantage, as they were constantly on the move. Some cruised outside during the daytime, but all were required to anchor close in-shore at night—one, with picket boats from other vessels, going inside the bar after dark in order to intercept blockade runners, and to serve as outposts.

These vessels were allowed to chase at discretion, but the heavier crafts were not permitted to get under way, except upon signal from the flagship. Off Charleston, the blockading fleet had been driven off by a night attack of the enemy's ironclads, and the admiral was determined that nothing of that kind should happen here.

Accordingly one-half the crew was kept under arms all night, the battery was cast loose, and all preparations for a fight made every evening at sunset, and this continued night after night, week after week, and month after month. Tiresome, irksome and monotonous are words that sound weak and forceless when used in his connection.

But at last came the welcome news that the monitor *Manhattan* had actually sailed for Mobile, and later that the *Tecumseh* was following her, and later still that two light draft monitors from the Upper Mis-

sissippi would be added to the fleet. Then all was excitement and anticipation.

On July 12, the order "to strip for the conflict" was given; vessels were sent in succession to Pensacola to fill up with coal and ammunition, and to land all spare spars, sails and unnecessary hamper. Chain cables were "faked" or hung up[1] and down their sides abreast of engines and boilers, and bags of sand were placed along the decks wherever possible, in order to protect the vitals of the ship. In short every expedient which ingenuity or experience could suggest was resorted to, to protect the vessels and their crews from shot and shell, splinters and falling spars.

Whilst this was going on afloat, General Grant, assuming that the Red River expedition would be successful, was urging General Banks to make a demonstration against Mobile "to be followed by an attack." We all know how disastrously this expedition resulted to our arms, and how Banks' successor, General Canby, instead of being able to make a demonstration against Mobile was rather hard pressed to hold his own. When the time came to despatch a force to invest Forts Morgan and Gaines, it was found that only fifteen hundred men under General Gordon Granger could be spared. Both Farragut and Granger thought this force too small, and it was accordingly decided to invest only Fort Gaines.

The troops were landed on the western end of Dauphin Island, about fifteen miles from the fort, on the evening of August 3, when much to Farragut's chagrin, owing to the non-arrival of the ironclads, he was unable to move. They immediately took up their march although the night was dark and stormy, and by sunset of the fourth were entrenched about the fort, the skirmish line being engaged.

Before quoting from General Order No. 10, in which Farragut makes known his plan of attack, it is desirable that I should more fully describe the situation of Fort Morgan in relation to the main ship channel by which the attack was to be made, in order to enable you better to understand it. From the bar this channel leads obliquely towards the fort, and because of the torpedoes and obstructions already described,

[1] As was done in the *Kearsarge-Alabama* fight, in April, 1864.

this obliquity was greatly increased, so that the fleet in approaching it was nearly "bows on" and was compelled, as before stated, to pass close under it in order to clear the obstruction. The fort was therefore able to maintain a raking fire as the vessels approached, to which but a small return from the bow guns could be made. Abreast the fort the channel runs parallel to its face. Here the full broadside could be brought to bear, and the fight was more equal; but immediately after passing, the channel makes an abrupt turn to the westward or left, and again a raking fire had to be endured with only such return as could be made by the few stern guns.

I now quote from General Order No. 10: "The vessels will run past the forts lashed side by side."

It should be remembered that in the attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip below New Orleans which was made at night, the fleet was arranged in two parallel columns either of which could be maneuvered independently of the other. This had not been quite satisfactory, and in the attack on Port Hudson, the vessels were arranged in pairs as here described, but the attack was still made in the night-time.

The results of this attack were such as to convince the admiral that daylight was the best time for fighting in such narrow water. But to continue:

"The flag-ship will lead and will steer from Sand Island [Sand Island was just inside the bar], N. by E. until abreast of Fort Morgan, then N. W. ½ N. until past the Middle Ground, and then N. by W. and the others will follow in due line . . . but the bow and quarter line must be preserved to give the chase guns a fair range; and each vessel must keep astern of the broadside of the next vessel ahead. Each vessel will therefore keep a very little on the starboard quarter of her next ahead, and, when abreast of the fort, will keep directly astern, and as we pass the fort will take the same distance on the port quarter of the next ahead to enable the stern guns to fire clear of the next vessel astern.

"It will be the object of the admiral to get as close to the fort as possible before opening fire. . . .

"If one or more vessels be disabled, their partners must carry them through if possible; but if they cannot, then their next astern must render the required assistance; but as the admiral contemplates moving with the flood tide, it will only require sufficient power to keep the crippled vessels in the channel."

Farther instructions about mounting the guns and regulating the fire were given, but these I need not quote.

This order was afterwards modified in regard to assistance to crippled vessels and they with their consorts were instructed to look out for themselves and not to embarrass the fighting line. The position of the flag-ship was changed, and at the request of his captains, Farragut permitted the *Brooklyn* to lead, the *Hartford* taking second place.

In his report to the Secretary of the Navy, Farragut says of this change: "They urged it upon me because, in their judgment, the flag-ship ought not to be too much exposed. This I believe to be an error; for apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank in the navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flag-ship, and such attempt was very persistently made."

The class of vessels which constituted the Union fleet is too well known to need an extended description here. The *Hartford, Brooklyn* and *Richmond* were sister ships of about three thousand tons gross displacement and mounting eighteen nine-inch Dahlgren smooth bore, two one hundred-pounders and one thirty-pounder Parrott rifle. Their speed was about eight knots maximum.

The *Lackawanna, Monongahela*[2] and *Ossipee* were about five hundred tons smaller and mounted two eleven-inch Dahlgren smooth bores and one one hundred and fifty-pounder Parrott rifle, with a few thirty-two-pounders in broadside. The *Oneida,* the smallest vessel in the fighting-line, had but two eleven-inch Dahlgren smooth bores and a few thirty-two-pounders for a battery. These were more modern vessels, and had a maximum speed of about twelve knots. In addition, each vessel carried one or two howitzers, which were, when possible, mounted in the tops in order to fire over the parapet of the fort.

[2] The writer of this paper was an officer on the *Monongahela.*—Ed.

The smaller vessels were of the classes known as double-enders—side-wheel vessels of light draft, with a rudder at each end—and ninety-day gunboats, so called because they were built in ninety days. These were small screw vessels of about five hundred tons displacement. The batteries of these vessels were, of course, small, but the gunboats carried each one eleven-inch Dahlgren, smooth bore. The *Galena,* the largest of the smaller vessels, was a nondescript sort of craft, and carried a light battery. She was built originally as a broadside ironclad, but proving on trial worthless, her plating was removed.

The *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan* were single turret monitors, and carried each two fifteen-inch Rodman, smooth bores.

The two river monitors, the *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw* differed from these in having two turrets, each mounting two eleven-inch Dahlgrens, and in being less heavily armored than the others whilst they both had twin screws and drew but about six feet of water. There were in all eighteen vessels throwing 9,288 pounds of metal at broadside.

August 5, broke clear and pleasant; no clouds were in the sky, and only a gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the water. Heavy firing in the direction of Fort Gaines told that the army was engaged, but the sound was soon lost in the opening roar of the engagement with Fort Morgan.

In obedience to signal from the flag-ship, each vessel took her allotted station, and with colors flying from each masthead, the stately fleet moved proudly on, as gaily as if on a holiday parade. The sight was impressive. First came the *Brooklyn* with her consort, then the *Hartford* with hers, and so on to the end of the column, which was closed by the little *Oneida* and her consort, the *Galena.* The monitors took position abreast of the head of the fleet and towards the foot from it. Their mission was to account for the *Tennessee.*

On board all was quiet and orderly. Every man was at his station waiting. On the bridge stood the captain carefully piloting his ship; at the wheel the quartermaster, alert and watchful, responded promptly with the wheel to his gestures, repeating his unspoken orders in the usual calm, methodical way that he might know they were understood.

The leadsmen called their soundings as calmly as though entering a friendly port.

At the guns, the men stood quiet and collected, and nothing but the general air of expectation everywhere visible gave evidence of what was coming. All preparations had been made and nothing remained but the final test of battle.

The morale of the fleet at this moment was simply perfect. There were but few among the officers and men who had not already smelt burnt powder. All had confidence in their leader, and all saw in the result of the coming event an end to blockade duty. Home and friends could be seen beyond Fort Morgan. Everything conspired to make each man eager for the fight, and none doubted its final result.

The fleet advanced rapidly, but its progress seemed slow. At forty-seven minutes past six, the *Tecumseh* fired both her guns, only to scale them and to load with battering charges and steel shot for her encounter with the ram. Soon, however, the action began, for at seven o'clock and six minutes the fort opened on the *Brooklyn* with one gun, which was but the signal for all the others to begin. In a few moments, the *Brooklyn* replied, but only with one gun, all that she could as yet bring to bear, and for minutes, which seemed hours, this unequal fight went on. At last she was abreast the fort, and could bring her broadside to bear, and the fight seemed more equal. The *Hartford* too joined in, and soon all in advance was enveloped in a dense white smoke with nothing visible but the red flash of guns and bursting shells. The other vessels, eager for the fight, closed up, and the roar of their guns was added to the awful din.

There was no longer time for merely looking on. Each person had his own particular duties to attend to, and the relief in doing something was great.

As the leading ships pass the fort, its fire perceptibly slackens, and it is evident that in the more equal fight, the fort is overmatched. The enemy's vessels, however, continue to pour in a most galling fire. Where are the monitors? Have they been sunk by torpedoes? The smoke hangs low over the water and they cannot be seen.

The ram is still there, for through a rift in the smoke she is seen making a dash at the line. With a few quickened turns of their propellers, the leading ships are clear of her. Not so with the *Monongahela.* Her position is such that she must either ram or be rammed. The decision was made in an instant. With quickened speed she made a broad sweep in towards the fort to gain position. Her bow had been fitted with an iron ram which, as her officers had often jokingly said, would get her into a "heap of trouble." The trouble had come. Gaining a position, she made a rush on the *Tennessee.* The shock was terrific, but the ram, not liking the prospect, had taken a broad sheer, and the blow was oblique. The two vessels swung side by side, the bow of one towards the stern of the other, with the little *Kennebec* (the *Monongahela's* consort), sandwiched between them. In this position they hung for some moments, the bow of the *Kennebec* having caught the ram's life-boat and torn it from the davits. Whilst in this position, the *Tennessee* fired her two broadside guns into the *Kennebec's* lower deck, setting her on fire, and playing sad havoc in that confined space.

About this time, too, the ram's colors came fluttering down, and many thought she had surrendered, but they were soon undeceived.

No serious damage was done to either vessel in the encounter, but the direction of the ram's head was so changed by it that she was not able to gain a position to ram the rear vessels of the fleet, and they all escaped without injury except from her guns.

But why had the monitors permitted the ram to make this attack? and why as the smoke cleared away were there but three to be seen? and, what was more strange, why was the *Hartford* leading the *Brooklyn?*

The answers are soon given. We last saw the monitors ranged between the head of the fleet and the fort, the *Tecumseh* leading. In making a dash for the ram she was struck by a torpedo and sunk, going down by the head in an instant, her stern with the propeller still revolving, showing for a moment in the air as she disappeared.

Seeing this appalling disaster and also a row of torpedo floats directly ahead, the *Brooklyn* hesitated and backed to clear them, thus throwing the head of the line into some confusion. Farragut knowing

that hesitation meant defeat, with that promptness of judgment which always characterized him, ordered his consort to back whilst the *Hartford* went ahead, thus turning the pair as on a pivot and swinging them clear of the *Brooklyn*. Then going ahead at full speed with both vessels, he assumed the lead. As he passed the *Brooklyn*, her captain reported "a heavy line of torpedoes across the channel." The reply was brief if not characteristic, "D—n the torpedoes. Go ahead."

The *Brooklyn* quickly followed, the line was reëstablished, and the fight went merrily on. As the vessels cleared the fort, their consorts were cast off with orders to engage the enemy's gunboats. A running fight took place which soon resulted in the capture of the *Selma*, the burning of the *Morgan*, whilst the *Gaines*, owing to her light draft of water, escaped to Mobile.

It was a very pretty affair while it lasted. The rear of the fleet suffered severely in passing the fort, and the *Oneida* was disabled by a shot in her boiler, but her consort brought her safely through. The *Tennessee* withdrew under the fort. The day, so far, had been decided in our favor, but the victory was by no means won.

The *Tennessee* still remained uninjured and capable of infinite mischief in the narrow waters to which the fleet was now confined. The events of the morning had shown her to be very formidable. Shot and shell seemed to produce no effect on her. Only in speed had she shown weakness; but this was of less account as her opponents could not run away.

The space was so confined that there was no chance for maneuvering, whilst with so many vessels fighting, they were quite as likely to injure their friends as the enemy. And if this would be the case by daylight, what would it be at night? Clearly something must be done, or the experience of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads would be repeated, only on a larger scale.

There is no safety for the fleet whilst she remained in the enemy's hands. Should she remain under the fort, there she, and the fort too, must be fought. In short, the whole battle must be fought over again.

The question was not left long in doubt. Stopping only to refresh her men, she steamed out from the fort, and with sublime confidence, turned her head up the bay—one vessel against sixteen. With colors flying, she made directly for the flagship, ignoring all lesser fry. The perfect confidence which the commander of the *Tennessee* had in his vessel, and the absolute, imperative necessity which Farragut was under to capture or destroy her, rendered the fight which then took place, whilst it lasted, one of the most desperate on record. There was but one possible outcome to it. One side or the other must either surrender or be destroyed.

Signal was made by the admiral to run down the ram at full speed. "Then," in the language of a sailor, "the fight begun." The *Monongahela,* apparently anxious for further trouble, was the first to make the attempt. Making a broad sweep to gain speed and position, she made a gallant dash at her, this time striking her a tremendous blow on her starboard beam. Up to almost the instant of collision, the ram paid no attention to this attack, but continued her course for the *Hartford.* Just before the *Monongahela* struck her, she put her helm aport, and thus obtained a slight sheer. The blow was therefore slightly oblique, and being also a little abaft the center of her length, the result was to spin her around as if on a pivot. No impression was made on her hull, and the bow of the *Monongahela* slid along her smooth side until it slipped off past her stern. Whilst the two vessels were actually in contact, the ram fired her broadside, but without doing much damage, and the *Monongahela,* as she passed her stern, fired one gun after another as they could be brought to bear, but the solid shot bounded off from her side like peas from a shovel. Here again as in the first attempt, the direction of the ram's head was changed, and she was no longer pointed towards the flag-ship.

Scarcely had the *Monongahela* cleared her, when the *Lackawanna* came rushing down, then the *Hartford* and the *Ossipee* tried it, whilst the other vessels clustered around, each getting in a shot wherever there was an opening. The scrimmage at this time greatly resembled a dog fight with a dozen dogs engaged.

The little river monitor *Chickasaw* took position directly under

the ram's stern, and having greater speed and turning quicker was able to hold on there. No matter what way she turned, there was the *Chickasaw* holding on like a bull-dog. A shot from her guns entered the stern port and wounded Admiral Buchanan.

The *Manhattan* planted a solid fifteen-inch shot fairly against her casement, and though it did not go entirely through, it penetrated the armor and was only held by the wooden backing, and greatly assisted in demoralizing a crew already well shaken up by repeated rammings.

About this time, her smokestack was shot away, and her head was turned towards the fort. Her steering gear had been cut and temporarily repaired. Evidently she had had enough. But closer hung her enemies about her. Again her steering gear was shot away, and helpless and inert on the water, with all the heavier vessels coming down on her again, her crew so demoralized that they would not stand to their guns whilst being rammed, she hauled down her colors and surrendered, apparently a hopeless wreck.

But she was far from being a wreck. New wheel ropes were rove, a new smokestack improvised, and two days later, under the Union colors, she was sent down to pay her compliments to the fort as good as ever. During the action she had but two men killed and nine wounded.

The surrender of the *Tennessee* ended the fighting for that day, and practically there was no more worthy of the name as compared with what had taken place. Fort Powell was abandoned and blown up that night. Fort Gaines surrendered the next day, and though Fort Morgan was besieged and stood a heavy bombardment, in which the *Tennessee* took part, before surrendering on August 23, it was so closely invested that it could make no adequate reply.

The loss of the fleet during the action of August 5 was, killed, fifty-two; wounded, one hundred and seventy; total, two hundred and twenty-two, or about thirteen per cent. of the force engaged. This did not include the loss on board the *Tecumseh* which amounted to about seventy-five, but I am unable to give the exact number.

OLIVER A. BATCHELLER.

A NAVAL INCIDENT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1853

A FEW days ago I received a letter from my father in Smyrna, Turkey, enclosing a portrait of Martin Koszta, the Hungarian patriot, one of Kossuth's foremost captains. My father, while visiting the house of an American gentleman, happened to look at the original of the picture he sent me, a time-discoloured oil-painting, and, to his great surprise, found the name of *his* father, Joseph Langdon of Boston, among a list of the thirteen persons to which the painting is dedicated. My father sends me a full account of this Hungarian, and the part Captain Ingraham took in obtaining his release. Of the portrait he says: "Apart from its value as the presentment of an interesting personality, this portrait has importance as a historical document. Mr. Koszta dedicated it, according to the inscription at foot, to certain persons, 'who by their help and good wishes, contributed to his deliverance.' This deliverance was from imprisonment (to be followed by hanging, most likely), on board the Austrian war-ship *Hussar,* and was effected by the U. S. S. *St. Louis,* Captain Duncan N. Ingraham, in the Bay of Smyrna, on the 2nd July, 1853. The dedication is as follows:

> Dédié à MM. Le Capitaine Ingraham, Com^dt^. La corvette Americaine *St. Louis,* Ed. S. Offley, Consul des Etats-Unis à Smyrne, Le Chevalier Pichon, consul-général de France à Smyrne, MM. Blackler, Browning, Burrous, d' Andria, Langdon, McRaith, Mathon, Paterson, Whittall, Wolff, et à tous ceux qui ont contribué par leurs soins et par leurs vœux à ma dèlivrance."

Presumably a copy of this picture was sent to each of the persons named in this dedication, thirteen in all, of whom four were American.

The circumstances of the case which made a great noise in 1853 were that Koszta accompanied Kossuth to America, after the two years detention of the Hungarian refugees in Turkey, in the American warship, *Mississippi,* which was sent by the U. S. to convey Kossuth from Turkey to whatever country he desired. Koszta averred, when examined by Captain Ingraham after his arrest, that it had been his intention to have acquired citizenship while in the States; but he had been under the necessity of leaving the country before the completion of the term of residence required by law for naturalization. On these grounds he claimed

the protection of the American flag, when, in the summer of 1853, being at Smyrna, he was arrested by order of M. de Westbecker, Austrian Consul-General there. Two Austrian war vessels were in the port at the time, the brig *Hussar* and the schooner *Artemisia*, and to them was assigned the duty of guarding Koszta's person.

The particulars of arrest are still remembered by the older Smyrniots. Martin Koszta was engaged in a game of billiards at a waterside *café*, altogether unsuspicious of the impending stroke, when the place was rushed by a party of men in the pay of the Austrians, and his capture effected. Not the slightest show of resistance seems to have been made, yet this fortunate circumstance was of no advantage for the prisoner. He was treated with the utmost harshness, being flung, it is said, into the sea, instead of being put into a boat, and actually dragged through the water to the *Hussar*. It is even alleged that when he was got on board, in a pitiable and half drowned condition, he was fastened to one of the masts without being allowed to change his clothes, and was kept so secured for several days. Allowing for a good deal of exaggeration in these reports, it is certain that Koszta had to go to a hospital for treatment after his release, and the inference is that this was necessitated by the violence offered him.

The feeling aroused by this arrest, with its attendant circumstances, was intense; the whole town was at once for reprehending the action of the Austrian authorities; but especially moved was the small American community, among whose members Koszta claimed to be numbered.

A deputation waited on the American Consul, Mr. Ed. S. Offley, for the purpose of urging upon him the necessity of taking some action. But what kind of action? The Turkish authorities to whom the consul seems to have appealed, would or could do nothing. Then there was the uncertainty as to how far Koszta's claim to citizenship was tenable, a consideration which no doubt tended largely to the cooling of official zeal: and, after all, what could be opposed to actual brute force but remonstrance, protest, threats; mere words, where acts, bold and swift at that, if they were to be of any avail, were called for? The position seemed desperate, when, with dramatic effect, a large vessel, flying the Stars and Stripes, was discovered entering the bay. This was the U. S.

S. *St. Louis,* Captain Ingraham, whose opportune arrival completely changed the situation.

Negotiations were at once transferred from the Consulate to the man-of-war, and the following letter, written at midnight, was sent to Captain Ingraham by the late Joseph Langdon, of Boston, my grandfather, in behalf of himself and the Americans at Smyrna:

Smyrna, 23rd June, 1853.

Dear Sir:

I have to report that this man, Coszta, was one of the refugees whom the Turkish government refused to give up to Austria: this refusal is tantamount to a guarantee of safety for him on Turkish soil. This man had gone to America, and as he proved by his papers, was under the process of becoming an American citizen, having renounced allegiance to Austria: as such Austria has no right to seize him on Turkish soil.

By the Convention lately signed, Turkey has agreed to send three men out of Turkey, but this only gives Austria a right to demand, wherever these are found, that the local authorities should send them out of the country.

The fact of a convention being signed proves that Austria has no right to seize them in Turkey, otherwise the convention would be unnecessary. All things considered, the man is more an American citizen in Turkey than an Austrian. It is quite clear that next after the local authorities the American government and its Representative, the Consul and Naval force here at present, have most right to interfere.

Your obedient servant,

J. LANGDON, for himself and Americans in Smyrna.

This letter elicited the following reply:

U. S. S. *St. Louis,*
Smyrna, June 4th, 1853.

Dear Sir:

I am as sensible as you are of the gross outrage committed upon the

person of Martin Coszta by the Austrian Consul and his hired ruffians; and that it is a disgrace to the Turkish government to suffer it.

Upon my arrival here, I heard that an American had been seized and sent on board an Austrian warship. I immediately sent for the American Consul, and when he came on board requested to know if the reports I had heard were true. He informed me that the man was a Hungarian refugee, and had no evidence of his being a citizen of the United States.

Not satisfied with this, I waited upon the Austrian Consul and demanded to see the man taken, as I had heard he claimed protection from the American flag. After some discussion, and my insisting upon knowing upon what grounds the report of his claim was founded, he sent for the Commander of the vessel, and in company with the Americon Consul I went on board. Coszta informed me he had been some months in New York and intended to become a citizen of the United States. I then asked him why he had left the country before he had remained the time required by law. He told me he came to Smyrna for the purpose of establishing himself in business and to get funds from his home. Under the laws of 1813, "No person who shall arrive in the United States, from and after the time when this act shall take effect, shall be admitted to become a citizen of the United States who shall not for the continued term of five years next preceding his admission as aforesaid, have resided within the United States without being at *any time* during the said five years, out of the territory of the United States."

You will perceive by this that Martin Coszta has no claim as an American citizen. Should the claim be made that Coszta is an American by adoption it will have to be enforced; and how can this be done when by law he has forfeited his claim?

It is unfortunate this man should have returned here without a Passport from our Government. In that case the Consul's way would have been clear, as that would be an evidence he could not question—that Coszta was recognized by our government.

As to the treaty between Austria and the Porte, I cannot officially take any steps; it is a question between the two governments.

Anything I can do in behalf of this unfortunate man, I shall be most happy to aid you and the Americans residing in Smyrna. I shall be ashore this morning and will call upon the Governor and urge some action in the case.

Yours with great respect and esteem,

D. INGRAHAM, Commander.

J. Langdon and the Americans in Smyrna.

The following is a translation of the account of the incidents following the arrest of Koszta which appeared in the local French weekly paper, *L'Impartial,* of the 8th July, 1853:

"We spoke in our previous to last issue of the arrest by order of the Austrian Consul-General of Mr. Martin Koszta, the companion of Kossuth. As he had lived in America, Mr. E. S. Offley, United States Consul, immediately took the necessary steps, both with the local authorities and with the Austrian Consulate, to claim the prisoner as an American citizen. On the arrival of the corvette *St. Louis,* commanded by Captain Ingraham, these efforts were renewed with great energy. The Austrian Consul-General declining, however to hand over the prisoner, the matter had naturally to be referred to Constantinople; but assurances were given that the ship on which Mr. Koszta was incarcerated would not leave before instructions had been received from there. On Wednesday, (29th June) however, Captain Ingraham, having learned that it was proposed to transfer the prisoner to the Austrian-Lloyd's steam-packet, leaving that day for Trieste, hoisted his anchor and took a position close to the *Hussar,* so as to be better able to watch its movements and help the prisoner if necessary. Great was the excitement in the town! The shore was lined with people anxious to note the result of the manœuvre. But things remained unchanged till Saturday morning, the 2nd instant. On that day the steamer from Constantinople brought dispatches to the American Captain, instructing him to defend the honor of his flag and obtain possession of Mr. Koszta's person, by force if necessary. The captain of the *St. Louis* went a second time on board the Austrian brig, at about seven A. M. to communicate the nature of his instructions, and to insist that Koszta be handed over to

him within four hours. The Austrian captain could only, as on the occasion of Ingraham's first visit, refer him to the Austrian Consul-General, being only concerned in the affair as custodian of the prisoner on the Consul-General's instructions. At the same time, however, he took such measures as were necessary for defence, and the schooner *Artemisia,* with which he did not cease to exchange signals, unfurled its sails and manœuvred so as to be ready in case of need to come to her consort's assistance. It would be impossible to describe the emotion and anxiety of the people lining the shore! So great, however, was the sympathy which the cause of the prisoner excited, that no one thought of the danger which threatened the town should the ships have engaged so close to it.

Mr. Offley, whose behavior throughout the business was distinguished by great prudence as well as by great firmness, arranged for a prolongation of the delay allowed to 4 P. M., so as to afford time for further negotiations. Before officially advising the local authorities and his colleagues of the gravity of the situation, he desired to make a last appeal to the Austrian Consul-General. He accordingly went to M. de Westbecker, who finally yielded to his representations. The two Consuls agreed that M. Koszta should be delivered into the keeping of the French Consul-General, pending the decision of the higher authorities of the parties concerned. The French Consul-General having accepted the charge, Mr. Koszta was landed in the course of the afternoon at the French Hospital, where a comfortable room had been got ready for him. A large number of persons, among whom were noticed some of our foremost merchants, were on the jetty, and accorded to Mr. Koszta a most sympathetic welcome. In the evening our local Philharmonic Orchestra went on board a launch, which was brilliantly illuminated for the purpose, and proceeded to the *St. Louis* to serenade her gallant commander. The emotion caused by the affair has not yet subsided. The incident continues to form the subject of every conversation."

The *Impartial* did not exaggerate the state of feeling in the town. Indeed, it had become inflamed to a very dangerous pitch among the more violently disposed of the populace. These had lately been re-in-

forced by an incursion of Italians flying from the hangings and tortures of the ruthless Radetzky in Lombardy, and the exhibition of the methods of their old oppressors in the land where they had sought a sanctuary was, to these desperate men, as the waving of a red cloth before a bull. Collisions between them and the crews of the Austrian ships became of frequent occurrence.

So violent did these at length become, that the commanders were obliged to refuse permission to their officers to land, except in strong bodies. Disregarding this injunction, two young officers managed to slip ashore, and, in the very *café* where Koszta had been kidnapped were murderously set upon by an excited mob. One of the young men was fatally wounded, while the other narrowly escaped, through the intervention of two Englishmen.

Of the after consequences of this affair, I have been able to learn nothing. Beyond the bare fact that he got away safely from his Austrian captors, nothing seems to be known of Koszta, not even the name of his retreat, from which he dispatched his dedicatory portraits to those who helped deliver him. It may be inferred, however, from the portrait itself, that he fared prosperously after this event.

But what of the incident itself? Was it referred to the higher authorities of the parties concerned, as was proposed? As neither of the parties concerned in the matter could have had any interest in pursuing it, it is highly probable that it was quickly allowed to drop.

And gallant Captain Ingraham? was due acknowledgment given to him for the judgment, firmness, and dignity, with which he conducted a very difficult and delicate business? It is to be hoped so indeed, if not for his own sake, for the sake of those in whose hands was the disposal of public honors. For himself, he had the consciousness of having done his duty thoroughly well, which may have seemed to him better than any reward.

Such deeds, then, unrecorded in the history of our foreign relations,

are the kind that have made our escutcheon what it is to-day,—honored, respected, and feared by all nations.

J. D. Langdon.

Smyrna, 13th April, 1911."

WILLIAM R. LANGDON.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

[Koszta was soon released, and returned to the United States. The conduct of Captain Ingraham was fully approved by his government, and Congress requested the President to present him with a medal. As we have been unable to find a portrait of Koszta in either the A. L. A. *Portrait Index,* or in the stock of a very extensive dealer here, it is possible the one which Mr. Langdon sent us, and which forms our frontispiece, is the only one of him. ED.]

THE MISSION OF THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES

OUR world from time immemorial has been full of what are called "popular errors." To me it seems in our own time one of the most glaring of these is the oft repeated assertions that the *effect* of all this genealogical study is to foster and build up "Mutual Admiration Societies," because of the richness of ancestral blood. No greater libel was ever uttered than that. The pride of family is not the effect, it is rather the *cause* of all this wonderful contribution to the historic lore of our country.

Man in all his work needs some hidden spring to move him, and family pride is one of the most potent. From the time when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620, to the year 1876—our Centennial year—it lay tightly coiled, but in that year commenced to slowly unwind itself. The work of the Fathers of 1776 was specially emphasized that year for the first time as a whole, and Revolutionary descendants began to wonder what individual part their ancestors had in the glorious work of 1776. They eagerly scanned the neglected record of the family Bible and the inscriptions upon the tombstones in the old country graveyards; packets of family letters, yellowed with age, were opened and contents carefully noted; they interviewed and took the statements of aged people to whom had come first-hand authentic incidents of history from the old revolutionary heroes themselves in many cases.

If you read carefully the histories of Hildreth, or Bancroft or Jared Sparks or John Marshall, or even Washington Irving, you must be struck with the absence of the *human touch*. That human touch was what was given to our country's history by these contributions of family literature; to give it life and heart and good, rich, warm, red blood. The starting of Patriotic Societies was the easy and logical sequel—all inspired by this pride of family ancestry. Then followed the organization of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Society of Colonial

—Read before Patriotic Societies of Southern Cal. Convention at Los Angeles, April 19th, 1910.

Wars and the Colonial Dames, the Sons and Daughters of 1812—and others I have not time to mention—but must not omit to mention the Society of the Cincinnati, organized in 1783. They all have been most loyal to one lofty ideal—the cultivation of the *national spirit.*

Sixty and seventy years ago that was a dead thing in the heart of the American nation, brought out and warmed up on some training day or Fourth of July—and then forgotten till the next anniversary day. But our national spirit as fostered by our patriotic societies is no longer a dead thing—it has found beautiful expression in the National Flag Day—in the flag-drill of our public schools—in the protection of the Flag from the blighting desecrating touch of commercialism—in particular the work of the Sons of the American Revolution in printing leaflets, in every known language and dialect, of instructions to emigrants coming to our shores, how to become good American citizens; and actually placing these leaflets in their hands when they are far out at sea and in that way protecting them as far as possible from the fiendish influences and associations of the anarchist—in no better way than this can the National spirit be exalted! Educated citizenship is the palladium of our National liberty.

The invasion and conquest of Palestine by the Roman Emperor Vespasian in the first century was one of the most absolute and degrading conquests that man ever made over man. The necks of the Jewish people were literally pressed by the heel of the proud conqueror. After it was all over, so Dr. Craig Mitchell once wrote, one of the venerable Jewish Rabbis approached the haughty Vespasian one day, and most humbly kneeling, begged a boon: "Name it," said the proud Roman. "Give me the schools of Jubne and its schoolmasters," said the Rabbi. "It is granted you," said Vespasian—thinking lightly of the request. In fifty-five years from that time those ancient schools of the Jewish nation had so fostered the Hebrew national spirit that they rose in their might and threw off the hated foreign yoke and became again a free and independent nation.

In these days of commercialism, when graft and greed are seeking to instil their deadly poison into the heart of the Republic; when the dollar is worshipped above the man; when the purity of the ballot

box is assailed; it is the glorious mission of the Patriotic Societies to keep alive the National spirit, and to emphasize it really and truly as a wise schoolmaster to lead the American nation into paths of civic righteousness!

Fellow Citizens, I have the honor to propose this sentiment in closing—The Patriotic Societies of America—they are supplying the unwritten history of our country—they are stimulating our Pride of Country to make us exclaim with Daniel Webster—"Thank God that I too am an American!"

CLARKSON N. GUYER.

DENVER.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1856.

PROBABLY more has been written about Abraham Lincoln than of any other American citizen, and it may seem presumptuous on my part to add anything to what has been said. I am afraid I shall say little that is new, but I cannot deny myself the opportunity of paying this small tribute to his memory.

A little more than fifty years ago the signboards at every turn of the roads in the East seemed to read, "Go West, young man." California gold fields were attracting thousands. Western farms were sought by many interested in agriculture. The forests of Michigan and Wisconsin resounded with the axes of the lumbermen from Maine. Young men engaged in mercantile pursuits were told that their business chances were much better in a country where cities were born every week.

But beyond all these interests and allurements was that tide of immigration flowing toward Kansas,—devoted spirits who were determined that there should not be another slave state added to the Union.

I became infected with the Western fever, and landed, as it happened, in Springfield, Illinois,—the home of Abraham Lincoln,—then as far west as Dakota is to-day. (Some of my personal experiences there would make as good reading as Winston Churchill's novel "The Crisis," and be as entertaining.) Among other things I was told (because of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of New England) that it would be just as well not to say that I was from Massachusetts, and especially from Boston. The southern half of Illinois was settled by many Tennesseeans and Kentuckians who were prejudiced against this section of the country.

But I am to speak of Abraham Lincoln. That I knew him in 1856-7 has been more than a pleasant recollection with me for over half a century. I was not old enough to be called his friend, but I love to feel that I had more than a passing acquaintance with him during those two years.

—Address before the Brookline, Mass., Historical Society.

The first time I saw him he was sitting on the grass in front of his modest home; three or four small children were climbing over his chair and running about him, which would not have been encouraged, perhaps, by a person less fond of little children. I speak of this to show his loving nature. He was paying but little attention to their antics, however. There was a far-away look in his eyes as if his thoughts were elsewhere. Perhaps even then he had visions of what might be possible and probable, when the conflict of argument over the great question of that day should be followed by the clash of arms—for there were many who predicted, five years before the Civil War, that there would be bloodshed before the issue was settled.

Mr. Lincoln's figure, tall and ungainly, was dressed in a ready-made suit of dark cloth, all too short in the arms and legs. He wore a round plush cap without any visor, and his necktie of black silk was carelessly tied. His personal appearance would not impress a boy from an eastern city, who was familiar with the figures of Charles Sumner, Edward Everett and other prominent men of New England, that he was a great man. I was pleased with his speech, his kindly smile; he impressed me with his sincerity; but that his was the master mind that should be so influential in public affairs in the years to follow never entered my mind any more than that later he was to be the savior of his country. Neither was *he* aware of his natural gifts, or conscious that he possessed those qualities that made him a statesman outranking his contemporaries.

I took him to be a fairly good lawyer with a small practice, and a strong liking for politics. He was extremely modest; absolutely fair and thoroughly honest and unselfish; willing at all times to waive his claims for political place and position for the benefit of others and the cause, his great desire, to use his own words, being "to do what was right and make himself useful."

At times he was very sober, but often, and even on serious matters, his opinion was expressed in a lighter vein. He was practical in his advice, but he had moods of deep sentiment. Pathos and humor are blood relations. Where will you find a finer or more beautiful expression of this characteristic than in the following lines:—

"The mystic clouds of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature."

At the time I knew him—in 1856—he had not become prominent in national affairs. We can hardly realize the stupendous, wonderful work he was to perform in the short period of the nine years which followed. It does not seem possible that an inexperienced mind and human hands could have accomplished it unaided and alone. To-day I do not seem to be listening to the story of the man. I lose sight of the tall, ungainly figure, the rugged features, and through "the mystic clouds of memory" I see a mighty, luminous form—a benign spirit controlled and directed by an infinite power for a purpose beneficent to this country, the whole world, and for all time.

I was employed in a general store and bank in Springfield where there were two or three boys from Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln was on very intimate terms with our employer, and he liked to talk with us. We had many opportunities of enjoying his genial conversation. My fellow clerks were criticising a lady patron; they remarked that she was so unsophisticated that she was lacking in tact, although she had many other good qualities. Mr. Lincoln, always ready to excuse the failings of others, said, "That reminds me of a girl who wasn't much of a dancer. Her friends said that what she lacked in dancing she made up in turning round." Those who are familiar with the old-fashioned cotillion will appreciate the story. He had a way of illustrating his side of an argument with a funny story—not always original, but always to the point; the laugh would be on you, and, as the boys say, you would take a back seat. Mr. Lincoln was free with good advice to young men, for he called himself an old man before he was forty-seven, and felt privileged to give it. I remember at one time, in answer to something I had said, he replied in a common expression of the day, "You'll know more when the steamer gets in," and as the Irishman said, "Begorra, I did." Mr. Lincoln was not mistaken. Frequently since then I have awaited the arrival of the steamer.

The question practically before the people in 1856 was, "Has the

United States government the right to determine what the status of a new state shall be—Slave or Free?" All this is a matter of history, however, and you are familiar with it. The excitement over the question was intense—much more so in the West than in the East. Through Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's home, immigrant trains from the South were passing almost daily to the disputed territory of "bleeding Kansas," —I can see them now with their huge covered wagons, and hear the drum and fife that often headed the caravan,—and there was a contingent from the North traveling in the same direction.

In Springfield also were recruited a corps of so-called government inspector's deputies, whose business it was to supervise, or rather control, the elections that were to take place in that territory. All this was going on under Mr. Lincoln's immediate observation.

Mr. Douglas, on the stump, was drawing large audiences, who were pleased with the plausible story of "Squatter Sovereignty," and Mr. Lincoln attracted equally large numbers in his reply.

On one of these occasions I heard Mr. Douglas during the afternoon in a grove outside of the city. I was astonished at the attendance. Railroads were few in number in those days and the country sparsely settled, but there were almost thousands where I expected to see only hundreds. The ox wagon and mule team brought whole families, including children, from long distances, for miles and miles around. They came prepared to stay over night, with their supplies of food and the usual amount of corn whiskey and quinine. Lincoln was to reply to Douglas in the evening from the State House, which stood in a square in the centre of the city. Delegations were to arrive from Chicago and elsewhere up the State, and it was a gala time. The event appealed to me at once.

I was much pleased with Douglas, his manner, person and finished oratory; but I could not help thinking that he, born in Vermont, brought up in his youth surrounded by the influences of New England, was expressing himself antagonistic to the sentiments that prevailed in his old home; while his opponent, Abraham Lincoln, born in a slave-holding state, of rough exterior, educated more by his experiences than books, whose thought and ideas of right and wrong were the children of a mind

developed in the loneliness of the forest and in his communion with nature, stood boldly as the champion of freedom and justice.

Mr. Lincoln gave his reply to Douglas's address from the steps of the State House. I had climbed into a window seat just behind, and at one side of him. The Chicago delegation had not arrived—the train was behind time; it carried a platform car in the rear on which they had mounted a small field piece which saluted the several stations they passed on the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The crowd was awaiting anxiously its arrival. Presently we heard it coming, and soon, to the soul-stirring music of a brass band, the delegation came round the corner.

Mr. Lincoln's remarks on this occasion were of the character of a stump speech; they were offhand, informal, but logical and conclusive. I do not know that they were ever published, but one little bit has been in my mind ever since. "The Honorable Senator asks me if I intend to go across the river and fire stones at their institutions [meaning the Southern States]. I tell the Honorable Senator, No, but I mean to stand on *this* side of the river and fire as many stones as I like." As commander of the army of the United States he was to do more than this later. He was to use an armed force, bullets instead of stones. And no commander in the history of the world ever had so great or so devoted an army, and never so valiant an enemy. No commander ever took more interest, down to the smallest details of the service, and gave it more time and labor, or watched its progress with such tireless zeal. From consultations with his cabinet to the telegraph office, in message, speech, correspondence and interview through four long years he left a most remarkable record of devotion and service to his country. "It was said of him by an English paper after his death that he never attempted invective, and nothing elicited from him impatience or resentment. Creditable to his head and heart was the entire absence of violence, either of language or opinion."

Some men are so arbitrary, because of success, or they are so blind with prejudice and passion that they cannot excuse the mistakes or be charitable for the short-comings of others, but Abraham Lincoln's character and magnanimity gave him clearer, broader vision. He rose to the noblest heights of patriotism, duty and good-will. Like a prophet

he saw that the future of his country depended on the harmony of all its parts. And when the war was over, the spirit that animated these immortal words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," was almost divine.

And to-day a grateful, united country expresses its love and appreciation for the greatest American—Abraham Lincoln.

WILLIAM J. SEAVER.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MCPIKE AND MOUNTAIN FAMILIES, IN THE UNITED STATES

"—— McPike from Scotland [married] Miss Haley (or Haly) from England; she was granddaughter of Sir Edmund Haley (astronomer), England. Children were: James M'Pike, Miss M'Pike. Miss M'Pike married M'Donald of Ireland."

"Capt. James M'Pike, Scotch, from England, 1772, to U. S., Baltimore . . . . Served seven years with Washington, under Col. Howard and Gen. Little [?] of Baltimore. Also under command of Gen. Lafayette, Capt. James M'Pike married Martha Mountain."

"J. Mountain, from New Jersey—English, about 1554 [? 1654]. Children: Joseph, John, Richard, Martha; also half-brother, George Grinup. Joseph Mountain married Miss E. Drake; one child, Joanna. Martha Mountain married Captain James M'Pike [? *circa,* 1789]."

So run the traditions preserved in writing after dictation (*circa* 1868) by the writer's venerable grandfather, the late Judge John Mountain M'Pike (1795-1876). Another tradition transmitted orally and less directly tells of a descent from the Stuarts or Stewarts of Scotland.

"Captain" James McPike (or M'Pike, formerly Pike or Pyke, *circa* 1750) appears to have been "quite young, not more than twenty-one years of age, if that," when he migrated, in 1772, from Dublin or London to America. This would place his birth about 1751. It is said that he, as a youth, was placed under the care of a Macdonald and sent to Dublin to acquire a thorough military training but we find no evidence of the existence of any military academy in Dublin at that time. A tradition recites that his father, an educated Scotchman, was at one time a linen-merchant, and at another held a minor commission under the Stuarts, in Edinburgh, and, indeed, married a Miss Stuart, but there must be some confusion as to the precise generation or epoch

involved. This association with the Stuarts still lacks confirmation by documentary evidence. The more obvious connection between the Halleys and Pykes, in and near London (*circa* 1694-1718) has already been noted in our previous chapters, with an indication as to the probable descent, subject, of course, as in all such matters, to ultimate verification.

We know little of the military services of James McPike during the American Revolution. The name occurs several times in the official rosters of that period. It seems quite possible that he was identical with the James McPike, sergeant in Captain Benjamin Fishbourne's Company, Fourth Pennsylvania Line, William Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel. This belief is supported by two traditions, from different sources, that our "Captain" James McPike participated in the storming of Stony Point, in 1779, under Wayne, and was there wounded in one hand. The official records of that engagement show that some American sergeants were injured. It is known also that selected members, trusty soldiers, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Line belonged to Wayne's Light Infantry Corps, or "Light Company," as it was called, although a complete roster of the latter is not now extant. Major Benjamin Fishbourne was an aid-de-camp to General Wayne, in 1779. The fact that "Captain" James McPike served under Washington is very clearly set forth in several traditions through various channels. His descendant, the late Mrs. Charlotte Sleeth, of Rushville, Indiana, in an affidavit made December 12, 1899, and of which a photographic facsimile is in the Newberry Library, Chicago, recites that her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Caldwell (formerly Frame, born McPike), then lately deceased, had a vivid recollection of the death of her paternal grandfather, "Captain" James McPike, and of his burial, as a soldier of the Revolution, with the firing of a military salute over his grave, at Newport, Kentucky, in 1825; also that shortly before his decease he expressed a desire to see General Lafayette, under whom he had served and who was then making his final visit to America. It is said that James McPike's death occurred just the day before or the day after Lafayette's arrival in Cincinnati. Wayne's "Light Company," previously mentioned, was reorganized in 1780, under Lafayette, who, in 1781, led it against Cornwallis.

"Captain" James McPike, as the traditions term him, married Martha Mountain, about 1789. The Mountains were derived from Hampshire, England, and a branch thereof resided in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in colonial days. James and Martha McPike had issue: Joseph, Richard, Elizabeth, Nancy, *Sarah,* John, *Haley,* George, Martha, James. The eldest son Joseph McPike lived in Newport, Kentucky, and with him his aged father spent his declining years. Joseph married Sarah Lindsey, removed to Rushville, Indiana, where he died *circa* Jan. 23, 1871, having had only one surviving child, Charlotte, above mentioned, who married first Dr. William Frame, secondly, a Mr. Caldwell, and died in Rushville, Indiana, May 16, 1899, leaving issue by her first marriage,—William Frame and Charlotte who was born in Rushville, Nov. 27, 1849, married George B. Sleeth, and died in Rushville *circa* 1906, survived by three daughters, Misses Nora, Charlotte and Mary Sleeth.

James McPike's second son, Richard, was born Dec. 6, 1791, served in the War of 1812, under General Jacob Brown, commander of artillery, at Cincinnati, according to tradition. Richard McPike married Oct. 15, 1815, Marie La Rue (born Oct. 5th, 1797), and had issue; numerous descendants now living. He died about 1873. His present representative, according to the old English law of primogeniture ("eldest son of eldest son") would be, we understand, Mr. Zebulon McPike (born March 30, 1860), of Hopewell, Missouri, who married Dec. 24, 1883, and has two daughters.

(*To be continued*)

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

MAJOR ANDRÉ AND VOSS THE POET.

For this very interesting item of Andre-ana we are indebted to Prof. A. K. Hardy of Dartmouth College. We believe that it has not before been printed in the United States.

Major André had a cousin, Mr. John André, residing at Offenbach, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, whom he visited. After he entered the British army, he was employed by the ministry to conduct a corps of Hessians from Hesse-Cassel. When in Germany, he formed an intimacy with Voss the poet. The following memorials of their friendship are taken from the *German Museum, or Monthly Repository of the Literature of Germany* (3 vols. 8vo, London, 1800-1), vol. ii, p. 18. The editor observes:

"The ode which the German poet composed on him, proves the excellency of his character. How well he could express his own feelings, the following poem, which he wrote at Hanau, and presented to Voss, at parting, will shew."

PARTING.

13 June, 1773.

The Boat was trimm'd, the tilt outspread,
  The main shone silver bright,
And on the fatal moment sped,
  That tore her from my sight.

The gay umbrella caught the sun,
  To shade the friendly train,
The pensive maids mov'd slowly on,
  And told their parting pain.

And did a thought of me then rise,
  And help to urge the tear?
And in those drops that grac'd thine eyes
  Had André too a share?

Ah! well thou mightst have deign'd to lose
  One piteous drop for me,
Full oft the bitter tribute flows,
  Beloved maid to thee!

Far on the winding beach I stood
  And watch'd the parting band;
I saw her trusted to the flood,
  I saw her wave her hand.

Ah! may'st thou be kind heaven's care!
  My throbbing heart did say,
And gently flow the waves, that bear
  My lovely maid away!

Yet can that wave then prosperous prove
  That severs from my heart
A maid whose presence and whose love
  Alone could bliss impart?

And now the boatmen ply'd the oar,
  And swift they floated on;
The lessening vessel fled the shore,
  For me she's ever gone.

I urged the land in frenzied mood,
  To follow with the tide;
And as the land more backward stood,
  The river's course I chide.

Each passion in my bosom mix'd,
  And all my soul provok'd,
My heart beat high, my eye was fix'd,
  And utterance was chok'd.

Despairing, staggering from the strand,
  I sought this silent grove,
Where these sad lines my falt'ring hand
  Have pencil'd unto love.

J. ANDRÉ.

VOSS TO JOHN ANDRÉ, 1773.

(A number of German words are in a spelling now obsolete, but common in Voss's day, and are therefore not typographical errors.—A. K. H.)

Fern, aus deines gesetzordnenden Albions
Reichem Männergebiet, trug dich das Meer, zu spähn,
Ob noch heimisch bey uns ähnliche Tugend sei,
Die der Angel dem Britten gab.

Kehr' izt, André, zurück, Edler deines Volks,
Wo; Willkommen! dir tönt muthiger Jünglingsschwarm,
Wo; Willkommen! dir sanft lächelt ein schüchterner
Rosenknospiger Mädchenkreis.

Ist die Wonne verrauscht eueres Wiedersehns;
Dann verkündige du fröhlich den Fröhlichen,
Dasz noch heimisch bey uns ähnliche Tugend sei,
Die der Angel dem Britten gab;

Dasz nach heiligem Recht unserer Greise Rath
Urtheil spricht, und den Spruch Obergewalt vollzieht;
Dasz, wo herrischer Troz dunkelte, Licht und Fug
Und allsegnende Freiheit siegt;

Dasz in Hütt' und Palast biedere Treu und Zucht
Gern mit Mäszigkeit wohnt, und mit gestähltem Fleisz;
Dasz vor Heerd' und Altar weisere Tapferkeit
In blutkargenden Kampf sich stellt;

Dasz in jeglicher Kunst, welche zu Menchenwürd'
Aufschwingt, deutsches Verdienst leuchtete; dasz den Wahn
Kühn der Forscher und frei, aus der Natur Bezirk,
Und der Religion, verstiesz;

Dasz mit Meiszel und Farb', und in gestimmtem Klang,
Deutschlands Genius schaft; dasz unbelohnt, verschmäht,
Deutschlands Genius altgriechischen Kraftgesang
Zur unhöfischen Harf' erhebt.

Dann mit leiserem Laut sage, wie herzlich hier
Freunde lieben den Freund, wie so bethränt und stumm
Dir nachfolgte der Zug, und wie zuletzt dein Vosz
Dichumarmt', und das Antliz barg.

Vosz.

THE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE.

ON the south side of the Abbey Church of Selby, England, is a heraldic window which has become the starting-point of a genealogical inquiry that has already reached first-rate importance. The device which is marked on the window may be described simply as two red bars, with a row above of three red stars, all on a silver ground. The first thing in the discoveries which arose out of it was that these are the arms of the Washington family, whose descendant, George Washington, became the first President of the United States of America. The Washington coat-of-arms was the origin of the "Stars and Stripes," the familiar sign of the American flag. And now the inquiry at Selby has reached a stage when (by Rev. Dr. Solloway) it is held there to afford good reason to believe that Washington himself was not, as the histories have said, the son of a Northamptonshire family, but that his forefathers went out to America from Lancashire.

Selby itself is a peaceful town, lying in Yorkshire meadows, a few miles to the east of Leeds. The Abbey Church, as is well known, is a noble building. It was founded by Abbot Hugh in the year 1069. The Washington window is one of the clerestory windows, in the lovely choir of the abbey, on the southern side, and the second from the eastern end, and the shield, with its arms, is to be seen on the middle light of the window.

The shield has a curious history. It was first described—Argent,

two bars gules, chief three mullets, pierced, of the second—by Glover, the Worcester *Herald,* who visited Selby in 1584; but Glover did not know whose arms they were. In 1758, in 1800, and in 1867 they were seen again—and the device stands out quite plain, to be seen from the ground floor of the aisle—by famous antiquaries, but none of them thought of the Washington arms. In 1893 a Mr. C. C. Hodges made the first suggestion, but he made it quite tentatively, and it was only a few weeks ago that Captain Storrs, of Portsmouth, made the positive statement that the arms were the arms of the Washington family. Of the truth of that statement there seems to be little doubt, for the Washington arms are well known, and these, it is said, differ in no one particular from them. Captain Storrs wrote to the present vicar of Selby, the Rev. Dr. Solloway, who came to the cure of the parish in December of last year, and from this point Dr. Solloway began a very thorough inquiry. He compared the bearings with those which exist in three other instances—first on the brass of the date of 1622 on the tomb of Robert Washington, in the church of Great Brington, near Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire; secondly, on a slab above the grave of Laurence Washington, of the date 1616, in the same church, and, thirdly, on a tablet in the wall of Garsdon Church, in Wiltshire, to the memory of Sir Laurence Washington, who died in 1643. It is clear, he points out now, that the Selby shield is the oldest example of these arms so far as is known.

The next thing that happened was the linking of the Selby shield and the American flag, and Dr. Solloway, to whom we are indebted for the whole of this information, explained to a Manchester *Guardian* representative on Saturday how that happened. He was showing the window some time ago to a visitor who had come to see it, and in pointing out the arms—the two red stripes with the stars above them —their likeness to the American flag became apparent. He went into the matter at once, and found authority for his conclusion that the arms were the basis of the other. Martin Tupper had already given that explanation in his poetical drama, "Washington," and historical research had confirmed the idea. There are two points of difference, it is true, but the first of them only proves the theory. This difference is contained in the fact that while the stars of the banner are all six-

pointed, the mullets of the shield have only five points, but in Washington's day, when the stars were first used on American coins, they had not six points, but five. The second difference is not essential. The mullets of the shield are pierced through the center-mullets, in fact, being only the heraldic representation of spurs—while the stars of the flag are whole. It is easy to see how such a slight change—slight, that is, to anyone but a herald—might casually be made.

Dr. Solloway sought next to discover the Washington connection with the abbey, and began with the accepted account of the Washington pedigree. George Washington the President, it is known, sent to the Garter king-of-arms of his day, Sir Isaac Heard, and asked to be supplied with his pedigree. Sir Isaac Heard met the demand with the pedigree, the famous Sulgrave pedigree, which he based upon the facts that in 1657 one John Washington and his brother Laurence went out from England to Virginia, and that among the sons of the Laurence Washington who died at Great Brington, near Sulgrave, in 1616, were two named John and Laurence. Washington himself, it is said, was never satisfied with this, for there was a tradition in the family that they had come from the North of England, from Lancashire or Yorkshire, or even farther north, and not at all from the Midlands. But the matter was left there, though the objection was noted, and there it has stayed to this day. Dr. Solloway goes on, however, to point out that there is wider ground for doubt than is contained in the tradition of scepticism. Laurence Washington the elder, he has ascertained, was married in 1588, had seventeen children, and died in 1616. Of these children, John and Laurence, one of whom Heard supposed to have been the founder of the American family, were the fourth and fifth members, so that in 1657, about the time of their emigration, they would be some sixty years old.

The facts are, Dr. Solloway states, that Heard was mistaken, that this John and Laurence never left England at all, and that the John and Laurence who did go out to Virginia were not of the Northamptonshire branch of the family. The truth is, he says, that John stayed in England, to become Sir John Washington, and that his brother settled down as a parson at Purley, in Oxford.

Who then was the true Laurence Washington, and who was the John Washington from whom, in the fourth generation, George was descended? Dr. Solloway's researches are not yet by any means at an end, but stating his conclusions broadly to our representative, he said he has reason to believe that the two brothers who went to Virginia were born in Lancashire, about the years 1625 and 1627, and were thirty and thirty-two years old at the time of their emigration. This latter circumstance would obviously fit more nearly to the probabilities of the case, and the former would be in accordance with the President's tradition of a northern origin. And further, Dr. Solloway believes that not only can the American Washingtons be traced to the Washingtons of Lancashire, but that the history of the Lancashire Washingtons can be carried back to the times of the Danes.

My English correspondent has sent me the following from the Manchester *Guardian* of June 7:

The article you published yesterday on the Washington pedigree must raise a good many questions. I doubt, for instance, if heralds would quite accept the statement that the arms differ in no respect from those hitherto accepted as the arms of George Washington. The piercing of the mullets would certainly be held by some heralds to be an important difference, for it is not agreed that mullets, as a sentence in your article runs, are necessarily "only the heraldic representation of spurs." There is also a theory which distinguishes two kinds of mullets. Where they stand in conjunction with any other piece of armor they would be spurs, whether pierced or not. But they are also taken as stars very commonly in ancient heraldry, and I remember seeing, though I cannot now remember where, an old English account of a miracle that happened during a battle, in which a mullet descended from the skies and rested on some hero's spear. In this case the word was obviously used to mean simply "a star." There would, therefore, I think, be a presumption that a coat in which the mullets are pierced, as in the Selby Abbey window, might be really different from a coat in which they were not pierced, and the development of the "Stars and Stripes" may have arisen from a reasonable interpretation of a coat different from that in Selby Abbey, instead of from a careless interpretation of that coat.

The above is a letter from the *Guardian's* regular London correspondent.

In *Historic Warwickshire,* an interesting book written by Mr. J. Tom Burgess, F. S. A., and published in 1876, the question of the Washington pedigree is fully treated in a chapter headed "The Stars and Stripes." Mr. Burgess, who was well known as a reliable antiquary, distinctly says that in the time of Henry VIII. Laurence Washington, of Wharton, in Lancashire, left his native village to push his fortune in London. His mother's brother was an alderman and merchant in the city. Laurence Washington entered himself as a member of Gray's Inn, but under the advice of his uncle, Sir Thomas Kitson, he forsook the law, left London, and became "a merchant of the staple" in the town of Northampton. In 1532 he was mayor of Northampton, and when the dissolution of monasteries took place he procured a grant of the manor of Sulgrave and other estates which had formerly belonged to the monastery of St. Andrews in the town in which he lived. Mr. Burgess then traces the subsequent history of the Washingtons down to the year 1657, when John Washington and his brother Laurence left England, with at least one of his sons, for Virginia. He took with him "the insignia of his race, the mullet and the bars of his shield and the spread eagle of his crest."

The Washingtons were not only connected with Lancashire and Northamptonshire, but also with Warwickshire. The well-known coat-of-arms, according to Mr. Burgess, was emblazoned in the windows of Seckington Church, and we know that the Washingtons were connected with the old hall of Wormleighton.

The discovery of the Washington arms in Selby Abbey will stir up the energies of pedigree hunters, but Lancashire ought to make a good fight for its threatened honor.

John S. Simon.

Didsbury College.

I have just been reading your most interesting article in to-day's paper on "The Washington Pedigree," and as I see no reference in it to the Washington tombstone at Warton, near Carnforth, I think that it is just worth mentioning that there is one in the churchyard there which tradition says covers the grave of an ancestor of the President.

There was a stone coat of arms on it, a rough presentment of the

Stars and Stripes. For fear of relic-hunters this piece of the tombstone was cut away some few years ago; and when last I was at Warton it was fixed—covered with glass—against the outside of the church.

M. E. LANCASHIRE.

In your notice of the Washington pedigree in to-day's Manchester *Guardian* you speak of there being two points of difference between the American flag and the Washington coat of arms—first, that in the flag the stars have six points, and, secondly, that they are not pierced; and you call these changes "slight." A greater difference, however, is that the Washington coat of arms has red stars upon a silver ground (gules on argent), while the American flag has silver stars upon a blue ground (argent on azure). Were these stars taken from the Washington shield or were they to represent "a new constellation in the heavens?"

Belthorn, Davenport Park, Stockport.

A. Wisely Bragg.

Shawmut.

BOSTON.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

A NEW WASHINGTON LETTER

The library of the United States Military Academy has lately received an important autograph letter written by General Washington in 1777, a copy of which I enclose. It was presented by Mr. William J. Bryson of Chicago through Cadet George McC. Chase. So far as is known the letter has not been printed.

It is especially important because the General in Chief is writing to a General of Brigade for the purpose of giving him detailed instructions for the conduct and discipline of his troops. There were no printed army regulations to refer to in those days. The General sets down one by one the principles to be observed, and even the details to be followed. He writes out of his immediate experience; his letter reflects that experience, and shows the state of the army at that very moment. Orders must be given for absentees to join their corps and the Brigadier is to "see that it is done." The rolls and returns heretofore received have not been satisfactory; the General in Chief prescribes the exact manner in which they are to be made out, just as if he were writing to a company clerk. It is evident that such minute directions are felt to be necessary. Great attention is to be paid to essentials, arms, ammunition, cooking; men are to be taught "the use of their legs" in marching, "which is of infinitely more importance than the manual exercise." And so throughout the letter, every sentence speaks of conditions actually existing, of precautions essential to be observed. The whole letter is written out in longhand by the chief of the army. He is the Titan of the war for independence, but no "wearied Titan." There is only one locution that needs explanation. Where we should nowadays say "on detached service" Washington says "on command." The copy is exact.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

To Brigadier General Smallwood:

SIR: You will enquire minutely into the State & Condition of your Brigade & Order every Officer & Soldier belonging to it, not usefully employed in recruiting, or in the execution of any command (by proper Authority) or Sick in Hospitals, to Join their respective Corps immediately & see that it is done.

Make strict enquiry what measures the commanding Officer of each Regiment in your Brigade is taking to compleat it to the Establishment & see that no means are Left unessay'd to accomplish this desirable End. Let none but trusty & diligent Officers be sent upon this Business—Such as have a turn to this Service—& you have good hopes will not misapply their time or the Money committed to their Charge.

Every Monday you are to render to the Adjutant General a correct return of your Brigade at the foot of which, a perticular account is to be given of the absentees, Naming the Hospitals in which the Sick are Lodged, & What service those returned on Command are engaged in—Mention is also to be made of the Killed, Wounded & Missing (if any there be) after every action or Skirmish with the Enemy. As also and other remarkable occurences which may need explanation.

Compare always the last return made you with the one preceding it & see that they correspond, or the Alterations satisfactorily accounted for, that no error or abuse may escape unnoticed, uncorrected, & unpunished if the mistakes are wilfull.

Desertions having been very frequent of late, endeavor to discover the cause of them, that a remedy may be applied—One Step towards preventing of which, is to have the Rolls regularly call'd Morning & Evening, & the Absentees satisfactorily accounted for or immediately sought after with Vigilance & Care. No furlough to be given to either Officers or Men, except in cases of extreme Necissity.

See that the Officers pay great attention to the Condition of the Soldiers Arms, Ammunition, & Accoutrements, as also to the manner of Cooking their Victuals; & as far as in your power lies, cause the men

to appear Neat, Clean, & Soldier like, not only for appearances, but for the Benifit of their Health.

Improve all the leisure time your Brigade may have from other Duties, at Maneuvring & teaching the Men the use of their Legs, which is of infinitely more importance than learning them the Manual Exercise. Cause the Officers to attend regularly & perform their part of these duties with the Men.

You are not to accept the Resignation of any Commissioned Officer; but upon a Vacancy happening in any Regiment in your Brigade you may Consult the field officers thereof, & Recommend to the Commander in Chief a fit person to supply the deficiency; 'till a Commission however is granted, or approbation given in General Orders, such person is not to be included in the returns or Pay Rolls.

You are to cause the pay Rolls of every Regiment in your Brigade to be made out & deposited at the End of every Month in the hands of the paymaster General. In doing this Strict attention is to be paid to the Resolves of Congress for the manner of doing it.

The Experience of last Campaign abundantly evinc'd the Absurdity of heavy Baggage & the disadvantage resulting to Individuals & the Public. Prevent therefore as much as possible all incumbrance of this kind & do not upon a March suffer the Soldiers to throw their Arms or Packs into waggons unless they are sick or Lame.

Let Vice & Immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your Brigade & as a Chaplain is allowed to each Regiment see that the Men regularly attend divine Worship. Gaming of every kind is expressly forbid as the foundation of evil & the cause of many Gallant & Brave Officers' Ruin.— Games of exercise for amusement may not only be permitted but encouraged.

These Instructions you will consider as Obligatory unless they shall Interfere with General Orders. Which you must always endeavor to have executed in your Brigade with Punctuality.

Given at Head Quarters in
Morris Town this 26th day of
May, 1777.

G. WASHINGTON.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

IT was a summer's evening, when Max Greyslaer, returning, after a long absence, to his native valley, left his tired horse at the adjacent hamlet, and hurried off on foot to present himself at the Hawksnest. The sun of a fiercer climate, not less than the unhealthy swamps of the South, had stolen the freshness from his cheek; and the arduous campaign in which he had lately signalised himself, had left more than one impress of its peril upon his manly front. But the heart of the young soldier was not less buoyant within him because conscious that the comeliness of youth had passed away from his scarred and sallow features. He had learned, before reaching its neighborhood, that the beloved inmate of the homestead was well; and, breathing again the health-laden airs of his native north, he felt an elasticity of feeling and motion such as he had not known in many a long month before. The stern realities of life which he had beheld, not less than the active duties in which he had shared, had long since changed Max Greyslaer from a dreaming student into a practical-minded, energetic man; but his whole moral temperament must have been altered completely, if the scene which now lay around, and the circumstances under which he beheld it, had not called back some of the thoughtful musings of earlier days.

The atmosphere, while slowly fading into the gray of evening, was still rich in that golden hue which dyes our harvest landscape. The twilight shadows lay broad and still upon the river which glided tranquilly between its overhanging thickets; but, while those on the farther side were purpled with the light of evening, the warm hues of lingering sunset still played upon the canopy of wild vines which imbowered those that were nearer, touching here and there the top of a tall elm with a still ruddier glow, and bathing the stubble-field on some distant hill in a flood of yelow light. But, lovely and peaceful as seemed the scene, there was something of sadness in the deep silence which hung over it.

The whistle of the ploughboy, the shout of the herdsman, the voices of home-returning boors loitering by the roadside to chat for a moment together when their harvest-day's work was over—none of these rustic sounds were there. The near approach of invasion had summoned the defenders of the soil away from their native fields, and the region around was almost denuded of its male inhabitants; infirm age or tender youth alone remaining around the hearths they were too feeble to protect. The deep bay of a house-dog was the first thing that reminded Greyslaer that some sentinels at least were not wanting to watch over their masterless homesteads.

The young officer, fresh from the animated turmoil of a camp-life, had ridden all day along highways bustling with the march of yeomanry corps, crowding into the main route from a hundred farm-roads and by-paths, all hastening towards the border, and the air of desertion in the present scene could not but strike him by the contrast. It was with a heart less light and a step less free than they were an hour before that he now wended his way among the shrubbery in approaching the door of the Hawksnest. The sound of music came from an open window in the wing which was nearest to him, and his heart thrilled in recognition of the voice of the singer as he paused to listen to a mournful air which was singularly in unison with his feelings at the moment. The words, which were Greyslaer's own, had, indeed, no allusion to his own story, but they had been thrown off in one of those melancholy moods when the imprisoned spirit of sadness will borrow any guise from fancy to steal out from the heart; and coming from the lips they did, they were now not less apposite to the passing tone of his mind than in the moment they were written.

I

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
  We talked not of hopes that we both must resign,
I saw not her eyes, and but one teardrop starting
  Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
  Each felt that the future no hope could restore,
She shuddered at wringing the heart of her lover,
  I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

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Long years have gone by, and the springtime smiles ever,
As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their birth.
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, oh! never
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.
The note of each wild-bird that carols toward heaven,
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were mine,
While the dew that steals over each blossom at even,
Tells me of the teardrop that wept their decline.

The song had ceased, but Greyslaer, before it was finished, had aproached near enough to hear the sigh with which it ended; for how much of the past did not that single sigh repay him, even if his long account of affection had not been already balanced by the true heart that breathed it! In another moment Alida was folded to his bosom.

. . . . . .

"My own Alida was hard to win, but most truly does she wear. Do I not know who was in your thoughts, beloved, in the moment that my rustling footsteps made you rush to the verandah to greet me?"

"I heard not your footsteps, I *felt* your presence, dearest Max; yet was I strangely sad in the instant before you came."

"And I, too, Alida, was sad, I scarce know why, save from that mysterious sympathy of soul with soul you have almost taught me to believe in. But now—"

"Now I know there should be no place for gloom, yet why, Max, should melancholy thoughts in the heart of either herald a moment of so much joy to both?"

Max, who had often playfully philosophized with her upon the tinge of superstition with which the highly imaginative mind of Alida was imbued, now attempted to smile away her apprehensive forebodings. But as she knew, in anticipation, that he was on his way to the seat of war, and could only have snatched this brief interview in passing to the post of peril, the task of cheering her spirits was a difficult one.

"Not," said she, rising and pacing the room, while her tall figure and noble air seemed to gather a still more queenly expression from the feelings which agitated her, "not that I would have the idle fears of a weak woman dwell one moment among your cares—for your mind, Max, must be free even of the thought of me when you go where men are matched in war or counsel against each other—but something whispers that this meeting, that this parting is—is what your own words, which I sung but now, may in spirit be prophetic of."

"Nay, nay, Alida," said Max, smiling, "that foolish song has already more than answered its purpose in serving to while away a lonely moment of yours, and I protest against my rhymes being perverted to such dismal uses. You may change your true knight into a faithful troubadour or humble minstrel of your household, if you will; but I protest against your making him play the musty part of old 'Thomas the Rhymer,' merely because he has once or twice offended by stringing verses together."

"Why will you always jest so when I feel gravest?" said Alida, half reproachfully, as she placed her hand in that which gently drew her back to the seat which she had left by Greyslaer's side.

"It is gravity of mood, and not of thought, dearest, that I would fain banter away; for surely my Alida would not call these vain and idle fancies *thoughts?* Why should I deal daintily with things so troublous of her peace? Out upon them all, I say. The future has no cloud for us, save that which will continue to hover over thousands till peace return to the land; why should we study to appropriate more than our proper share of the general gloom? As for this Barry St. Leger," said Max, with increasing animation, "St. Leger is a clever fellow to have pushed his brigand crew thus far into the country; but gallant Gansevoort still holds him stoutly at bay, and if Herkimer and his militia fail to bring him to a successful account we have fiery Arnold and his Continentals already on the march to beat up his quarters and drive the Tories back to Canada.

As the young soldier spoke, Alida caught a momentary confidence not less from the tone of his voice than from the look of his eye. The proud

affection with which she now gazed upon the manly mien of her lover seemed more akin to her natural character than did the anxiety of feeling which again resumed its influence in her bosom; an anxiety which continually, throughout the evening, lent a shade of sadness to her features, and which Greyslaer, remembering in long months afterward, had but too much reason to think proceeded from one of those unaccountable presentiments of approaching evil which all have at some time known.

Since the memorable night when Greyslaer's providential discovery of the real position in which Alida stood toward Bradshawe had won from her the first avowal of her regard, this painful subject had been rarely alluded to by either; nor, closely as it mingled with the story of their loves, will it seem strange that a matter so delicate should be avoided by both in an interview like the present.

The joy of their first meeting had banished it alike from the hearts of either; and Alida, as the painful moment of parting grew nigh, could not bring herself to add to her present sorrows by recalling those which seemed all but passed away entirely, though their memory still existed as a latent cause of disquiet to herself. As for Max, his spirits seemed to have imbibed so much vigor and elasticity from the stirring life he had lately led, that it was almost impossible for Alida not to catch a share of the confidence which animated him. But though the state of the times and the duties which called Greyslaer to the field, and which might still for a longer period defer their union, seemed, as they conversed together, the only difficulties that obstructed their mutual path to happiness, there was in the heart of Alida a vague apprehension of impediments yet undreamed of and far less easy to be surmounted.

The moments of their brief converse were sweet, deliciously sweet to either; but the banquet of feeling was to Alida like the maiden's feast of the Iroquois legend. Her bosom was the haunted lodge, where ever and anon a dim phantom flitted around the board, and withered, with his shadow, the fruits and flowers which graced it.

In the meantime there was one little circumstance, which, calling up a degree of thoughtfulness, if not of pain, in the mind of Greyslaer,

would alone have impaired the full luxury of the present hour. Some household concerns had called Alida for a few minutes from the room in which they were sitting, and Max, to amuse himself in her absence, turned over a portfolio of her drawings which chanced to be lying upon a table near. The sketches were chiefly landscape views of the neighbouring scenery of the Mohawk, which is so rich in subjects for the pencil; but there were several studies of the head of a child interspersed among the rest, which, after the recurrence of the same features sketched again and again with more or less freedom and lightness, finally arrested the earnest gaze of Max as he viewed them at last in a finished drawing, which was evidently intended for a portrait. He felt certain that he had seen the face of that young boy before, yet when or where it was impossible for him to remember. There was an Indian cast in the physiognomy, which for a moment made him conceive that it must have been during his captivity among the Mohawks that he had seen the child. Yet, though a close observer of faces, he could recall no such head among the bright-eyed urchins he had often seen at play around his wigwam.

"I am puzzling myself, Alida," said he, as Miss De Roos returned to the room, "to remember where it is that I have seen the original of this portrait; for certain it is, the style of the features, if not the whole head, is perfectly familiar to me;" and Max, shading the picture partly with his hand, looked up for a moment as Alida aproached him while speaking. "Good heavens!" he added, in a tone of surprise, "how much it resembles yourself as the light now falls on your countenance."

"Do you think so?" cried Alida; "that is certainly very odd, for I have always thought that poor little Guise bore a wonderful resemblance to my brother Derrick, notwithstanding his straight black Indian locks are so different from Dirk's bright curls. Your remark confirms the truth of the likeness I discovered between them; for Derrick and I, you know, were always thought to resemble each other."

"And who, if I may ask," rejoined Greyslaer, gravely, "is this 'poor little Guise,' who is so familiar a subject of interest to you?"

"Oh! I should have told you before of our little protegé, but my thoughts have been so hurried to-night," replied Alida, blushing. "You

must know, then, that Derrick takes a vast interest in this forlorn little captive, who is neither more nor less than a grandson of Joseph Brant, that was left behind in an Indian foray when Derrick's band had driven back or dispersed his natural protectors."

"What, a child like that accompany an expedition of warriors across the border! a child of Isaac Brant, too; for he, I believe, is the only married son of the chief! Who gave you this account, Alida?"

"Dear Max, you look grave as well as incredulous. I tell only what Derrick imparted to me when he brought that friendless boy hither, and begged me to assume the charge of him for a short season. I conjured my brother to return him to his people, but he would not hear of it. He only answered that, as the boy was an orphan whose mother, had perished in the fray in which her child was taken, and whose father was off fighting on another part of the frontier, it was a mercy to keep him here. I saw Derrick for scarcely an hour at the time he made the request. He came galloping across the lawn with the child on the pommel of his saddle before him; scarcely entered the house, except to exchange a joke or two with the old servants who crowded around him; took Guise with him to the stable to look at the horses, and then hurried off to join his troop, which, he said, had made a brief halt while passing through the country toward Lake George."

"And has he given you no farther particulars since?"

"Not a word. He has written once or twice, inquiring how I liked his dusky pet, as he calls him; but he says not a word of his ultimate intentions in regard to him. It was only the other day that, in marching through from the Upper Hudson toward Fort Stanwix, he paid me a visit; but he stopped only to breakfast, and came as suddenly and disappeared almost as quickly as before; and though he caressed and fondled the child while here, yet, when I attempted to hold some sober talk with him about his charge, he only ran on in his old rattling manner, and said there was time enough to think of this when the St. Leger business was over."

"Can I see the child?" said Greyslaer, with difficulty suppressing an exclamation of impatience at the levity of his friend.

"He sleeps now, dear Max. He has been ill to-day, and when I left the room it was only to see whether or not the restlessness of my little patient had subsided into slumber."

"Does this picture bear a close resemblance to his features?" rejoined Max, taking up the drawing once more from the table.

"I cannot say that; yet I have tried so often, for my amusement to take them, that I ought at least to have partially succeeded in my last effort. The wild, winning little creature is so incessantly in motion, though, that a far more skilful hand than mine might be foiled in the undertaking. But, Max, if you really feel such a curiosity about my charge, I must show him to you; wait but an instant till I return."

Alida, taking one of the lights from the table as she glided out of the room, reappeared with it, a moment afterward, in her hand. "Tread lightly now," she said, "while following me, for he still sleeps most sweetly, and I would not have him disturbed for the world."

Greyslaer, who seemed to be actuated by some more serious motive than mere curiosity for holding this inquisition over the sleeping urchin, followed her steps without speaking. Alida, entering the dressing-room —into which, as the reader may remember, the eyes of her lover had once before penetrated—made a quick step or two in advance, and closed the door leading into the chamber beyond; then turning round, she pointed to a little cot-bedstead, which seemed to have been temporarily placed there for greater convenience in attending upon her patient.

(*To be continued*)

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